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THE BRITISH  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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VOL. X.

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THE BRITISH

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

AUGUST 1, 1849.

- ART. I. (1.) *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.* Five Volumes.  
 (2.) *Sartor Resartus; or, The Life and Opinions of Teufelsdröckh.*  
 (3.) *Chartism.*  
 (4.) *The French Revolution—a History.* Three Volumes.  
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MR. CARLYLE'S writings cover a wide field of speculation—and widely different is the estimate formed of them by his contemporaries. So fascinated are some of our reading folk with his performances, that they judge of them after a fashion not a little perplexing to their neighbours. In the view of these persons, his touch suffices to convert the veriest commonplaces into something strikingly novel, and the thinnest superficialities into something wonderfully profound. With such commonplace and superficialities all men must have more or less to do—the humour in this case is, that these simple elements of thought, being rather oddly clothed, should be so commonly mistaken for something differing so very widely from their proper nature. But so it is. With these watchers at the shrine of heroes, everything taken under the patronage of the object of their worship becomes weighty and sacred; and all the possible forms of the grotesque, after the manner of the monstrous gods of heathendom, become so many symbols of things refined and beautiful. That their prophet should always be intelligible to them is more than their modesty will allow them to expect. They feel that it belongs to him to soar into regions to which they may not themselves hope to ascend, and to go down into deeps where no common footsteps may follow him. But when out of their sight, he is not out of their confidence. Kingly nature as he is, he can do no wrong—he is safe against

all possible mistake. 'How could you sleep to-day under the discourse of a divine you praise so highly?' said a simple Southern to a wary Scot—'Oh,' replied the latter, 'I can trust *him* anywhere.' Very much thus is it with a large class of Mr. Carlyle's admirers. When he essays to do anything, they fail not to give him the credit of having done something marvellous, though proof on that point may be somewhat slow in making its appearance. 'Should the prince at noon-day say, 'It is night, declare,' writes Sadi, our oriental Chesterfield, 'that you behold the moon and stars.' And there are people in the west who seem to possess their eyesight and their common sense only to some such purpose.

But if favouritism be capricious and excessive, so is its opposite. If there are persons to whom Mr. Carlyle is as an inspired prophet, there are others to whom his mannerisms are about the most satisfactory certificate that could be given as to his fitness for Bedlam. He may rate against 'shams' until doomsday, but, in the judgment of these parties, of all the shams in this age of false pretension he is himself one of the greatest. Abstract from his writings the good things he has purloined from a foreign tongue; and, with them, the disguises he has thrown over much ordinary thought by a most fantastic use of the tongue that *should* have been his own, and the residuum, we are told, will be all but worthless. His style is especially offensive to this class of critics. It is accounted as more befitting the taste of a scaramouch than that of a scholar; as better adapted to supply amusement to the laughter-loving crowds in Bartholomew Fair, than to find due acceptance in that awful domain—the world of letters.

We hardly need tell you, good reader, that we are not ourselves ambitious of being classed with either of these extremes. To us, the conclusion most obvious in this case is, that the man of whom judgments so much at issue have been formed, and formed so widely, cannot be an ordinary man. Even strong dislike implies the presence of some strong element calling it forth. Men may hate the powerful, the weak they neglect. Strong feeling is costly, and not usually expended upon trifles. Extravagant admiration, too, even when subject to large abatement, may suffice to indicate the presence of some real excellence. In all worship there is wisdom. For ourselves, we are disposed to take our place with that large class of thoughtful men in this country, found in grades from the highest almost to the lowest, who see in the genius of Mr. Carlyle a more remarkable combination both of the stronger and weaker elements of our age than in any other man among

us. Believing thus much concerning him, we are disposed to think that we shall not be unprofitably employed in endeavouring to distinguish between the strength and weakness, and the good and bad in his leading speculations.

We should not, perhaps, have given ourselves to this service just now, had we not frequently found the grossest misconceptions prevalent, and in quarters where better information might have been expected, as to the position of Mr. Carlyle in reference to some of the graver questions of the day, and especially in reference to Christianity. It is one peculiarity of his writings, that men of all shades in political and religious opinion may find passages in them which appear to harmonize to the full with their own favourite principles. We find him claimed, accordingly, by all parties in turn. Many simple-minded people read his denunciations against scepticism, and straightway conclude, not only that Mr. Carlyle is himself a believer, but that he is, of course, a believer in the Bible after the good old fashion. His writings, especially his later writings, may be said to be eminently religious in their tone; and their being earnestly religious in *some* sense, is taken as a sufficient guarantee of their being favourable to religion in the best sense. In the meanwhile, to say what sort of religion it is that Mr. Carlyle wishes to inculcate, would puzzle very many who have some knowledge of what he has written on that subject. Far be it from us to attempt to raise the *odium theologicum* against Mr. Carlyle, or to do him injustice in the smallest degree; but we think it due to interests which with us are far above all others, to attempt to determine the exact relation of this influential author to some of those social, philosophical, and religious questions which are so frequently the subject of discussion in his works. For any man to do thus much for himself, it would be necessary to read all that Mr. Carlyle has written, and to collate carefully as he reads—no trivial labour when an author's publications extend to more than a dozen substantial volumes. Apology for our present attempt we of course have none to offer, inasmuch as it is not to be supposed that a man who is himself so stern a hater of falsehood, can have the least wish that the public conception of him should be a false one. What that conception *should* be we hope to show, and this showing will be deduced, with the utmost candour we can bring to the investigation, from his own writings.

I. Every one is aware of the high place assigned in Mr. Carlyle's speculations to *Faith*—men are to believe, to have convictions, to become earnest, or there is no hope of them.

Now this is a great truth. Every really Christian man—every man who regards existence as having a meaning, must say amen to it. Much, too, may be said, in vindication of Mr. Carlyle's wrath against a large class of formalist and conventionalist people who flatter themselves that they are great believers while they are not. Our neighbour, Richard Brown, is a sturdy 'Westminster Assembly' man. He believes, if you may credit his statement, in the most wonderful things ever believed concerning God or man. There is not a depth of fear or a force of aspiration in man which the articles of this man's creed should not move, giving to his life an energetic spiritualism such as no believer in any other creed has ever evinced. But Richard buys and sells, and counts the gain, all the week long, with as little apparent thought about the mysteries of existence, present or to come, as his brother Thomas, who carries on his traffic in the next street, and who has never pretended to give his thoughts to such high matters. It is true, Richard is careful to close his shop on Sundays, and may be seen in other trim, and in another place on that day. But on all other days he reads the news, smokes his pipe, and seems to be quite as considerate of his worldly enjoyments as his neighbours. Such is the tenour of his way; and keeping square with the world, and avoiding all such scandals as were wont to bring men into bishops' courts, you see about him the air of a person who feels that something like the whole duty of man has been in his case performed. Now Mr. Carlyle has no compliment to offer to the creedless soul of Thomas, who carries on his traffic in the next street; but to this Richard—to him he would speak in terms that are meant to burn as he utters them—'out upon the man,' we think we hear him say 'out upon thee, *be* more, and *do* more than thy brother, or cease to pretend that thou believest *'more*. It is bad enough to be faithless, to have no commerce with the godlike,—but this lazy, slimy effort of thine, to thrust hypocrisy into the place of such commerce, if there be goodness in God's universe, this must be as a foulness to its nostrils.'

So when our censor passes from these less polite sections of humanity, and fixes his gaze on the people who make another choice in tailoring and millinery, and are found in 'circles' full of the 'respectabilities,' even here he is no less offended by the hollow, the factitious,—by a world of seeming without reality. The creed of these people has come to them, as all their other conventional things have come, or as all their ordinary likings or dislikings have come. If the one-tenth of what they profess to believe amidst all their Sunday pageantries,

were really believed, it would suffice to make those pageant-tries of very small account, and to give to their life a seriousness which at present finds little place even in their dreams. In those antique forms of devotion to which these persons listen, and which they repeat; and in the utterances of that still older volume which is read so often in their hearing, there is a welling forth of thoughts, contritions, and aspirations, as from the chambers of the earnest and the mighty dead, fitted indeed to move the living, if aught may move them. But moved these believing people are not. In the midst of all this, the great care of the older, is about good positions and good marriages for the younger; and the hearts of old and young are drifted on amidst a stream of inanities so pitiable as to seem as if devised, and stilted into prominence, by some laughing devil, for the purpose of putting mockery on the dread realities of our being. The great lament of our modern prophet accordingly is, that men through believing nothing, should have ceased to be masters over anything. Everywhere they are before him as carried away by things the most vulgar, or manifestly the most artificial and frivolous, if contrasted with the true end of existence.

Now the novelty here is, not that these things should be said, but that such a man should have said them. The preaching is not new, but the preacher in this case is not of a class given to make sermons. To assign a due precedence to the weightier as compared with the lighter interests of existence has not been a conspicuous virtue in our men of letters. Not a little in their doings, as all the world knows, has been quite as frothy as the most empty-headed and empty-hearted in the crowds about them could have desired. From the lips of a Wordsworth or a Southey, utterances of a deeper and graver meaning have been sometimes heard, but the apostle of the age from among men of this class is Mr. Carlyle. The great aim of his class has been to amuse, or to call forth admiration—his own aim is much higher. He labours to lay bare the depths and the heights of things, that men may see what their condition *is*, and what it *should* be. He paints ceaselessly, but his pictures are all so many appeals to the reason and the moral nature. He has little sympathy with our modern ‘methodism,’ but in his zeal in this direction he is himself a very methodist—and greatly to his honour.

As we have said, his doctrine embraces nothing really new. His views in respect to the state of human nature, its obligations, interests, and destiny are very much those of our old puritan teachers, and have been expounded in our own day by Hall



and Chalmers, and all men of their class, times innumerable. Of Chalmers it was eminently thus. In Scotland, he saw a people well-given to church-going or chapel-going, and zealous enough about creeds and church standards; but a people who needed to be admonished that creeds may exist as a lifeless orthodoxy, and that the best of forms may be without value, as being without power. He, too, felt that the great want of the age, and even of Scotland, was an earnest faith. To bring men truly to believe, what they nearly all professed to believe, was the great object of his life's hard labour. The place assigned by Mr. Carlyle to the religious element in man is stated in the following passage:—

‘It is well said, in every sense, that a man’s religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man’s, or a nation of men’s. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign, and in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion*; or, it may be, his mere scepticism and *no-religion*: the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the unseen world or no-world; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, what religion they had.’—*Hero Worship*, pp. 3, 4.

On this topic, however, we think Mr. Carlyle greatly underestimates the influence of the current beliefs of Christian men. In the case of the aforesaid Richard Brown, the creed professed does not appear to have wrought all the positive good that might have been expected from it. But it may be that, even on his defective temperament, it has prevented evil in a degree by no means inconsiderable; and that the direct good conferred by it is much greater than our haughty and superficial philosophy is at all likely to discover. If this same Richard, moreover, does not seem to be burdened with much anxious thought of a religious nature, or to be the subject of any very fervent and refined aspirations, perhaps, without travelling far, he could

introduce our philosopher to certain plain and pious people, in whom the faith which Richard professes has given existence to soul-conflicts and earnest spiritual breathings, in a degree that would be censured as excessive and morbid. Of the soul-history of some myriads—of many myriads of truly religious people in this country, we must suppose our author, to be almost wholly ignorant. To his contemporaries he does not cede a tenth of the high qualities they possess in this respect; while towards certain sham religionists of remote times his charities are superabundant. The passage we are about to quote is from ‘Past and Present,’ and relates to the Abbot of St. Edmundsbury, and to the glebe-loving, feast-loving monks who did his bidding. It shows how discriminating and charitable Mr. Carlyle *can* be, when his humour inclines him that way.

‘Jocelin, we see, is not without secularity. Our *Dominus Abbas* was intent enough on the divine offices; but then his account books? One of the things that strike us most, throughout, in Jocelin’s *Chronicle*, and, indeed, in Eadmer’s *Anselm*, and other old monastic books, written evidently by pious men, is this—that there is almost no mention whatever of ‘personal religion’ in them; that the whole gist of their thinking and speculation seems to be the ‘privileges of our order,’ ‘strict exaction of our dues,’ ‘God’s honour,’ (meaning the honour of our saint,) and so forth. Is not this singular? A body of men set apart for perfecting and purifying their own souls, do not seem disturbed about that in any measure: the ‘Ideal’ says nothing about its idea; says much about finding bed and board for itself! How is this?

‘Why for one thing, bed and board are a matter very apt to come to speech: it is much easier to *speak* of them than of ideas; and they are sometimes much more pressing with some! Nay, for another thing, may not this religious reticence, in these devout good souls, be perhaps a merit and sign of health in them? Jocelin, Eadmer, and such religious men, have as yet nothing of ‘Methodism;’ no doubt, or even root of doubt. Religion is not a diseased self-introspection, an agonizing inquiry: their duties are clear to them, the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they are travelling on it. Religion lies over them like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken of, which in all things is presupposed without speech. Is not serene or complete religion the highest aspect of human nature, as serene cant or complete non-religion, is the lowest and miserablest? Between which two all manner of earnest methodisms, introspections, agonizing inquiries, never so morbid, shall play their respective parts, not without approbation.’—pp. 80, 81.

Now here is a candour which can see the signs of something like a ‘serene or complete religion,’ where, in fact, there is no

sign of religion at all. Only allow a small portion of this charity exercised in favour of these stupid and worldly monks, to be exercised in favour of that somewhat dull and easy class of religionists among ourselves, towards whom Mr. Carlyle shows so little forbearance, and even these people would rise at once into a race of saints of the first water. Nor do we quite understand the fling at 'Methodist introspections,' except it be meant to say, that, even in a nature like ours, the best condition of religion is that which makes the least demand on a man's cogitations or emotions—a doctrine not very consistent with the philosophy of the case, with the teaching of the Bible, or with the great drift of Mr. Carlyle's own writings. But so it is with our author. His contemporaries are of two classes—men whose professed faith is no faith, or men who believe only to become the victims of 'a diseased self-introspection.' Not to be in earnest is to be pronounced a 'sham,' and to be in earnest is to be written down a fanatic. We believe in the somewhat wide existence both of religious formalism and of religious extravagance; but between these there is something much better than either, which Mr. Carlyle does not see, and to which, accordingly, he has never done justice. In support of our statement on this point, take the following estimate of the religion of our own age, as compared with the very different estimate of the monkish religion at Edmundsbury, which, from all that appears, began and ended in a tissue of cares and struggles about 'bed and board.'

'To begin with our highest spiritual function, with religion, we might ask, whither has religion now fled? Of churches and their establishments we here say nothing, nor of the unhappy domains of unbelief, and how innumerable men, blinded in their minds, must 'live without God in the world;' but taking the fairest side of the matter, we ask, what is the nature of that same religion, which still lingers in the hearts of the few who are called, and call themselves, specially the religious? Is it a healthy religion, vital, unconscious of itself; that shines forth spontaneously in doing of the work, or even in preaching of the word? Unhappily, no. Instead of heroic martyr conduct, and inspired and soul-inspiring eloquence, whereby religion itself were brought home to our living bosoms, to live and reign there, we have 'Discourses on the Evidences,' endeavouring with the smallest result, to make it probable that such a thing as religion exists. The most enthusiastic evangelicals do not preach a gospel, but keep describing how it should and might be preached: to awaken the sacred fire of faith, as by a sacred contagion, is not their endeavour; but at most, to describe how faith shows and acts, and scientifically distinguish true faith from false. Religion, like all else, is conscious of itself, listens to itself; it becomes less and less creative, vital; more

and more mechanical. Considered as a whole, the Christian religion, of late ages, has been continually dissipating itself into metaphysics; and threatens now to disappear, as some rivers do in deserts of barren sand.'—*Essays*, iii. pp. 300, 301.

We do not say that there are no appearances among us to warrant a little declamation of this sort. But, as we read it, we are constrained to ask our zealous censor—And wherein consisted the 'heroic martyr conduct' of your monks of St. Edmundsbury? In fact, did that conduct ever rise higher than a somewhat piggish fight in defence of rich abbey lands, and of the good feed to be extracted from them? As to 'Discourses on the Evidences,' let there be an end to such discourings as Mr. Carlyle and his friends are so often putting forth *against* the said evidences, and there may then be an end to such things in their favour. In the meantime, it is not unnatural that men who would fain put another gospel in the place of that of the New Testament, should be little pleased with efforts tending to demonstrate that this older gospel is a fixed and everlasting reality. With regard to metaphysics, these, if we mistake not, constitute the Bible of Mr. Carlyle himself, and certainly of a large class of his admirers. Of such elements must the inward illumination of whose sufficiency they boast purely consist. These should not, therefore, be in ill repute in such quarters. As to the 'soul-inspiring eloquence' which brings religion 'home to our living bosoms,' we are not aware that the philosophy of the age has shown itself to be more potent to this end than its Christianity. Its right to throw stones remains to be made out. Of course, Mr. Carlyle is not ignorant of these considerations. He could readily marshal them all, and many more, in favour of the religion of our age, if sufficiently free from prejudice to be so disposed. In the progress of his own *Teufelsdröckh*, from the 'Everlasting no' to the 'Everlasting yea,' we see a 'Fire-baptism'—a great spiritual change, brought about by philosophy, which has its full counterpart, and something more, in the change experienced by every mind which, in the 'Evangelical' sense, is 'born again;' the great difference being, that for one instance in which the lesser effect has been produced by philosophy, the greater effect has been produced in a thousand instances by Christianity, and upon minds of a sort which your philosophy can never reach.

If the mischief of all this ended with Mr. Carlyle, the circumference of the evil would be measurable enough. But it does not so end. Not a few among us, whose beards are only beginning to put on visibility, place an implicit faith in him. The natural effect follows. They learn to snuff at the

old, as noodles, and at the religion of the old as fitting enough for noodledom—a noodledom that is past. They affect to despise what many have counted wisdom, and in so doing regard themselves as giving sufficient evidence of their own deeper wisdom. We have met with certain of this progeny, of whom some fathers might be vain, but not, as we judge, the father of Sartor Resartus. Contempt is a costly tenant where the brain is empty. We scruple not to say that we regard the ‘introspecting’ and ‘evangelical’ portion of our English society as consisting, with all its faults, of a brave and high-souled race, if compared with anything that Mr. Carlyle’s school of philosophy has to place in comparison with them. We would readily travel far to witness the success of an attempt to raise humanity from a condition so low to a position so high, through any other means than those by which in this case it has been accomplished.

Nor is it enough that Mr. Carlyle should thus underrate the current beliefs of Christian men, and especially of living men, as compared with the men of past times. Inasmuch as the creeds of men are seen to affect their character, at the best, but imperfectly, the strange leap is made, that the supposed relation between what a man believes and what a man is, must be of little reality or value. Hence the hollowness and ineffectiveness attributed by our author to all the more received forms of religious doctrine and usage among us, are such as to leave nothing to constitute religion in any man, save his own self-derived conviction as to duty, and his own self-governed action in conformity with that conviction.

‘The clearer my Inner Light may shine, through the *less* turbid media, the *fewer* Phantasms it may produce, the gladder surely shall I be and not the sorrier! Hast thou reflected, O serious reader, Advanced—Liberal or other, that the one end, essence, use of all religion past, present, and to come, was this only: To keep that same Moral Conscience or Inner Light of ours alive and shining; which certainly the ‘Phantasms’ and the ‘turbid media’ were not essential for! All religion does here is to remind us, better or worse, of what we already know, better or worse, of the quite *infinite* difference there is between a Good man and a Bad; to bid us love infinitely the one, abhor and avoid infinitely the other,—strive infinitely to *be* the one, and not to be the other. ‘All religion issues in due Practical Hero-worship!’ He that has a soul unasphyxied will never want a religion; he that has a soul asphyxied, reduced to a succedaneum for salt, will never find any religion, though you rose from the dead to preach him one.

‘But indeed, when men and reformers ask for ‘a religion,’ it is analogous to their asking, ‘What would you have us to do?’ and such like. They fancy that their religion too should be a kind of Morri-

son's pill, which they have only to swallow once, and all will be well. Resolutely once gulp down your religion, your Morrison's pill, you have it all plain sailing now; you can follow your affairs, your no-affairs, go along money-hunting, pleasure-hunting, dilettanteing, dangling, and miming and chattering like a Dead Sea ape: your Morrison will do your business for you. Men's notions are very strange! Brother, I say there is not, was not, nor ever will be in the wide circle of Nature, any Pill or Religion of that character. Man cannot afford thee such; for the very gods it is impossible. I advise thee to renounce Morrison; once for all, quit hope of the Universal Pill. For body, for soul, for individual or society, there has not any such article been made. *Non extat*. In created nature it is not, was not, will not be. In the void imbroglios of Chaos only, and realms of Bedlam, does some shadow of it hover, to bewilder and bemock the poor inhabitants *There*.'

'The Maker's Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder, to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great, shoreless Incomprehensible: in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments, and mad-Time Vortexes, is there not silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful, sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the Whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of gravitation, known to all animals, is not surer than this inner Fact, which may be known to all men.'

'Rituals, Liturgies, Cremos, Sinai Thunder; I know, more or less, the history of these; the rise, progress, decline, and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two Azimuths, repeated daily for centuries of years, make God's laws more God-like to me? Brother, no. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now, and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer! Perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not fear, but Reverence alone that shall now lead me! Revelations, Inspirations? Yes: and thy own god-created Soul; dost thou not call that a 'revelation'? Who made *THEE*? Where didst thou come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxied mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! *Thou* art the latest Birth of Nature; it is 'the Inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth *thee* understanding! My brother, my brother.—*Past and Present*, pp. 305—309.

The only conclusion fairly deducible from these passages—and the writings of Mr. Carlyle abound with such—seems to be, that the man who would realize his true destiny will do well to eschew everything recorded as distinctively Christian, in place of looking to that source for any special assistance. All

that man needs to know concerning the nature and laws of the Infinite, every man who has a soul left in him may know from himself. External utterances can add nothing to his 'inner light.' 'Rituals, liturgies, credos, Sinai thunders,'—these can add nothing to the revelation which every man *has* in what he himself *is*. By one 'grown to be a man,' such externalities can be of no value. Mr. Carlyle's belief, accordingly, never rises to the height of a mystical rationalism—it is a devout, we had almost said a methodistical sort of deism. The faith he so much extols is thus limited as to its object, and derives all its supposed worth from the moral courage and energy that may spring from it. We wish we could regard it as embracing any properly Christian element, but this, we presume, Mr. Carlyle himself does not expect from any man who has read with attention what he has written; and it is high time, we think, that all mystification on this material point should come to an end, and that the fact of the case should be stated in definite and honest speech.

II. What we say of the doctrine of Mr. Carlyle concerning Faith, we say of his doctrine concerning the *Veracities to be found in All Religions*—it is a truth, a weighty truth, but a truth pushed so far as to become the parent of error, and to cease to be itself a pure truth. The Faith which kindles the fires of the *auto-de-fé* may be earnest; and the Philosophy which ends in atheism may not be wanting in *catholicity*. Earnestness and catholicity have their worth, but the value of these qualities depends very much on their relation to others, and on the limits to which they are restricted in consequence of such relations. It is with our faculties and our virtues, as it is with our households, they never do well under a *régime* of partialities and favouritisms.

We sympathize very largely, however, with Mr. Carlyle in his doctrine on this point. We go far with him in his kindly ingenuities as he labours to give a pleasant meaning to the wild mythology of our rude Northmen. True, the material is somewhat stubborn—hard to bend to his purpose—but he labours at it with a resoluteness worthy of some brave old sea-king. What, for example, could be less promising than the cosmogony of these our remote progenitors. The giant Ymer is slain—slain at last. The gods consult, and having Ymer's substance, consisting of warm wind, frost, fire, and other strange things at their service, they resolve to make a world out of this dead great one. His blood becomes the sea, his flesh the land, his bones the rocks, his skull the immense concave above us, and his

brains the floating clouds! One Norse god is before us 'brewing ale,' that he may give fitting entertainment to another; while another—Thor by name—goes a journey into a far country to bring home a pot for the occasion, and, after many adventures, places the elegant utensil on his head, helmet fashion, and travels back with it, the handles thereof descending like donkey's ears down to his heels! In stories like these Mr. Carlyle can see 'Untamed Thought, great, giantlike, enormous—to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, 'not giantlike, but godlike, and stronger than gianthood, of 'the Shakespeares and Goethes.' Taking the same friendly spirit of interpretation along with him everywhere, it of course follows that he finds 'good in everything.' Under a thousand disguises, he can see religious thought and emotion struggling towards utterance—a philosophy of man, and a theology too, reaching towards their birth-time and object. The mythology of Greece is accounted prettier than this of the Norsemen—not more noble. All the strange faiths that have covered the earth are only the reflex pictures of man's need as a being who must in some way be religious. There is a broad substratum of truth in human nature, and this truth mingles itself more or less with everything human. On this ground our author can sometimes bestow his good word on Christianity, sometimes on our Christian sects, not excepting the fantastic exhibitions made upon occasions by the said sects in Exeter Hall. 'Men love not 'darkness, they do love light. A deep feeling of the eternal 'nature of Justice looks out among us everywhere—even through 'the dull eyes of Exeter Hall. An unspeakable religiousness 'struggles in the most helpless manner to speak itself in 'Puseyisms and the like. Of our cant, all condemnable, how much 'is not condemnable without pity: we had almost said without 'respect! The inarticulate word and truth that is in England 'goes down yet to the foundations.'—*Past and Present*, p. 396.

Christian theologians have themselves to thank for much of the extravagance observable in this respect in Mr. Carlyle and in many beside. Too often, our divines have seemed to forget, that the Bible and nature are from the same source. Because humanity, as now conditioned, includes much that the Bible must condemn, not a few have been too ready to assume that it can include nothing the Bible may approve. Sufficient care has not been always taken to cede to the moral nature of man the portion of worth, which, according to the testimony of Revelation itself, is still reserved to it. Nor has a wise discrimination been always made between the true and false religions, disowning those elements only which have given to them their false-



ness. Judging from the manner in which some of our very orthodox preachers express themselves, we should suppose that they see no moral difference between the least depraved among the children of Adam and the most depraved—between Rush the murderer, and the most amiable of their own children, who does not happen to be a Christian. Of course the persons who, from negligent usage, or to give an imaginary cohesiveness to a theological system, indulge in expressions to this effect, do not really believe what they seem to teach. Their daily conversation and conduct in relation to the non-christian members of their families and connexions, furnish abundant proof to the contrary. But great mischief comes from the technical affectation of seeming to believe after this manner. Mr. Carlyle's doctrine is a revolt against this grave error. Some men will assert that there can be good of no kind in human nature apart from Christianity; and the natural reaction against this error is in the assertion that all the good really attainable by man may be attained without the least help from Christianity. The one party will see no good in human nature that has not come to it from the Gospel, and the other will see no good in the Gospel that has not come to it from human nature. The extremes of some of our theologians in this form run sadly counter to the general language of the Bible, and to the common sentiment of mankind, and give a perilous advantage to the philosophical assailant of Revelation. It is not always borne in mind by our religious teachers, that there is an ascertainable distinction between morality and piety; and that actions may be evangelically defective—defective as to their source and object—without ceasing to be moral. There is no surer mode of making Christianity repulsive, than to place it at issue with what is essential to our manhood and responsibility.

But, as we have said, an error does not cease to be such because you can trace it to its source. Some men have made idols of church-creeds. Seeing this, our philosopher says—Let us have no more to do with churches or with creeds. Not that he really so means. His meaning rather is, that literary or philosophical churches should take the place of existing churches, and that the old creeds should give place to a creed much narrower, simpler, and more flexible, making small appeal to the logic of the age, more to its intuitions, its conscience, its emotions. Here it is:—

‘Nature’s laws, I must repeat, are eternal: her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No one man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men, no twenty-seven millions

052 BR 110  
vol. 10 (12.1)

of men. Show me a nation fallen everywhere into this course, so that each expects it, permits it to others and himself, I will show you a nation travelling with one assent on the broad way—the broad way, however many Banks of England, Cotton-Mills, and Duke's Palaces it may have! Not at happy Elysian fields, and everlasting crowns of victory, earned by silent valour, will this nation arrive; but at precipices, devouring gulfs, if it pause not. Nature has appointed happy fields, victorious laurel crowns; but only to the brave and true: *unnature*, what we call chaos, holds nothing in it but vacuities, devouring gulfs. What are twenty-seven millions and their unanimity? Believe them not: the Worlds and the Ages, God and Nature, and all men, say otherwise.

“Rhetoric all this?” No, my brother, very singular to say, it is fact all this. Cocker's Arithmetic is not truer. Forgotten in these days, it is as old as the foundations of the Universe, and will endure till the Universe cease. It is forgotten now; and the first mention of it puckers thy sweet countenance into a sneer; but it will be brought to mind again—unless indeed the Law of Gravitation chance to cease, and men find that they *can* walk on vacancy. Unanimity of the twenty-seven millions will do nothing: walk not thou with them; fly from them as for thy life. Twenty-seven millions travelling on such courses, with gold jingling in every pocket, with vivats heaven high, are incessantly advancing, let me again remind thee, toward the *firm land's end*—towards the end and extinction of what Faithfulness, Veracity, real Worth, was in their way of life.—*Past and Present*, pp. 193, 4.

We find no fault with this creed. It errs not on the side of fault. It errs by defect. The world has had it from the beginning, and, we regret to say, has made but a sorry use of it. Our fear is, that the world may possess it much longer and show small sign of improvement. It is a ‘credo’ that may suffice, in some instances, to mould philosophers into stoics, and the example of such men may have its value. But the herd of human kind have never shown themselves remarkably docile under such teaching. They have found within them other forces than those which prompt men to right-doing, and when disposed to listen to the evil council whispered to them from that quarter, they have been slow in submitting to dictation from without. If the ‘inner light’ be to do all—then why not their own inner light before that of any other man, or of many other men? We can conceive of such a man, of multitudes of such men, as saying, even to the face of our author—‘Who made thee a ruler or a judge over us?’ So it has ever been under the reign of these natural ‘credos.’ Those who interpret the law, it is said, are ever half the makers of it. So it is eminently when the law is loose, shadowy, and unwritten.

From this cause, and some others, each man, in this church of the philosophers, has been left to become a law unto himself, which means, for the most part, being left to be wholly without law. That 'Faithlessness, Unveracity, Worthlessness' are profitless in the long run, yea, very costly, men have been told everywhere and through all time; with what effect, the *real* Past has sufficiently reported to the Present. It avails not to emphaticize the assertion that 'nature's laws' are clear as the light, and fixed as 'the law of gravitation,' for if so, our world must hitherto have been a Bedlam or a Pandemonium, or some strange mixture of both, for slow has it been to discern this clearness—this fixedness. And why the nature which has been so dull or so perverse under all such preaching through the past six thousand years, should become much more manageable by such means in the future, Mr. Carlyle may be able to explain; to ourselves, the ground of hope in that direction is not great. That the world should be able to rub on upon such a creed much as heretofore we can understand; but that it should rise under such influence to the high estate so earnestly coveted for it by our author, that we do not understand. Indeed, if there be truth in the axiom, that where the causes are only the same, the effects can be only the same, we think it certain that our author's millenium may come *after* doomsday, certainly not *before*.

Nor is this all. This 'credo' is not only wanting in the clearness, fixedness, and imperativeness necessary to prevent the frequent putting of what is no law in the place of law, and the hope of impunity in the place of the fear of penalty, it leaves the non-working, and still more the evil-working, in this world of non-workers and evil-workers, in dreadful exigency. You may preach to men that they have only need to work—to work to-day and onward, and all will be well. But these same 'Nature's laws,' to which you make appeal, say not so. *Here*, in a thousand instances, my good deeds avail nothing towards compensating for my evil ones. The curse wedded to the evil comes, and naught can hinder it. Who has told *you* it will not be so *hereafter*? These laws, to which you look as polestars in your voyage thither, say not so—but the contrary, rather. And is it a trifle, O man! to leave a question like this unsolved? Can the 'credo' be really worth much which declines all dealing with it? Look, moreover, to your own ideal of humanity, and to its actuality—to man, as he *should* be, according to the law of his faculties, and to man as he *is*, according to the forces of his condition, and can this credo of thine suffice for such a being, a credo which simply says—'Help thyself, O weak one! for by the Eternal laws it is decreed that help from a

‘higher than thyself shall never come to thee.’ We must say, that the commending of such a creed to such a nature, as being all that it needs, is to our own dread consciousness a sad mockery of human want and suffering. It is a faith which every man of a sound and deep moral consciousness must feel to be a very cold and shallow affair. It goes not down to the depths of our spiritual thralldom. It goes not up to the height of our true spiritual destiny. It calls men to energetic action, but for the motives which alone may sustain such action it finds no resting-place. It leaves the past an impenetrable mystery, the future an impenetrable mystery, and the present hour with a faith by no means adequate to the hour. The eternities are, the graves are, but they make no sign, they teach no lesson! Right, you say will be done—done on man as on all being; but what will that right be? Answer comes not! Nevertheless, this is the Gospel which our youth are expected to prefer to another we could name—and more strange still, this is the Gospel which not a few of them do actually prefer!

Thus our modern catholicity ends in something very like the old infidelity. Charity towards all creeds, goes far towards leaving us without any creed. ‘Nature’s Laws,’ which some of our theologians will not read at all, are read by some of our philosophers in that spirit of Bibliolatry which they so much condemn elsewhere—viz., with a resolve that everything attainable or needed by man *shall* be found there. ‘If the books,’ said the Caliph Omar, ‘agree with the Koran, they may be burnt as useless; if they disagree with it, they should be burnt as irreligious.’ Many a divine, and many a philosopher, who would not be forward to plead the authority of Omar, may now be seen acting upon his maxim. To this effect is the language of many of our Bibliolaters whose chosen Bible is Nature, and of many more whose Bible has come to them from history. We should have been glad to find Mr. Carlyle in better company than with either of these parties. But in the revulsion of his scorn from the narrowness of certain school divines, he has dropped into a groove hardly less narrow as a philosopher. Hence the conflict, diversified at present by some novelties of taste and temper, is the same in its substance with that of the early part of the last century.—Christianity *versus* Deism.

III. The sum of our statement, then, is, that what Mr. Carlyle says about Faith would be good, if said under wiser discrimination and restriction; and that the same holds of his Catholic doctrine in respect to Truth as having its place more or less along with all error. Not less thus is it with his teaching in relation

to the attribute of *Mystery*. Here, too, he is both right and wrong. He shows us, in many ways, that the superficialities of modern literature, and the low mechanic spirit of modern science do not satisfy him. He must look beyond the surface of man to the man proper—beyond the machine to the hand which constructed it. Even of man's inner nature he would know more than can be seen by the understanding; and of the great Mechanist he would know more than can be learnt from the coarser elements of the machine which he has constructed and set a-going. Contrasted with play on the mere surface, and amidst the mere laws of things, with which even the most busy and effective intellects of our time so largely content themselves, these earnest incursions into more spiritual regions of thought are truly refreshing and noble. In the presence of this great moral—and we should perhaps say religious reformer, not a few of the flippant and hollow conventionalisms of the times seem to drop at once into their natural insignificance. What existence really means, whence it came, what it should be?—on these questions, on which scarcely a thought is bestowed by the vulgar or dilettante crowd about him, his own thoughts are gravely fixed.

But after what manner has our author concerned himself with these serious questions, and with what effect? It is obvious that they are questions embracing the whole range both of philosophy and religion. We wish we could speak of the result as fully equal to the apparent intention. The following passage is somewhat long, but it presents the clearest view to be found in the writings of Mr. Carlyle of the philosophy which he has adopted from the schools of Germany.

‘ Now, without entering into the intricacies of German Philosophy, we need here only advert to the character of Idealism, on which it is everywhere founded, and which universally pervades it. In all German systems, since the time of Kant, it is the fundamental principle to deny the existence of Matter; or rather, we should say, to believe it in a radically different sense from that in which the Scotch Philosopher strives to demonstrate it, and the English Unphilosopher believes it without demonstration. To any of our readers, who has dipped never so slightly into metaphysical reading, this Idealism will be no inconceivable thing. Indeed it is singular how widely diffused, and under what different aspects, we meet with it among the most dissimilar classes of mankind. Our Bishop Berkeley seems to have adopted it from religious inducements: Father Boscovich was led to a very cognate result, in his ‘*Theoria Philosophiæ Naturalis*,’ from merely mathematical considerations. Of the ancient Pyrrho or the modern Hume we do not speak; but in the opposite end of the earth, as Sir W. Jones informs us, a similar theory, of immemorial age, prevails among the theologians of Hindostan. Nay, Professor Stewart has declared his opinion, that whoever at some time of his life has

not entertained this theory, may reckon that he has yet shown<sup>d</sup> no talent for metaphysical research. Neither is it any argument against the Idealist to say that, since he denies the absolute existence of matter, he ought in conscience likewise to deny its relative existence; and plunge over precipices, and run himself through with swords, by way of recreation, since these, like all other material things, are only phantasms and spectra, and therefore of no consequence. If a man, corporeally taken, is but a phantasm and spectrum himself, all this will ultimately amount to much the same as it did before. Yet herein lies Dr. Reid's grand triumph over the Sceptics; which is as good as no triumph whatever. For as to the argument which he and his followers insist on, under all possible variety of figures, it amounts only to this very plain consideration, that 'men naturally, and without reasoning, *believe* in the existence of matter,' and seems, philosophically speaking, not to have any value; nay, the introduction of it into Philosophy may be considered as an act of suicide on the part of that science, the life and business of which, that of '*interpreting* appearances,' is hereby at an end. Curious it is, moreover, to observe how these Common-sense Philosophers, men who brag chiefly of their irrefragable logic, and keep watch and ward, as if this were their special trade, against 'Mysticism' and 'Visionary Theories,' are themselves obliged to base their whole system on Mysticism and a Theory; on Faith, in short, and that of a very comprehensive kind; the Faith, namely, either that man's senses are themselves divine, or that they afford not only an honest, but a *literal* representation of the workings of some Divinity. So true is it that for these men also, all knowledge of the visible rests on belief of the invisible, and derives its first meaning and certainty therefrom!

'The Idealist, again, boasts that his Philosophy is transcendental, that is, 'ascending *beyond* the senses;' which, he asserts, *all* Philosophy, properly so called, by its nature, is and must be: and in this way he is led to various unexpected conclusions. To a Transcendentalist, Matter has an existence, but only as a Phenomenon: were *we* not there, neither would it be there; it is a mere Relation, or rather the result of a Relation between our Living Souls and the great First Cause; and depends for its apparent qualities on *our* bodily and mental organs; having itself *no* intrinsic qualities, being, in the common sense of that word, Nothing. The tree is green and hard, not of its own natural virtue, but simply because my eye and my hand are fashioned so as to discern such and such appearances under such and such conditions. Nay, as an Idealist might say, even on the most popular grounds, *must* it not be so? Bring a sentient Being, with eyes a little different, with fingers ten times harder than mine; and to him that Thing which I call Tree shall be yellow and soft, as truly as to me it is green and hard. Form his Nervous-structure in all points the *reverse* of mine, and this same tree shall not be combustible, or heat-producing, but dissoluble and cold-producing, not high and convex, but deep and concave; shall simply have *all* properties exactly

the 'reverse of those I attribute to it. There is, in fact, says Fichte, no tree there; but only a manifestation of Power from something which is *not*  $\bar{z}$ . The same is true of material Nature at large, of the whole visible Universe, with all its movements, figures, accidents, and qualities; all are Impressions produced on *me* by something *different from me*. This, we suppose, may be the foundation of what Fichte means by his far-famed Ich and Nicht-Ich (I and not I); words, which taking lodging (to use the Hudibrastic phrase) in certain 'heads that were to be let unfurnished,' occasioned a hollow echo, as of Laughter, from the empty Apartments; though the words are in themselves quite harmless, and may represent the basis of a metaphysical Philosophy as fitly as any other words. But farther, and what is still stranger than such Idealism, according to these Kantian systems, the organs of the Mind too, what is called the Understanding, are of no less arbitrary, and, as it were, accidental character than those of the Body. Time and Space themselves are not external but internal entities; they have no outward existence, there is no Time and no Space *out* of the mind; they are mere *forms* of man's spiritual being, *laws* under which his thinking nature is constituted to act. This seems the hardest conclusion of all; but it is an important one with Kant; and is not given forth as a dogma; but carefully deduced in his *Critik der Reinen Vernunft* with great precision, and the strictest form of argument.'—*Essays*, ii., pp. 219—222.

If the reader has gone through this extract attentively, and it deserve thus much at his hand, he will have observed the large concessions here made to scepticism. Our senses give us no real knowledge of things. Our understandings give us no real knowledge of things. By the senses, we only know how things *appear*—appear *to us*. By the understanding, we only know what the *laws* are by which the understanding *must act*. So that from these sources we really *know* nothing. Everything is phantasm—in nothing is there certainty.

Nor is this all. It is not enough that the whole range of things with which our senses and our understanding bring us into contact should be thus surrendered to the sceptic, and be left as things simply in doubt, of which we may not utter yea or nay—the senses are declared to be positively deceptive, and the understanding not less so. The report which the senses give in relation to the appearances of things is not true. The report which the understanding gives, even in reference to such elementary conceptions as the existence of matter, and time, and space, is not true. Things are not, cannot be, as they appear to our senses. Objects are not, cannot be, as they do appear and must appear to our understanding.

Now it will not be denied that what is thus said concerning the senses is in part true. The qualities of bodies, as colour,

form, and substance, are *to us*, as determined by our particular powers of perception in relation to such qualities. But this admission, while conceding that we do not know things *in themselves*, leaves the trustworthiness of what we know of them in their *relation to us* undisturbed—we *do* know them as they *appear to us*, and in this knowledge we possess all that is needful for us, or designed for us. But the Idealist goes beyond this, and leaves not to the senses, or to the understanding, the power to give us certainty of any kind. 'Time and space themselves are not external, but internal entities; they have no outward existence.' Of course, as it is with time and space, so must it be with all that is supposed to have place in them. So far the issues of this philosophy are in scepticism—scepticism the most scientific and rigid. Our necessary ideas in relation to things in themselves are not true. Our necessary ideas in relation to things as they appear to us are not true. These things have *no* existence, except as the mind of the individual, from a necessity of its own nature, calls them into existence. Our existence, accordingly, consists in the perpetual construction of a Great Lie—in the ceaseless weaving of an Eternal Falsehood. The mind itself creates all externality, and all externality is a Phantasm, an Appearance, not a Reality.

Men who invoke the spirit of scepticism after this manner need be men of some forecast. To raise the Evil One and to lay him again have not been always the same thing. But thus far, as Mr. Carlyle justly observes, Hume and Kant go together. 'Here, however,' says our author, 'occurs the most total, diametrical divergence between them. We allude to the recognition by the Transcendentalists, of a higher faculty in man than Understanding; of Reason (*Vernunft*), the pure, ultimate light of our nature; wherein, as they assert, lies the foundation of all Poetry, Virtue, Religion; things which are properly beyond the province of the Understanding, of which the Understanding *can* take no cognizance, except a false one.'—*Ibid.* p. 223. According to the terminology of Kant, the Reason which comes thus to the rescue of the human spirit should be described as the 'Practical Reason;' of which Sir William Hamilton says, it 'is not essentially different from the *Moral Sense*, the *Moral Faculty* of Reid and Stewart.'—(*Hamilton's Reid*, p. 592.) Thus the battle, after all, with German Transcendentalists, as with other people, lies very much between the common sense—the intuitive beliefs of men, on the one side, and scepticism on the other—with this difference only, that the ground ceded to the Sceptic by the Idealist, is ground which cannot fail, in the great majority of instances, to give



the former a prodigious advantage over the latter. It being once taught that everything external is illusive, that even the laws of the human understanding are a cheat, it may well go hard with the man who shall attempt to prove that the natural 'insight' or 'intuition' of the mind may be trusted. Everything up to this point having proved treacherous, the presumption would seem to be, that here also treachery awaits us. Nature has played the man false so long, that we scarcely dare blame him if he should be found slow to believe her even when she seems to speak the truth. To dogmatize never so gravely in defence of the moral element in man, as bespeaking his moral destiny, will avail little with multitudes who have been so deeply schooled in scepticism before coming to this topic. The mischief, gentlemen, is done. You have thrown open the gates, and should have laid your account with finding the inundation irresistible. Mr. Carlyle, in common with Bishop Berkeley, may regard the Deity as the great sustaining power of the universe, in place of that imaginary thing called matter, and may flatter himself, as the good bishop did before him, that in so doing he has struck down the black sceptre of atheism, with 'all its sickly dews;' but such a doctrine, though certainly fatal to atheism, leads by a sequence no less certain to pantheism. This we should predict as its necessary tendency apart from experience, and the recent history of Germany furnishes abundant confirmation of this judgment. Idealism and Pantheism have always gone together in the East; it remained to be seen that the same relation would be demonstrated as natural to them in the West. The God thus realized, is either the unjust god of Proudhon; or the god of Spinoza and Hegel, who ceases to be unjust only by ceasing to be free.

If, as Mr. Carlyle somewhere says, our youth spend too much time in 'questions about Destiny,' we fear this is not the philosophy to shorten their labours in that direction. In fact, we much suspect that our author not only lacks the power, but even the inclination to do much towards making the difficult plain in such connexions. There is a fitful, restless, impatient tendency in him, that does not allow of his looking at any abstract subject continuously enough to penetrate it thoroughly and cohesively. Rather than that, he turns from it in disgust, or takes it as it is, the light and darkness being commingled as they may, trusting to the next plunge into it to give him a better insight into its nature. As we shall presently see, his mind is not only more intuitional than logical, but is so governed by the former faculty as to leave small space indeed for the play of the latter. Hence that hazy love of mystery which prevents

his associating the idea of greatness with anything altogether intelligible. It is not enough to say with Burke, that obscurity is one source of the sublime, our author knows nothing of sublimity without it. Could we, from the stores of our own dullness, pour forth some rays of light on Mr. Carlyle's dark questions, we doubt much his being found disposed to thank us for our doings; and could we bring certain portions of our enlightened public over to the admiration of certain fancies of our author, in which the said public at present see no sort of beauty, we think it probable he would begin to regard such admiration, in this change of circumstances, as a very doubtful indication of wisdom. Certain it is, that in many an instance he seems to prefer the darkness to the light, and never gives vent to his sarcastic rhetoric with more merciless effect than when directed against the men who, from grinding hard at their logic-mill, are disposed to think themselves 'vary knowing.'

'In a lower sense,' he writes, 'the rudest mind has still some intimation of the greatness of Mystery. If Silence was made a god by the Ancients, he still continues a government clerk among the Moderns. As nothing that is wholly seen through has other than a trivial character, so anything professing to be great, and yet wholly to see through itself, is already known to be false, and a failure. Whatsoever can proclaim itself from the house-tops may be fit for the hawkers, and for those multitudes that must needs buy of him; but for any deeper sense may as well continue unproclaimed.'—*Essays*, iii. 294.

This is not exactly the style of writing to be expected from one who must know that the last thing to be feared in a condition like ours, is the absence of the mysterious. Every man who puts knowledge into the place of ignorance, puts something into the place of mystery. For ourselves, we greatly prefer the knowledge which speaks, to the mystery that speaks not, or whose supposed speaking proves too often to be a misinterpretation and a falsehood. There is 'something rotten in the state of Denmark,' when ignorance is bepraised as though it might be the mother of devotion, or of any other good thing on God's earth; and we cannot avoid the impression that the secret of Mr. Carlyle's philippics against the 'doubtings,' the 'introspections,' and the 'questionings,' by which the forces of modern mind are said to be so much consumed, and to no purpose, will be found in an unavowed conviction that, for the benefit of minds in that mood, he has himself very little to offer. His recipe for all evils goes within a small compass—it is to believe, and to work, and to be assured that this must end well. If you ask *what* you should believe, the answer is—what man believes. If you ask what man believes, the answer

is<sup>a</sup>—what you believe. Nor do you get anything much more definite than this, interrogate as you may. All beyond is mystery—impenetrable, irremovable mystery. The terms, God, Truth, Faithfulness, Nobleness, often occur, but a singular vagueness rests upon their meaning, and beyond the undefined gleams of light towards which these terms point, all is darkness, a darkness to be felt. Often does he assert that his great, if not his only hope of the world, is in the imperishable tendency of men towards hero-worship. For knowledge in relation to the future, they must be content to wait. For any solution of the mysteries of the present, they will labour in vain. But the excellence of human virtue they may comprehend, and to live to that is—to live. Mr. Carlyle may bear with this dimness of knowledge—this depth of mystery—as something poetical and grand; to ourselves, it would be all but unendurable.

IV. But, as we have intimated, Mr. Carlyle has his theory on the capacities of the human mind in relation to such subjects, and one which disposes him to attach great importance to the mind's supposed *Insight*, or *Intuition*, and very little importance to its supposed logical power. He has seen that a man may be very logical without being very wise; and that the articles of a man's creed may be defined to the utmost possible nicety, while the influence of that creed upon his life may not be very perceptible. That this is not a state of things to admire, all men will admit; but in place of being observant of the limits to which this evil is restricted, and endeavouring to bring the faith and feeling of men into better keeping, Mr. Carlyle breaks off into declamations like the following, on the uselessness of Logic, and the impotence of the human Understanding:—

‘The healthy understanding, we should say, is not the Logical, argumentative, but the Intuitive; for the end of Understanding is not to prove, and find reasons, but to know and believe. Of logic, and its limits, and uses and abuses, there were much to be said and examined; one fact, however, which chiefly concerns us here, has long been familiar; that the man of logic and the man of insight, the Reasoner and the Discoverer, or even Knower, are quite separable,—indeed, for the most part, quite separate characters. In practical matters, for example, has it not become almost proverbial that the man of logic cannot prosper? This is he whom business people call Systematic and Theorizer and Word-monger; his *vital* intellectual force lies dormant or extinct, his whole force is mechanical, conscious: of such a one it is foreseen that, when once confronted with the infinite complexities of the real world, his little compact theorem of the world will be found wanting; that unless he can throw it overboard, and become a new

creature, he will necessarily founder. Nay, in mere Speculation itself, the most ineffectual of all characters, generally speaking, is your dialectic man-at-arms; were he armed *cap-à-pie* in syllogistic mail of proof, and perfect master of logic-fence, how little does it avail him! Consider the old Schoolmen, and their pilgrimage towards Truth: the faithfullest endeavour, incessant unwearied motion, often great natural vigour; only no progress; nothing but antic feats of one limb poised against the other; there they balanced, somerseted, and made postures; at best gyrated swiftly, with some pleasure, like Spinning Dervishes, and ended where they began. So is it, so will it always be, with all System-makers and builders of logical card-castles; of which class a certain remnant must, in every age, as they do in our own, survive and build.—*Essays*, iii. 280.

In reply to all this, it will be at once admitted that logic is a mere implement—the mere tool by which a man works. It will be admitted, also, that the use of this implement belongs mainly to one faculty of the mind, and that the man who is a man of one faculty will be sure to be a man of small achievement. But it does not follow because the mere logician is likely to be somewhat of a pedant, that the man who is a logician and something more, will so be. No, nor does it follow because men of genius often reason logically without the smallest aid from the technical forms of logic, that logic itself is not a science, and one admitting of being reduced to form with great advantage, in common with all other sciences. But the course generally pursued by the school of polemics with which Mr. Carlyle must be classed is, to confound logic, as a mere implement, with the logical faculty; and to describe that faculty itself as aiming at achievements admitted to be beyond its province; and this done, the passers-by are called upon to join in a loud laugh at the overthrow of the paper constructions with which logicians can allow themselves to be beguiled. But, in fact, to laugh at the logical doings of the understanding, because they are defective if taken alone, is about as rational as that Mr. Carlyle should call upon the good people at Chelsea to laugh at his one leg, because it does not enable him to walk without assistance from the other. All the merriment of the above extract resolves itself into a fit of mirth over a supposition so truly ridiculous as that the action of the mind to be healthy and complete must embrace the exercise of more than a single faculty! The logical faculty is one, the intuitive faculty is another, and no man ever realized a sound mental progress without the joint aid of both. The natural issue of the logical faculty, *without* the aid of the intuitional, is *scepticism*; the natural issue of the intuitional faculty, *without* the aid of the logical, is *mysticism*.

It is true, the intuitional faculty can see further than the logical, but it is only by getting upon its shoulders. Insight, without help from the understanding, would be like physical sight without memory—it would be left to act upon blank ignorance, and could produce no effect beyond the glare of a vacant wonder. In fact, it is the understanding—in other words experience, that gives sight to intuition, and which, if the man is not to become a dreamy maniac, must do much, even to the last, towards regulating its exercise. We are quite aware that some of the loftiest achievements of genius and religion have been realized as by a glance, or in a manner which has left the mind wholly unconscious at the time as to any act of reasoning. In this manner, the intellect of a Cromwell and a Napoleon, of a Shakspeare and a Burns, often performed their operations. Still the thing done was the doing of the intellect—and was done for a reason. The action of the understanding in such cases, dull as that power is supposed to be, may have been subtle and instantaneous as the lightning; and not a whit the less real because there was no reflex act of the mind present at the moment to take cognizance of it. We know that in expressing himself as he has done on this subject, Mr. Carlyle may plead the authority of Jacobi, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and many more; but we have long ceased to think that every thing which happens to come to us clothed in German text must be full of the wise and wonderful.

The effect of long converse with German writers, on a mind too much disposed of itself towards a certain tone of mysticism, has been to give a considerable tincture of this sort to Mr. Carlyle's speculations. Not that he is of the soft, passive, almost helpless temperament to which mysticism is so congenial. On the contrary, there is a self-sustained bravery—an 'up and at 'em' spirit in him, which, at first sight, looks like anything rather than the stuff from which you might hope to form a good mystic. But this very energy, this passion to be doing, is itself little favourable to patience of thought, and when allied with an active imagination, may often end in something not remarkable for its wisdom. It is a fact, accordingly, that the most ardent natures, even when possessed of the loftiest intellect, have not unfrequently taken with them remnants of prejudices, superstitions, mysticisms, hardly to be looked for in such fellowship. The culture of men of great force has been often thus unequal, and the strength which makes them what they are, acts, in such cases, as a light to render the weakness that still lingers in them only the more conspicuous. The invective and sarcasm so often directed by Mr. Carlyle against

logic and logicians, do much to betray, to all men of sense, the weak side of his own genius. Every man of this sort, on reading such a passage as we have last quoted, will be ready to say—‘This is all amusing enough, but be sure of it, my good friend, a little more of the breadth and compactness which the logician so much values, would be to yourself a very profitable acquisition.’ The same inference is deducible from the cloudy and rambling style in which our author throws off his thoughts. Clearness and relativeness of ideas the mystic covets not. The more his thoughts resemble wandering stars—beautiful, but dim and relationless—the better. It belongs equally to oracles and to mystics to express themselves in sententious terms, with a meaning carefully loose, and often in a manner to leave the question more in darkness than they found it. We must leave our readers to say if this be not very much the character of Mr. Carlyle’s writings, especially in relation to those more profound matters of speculation, towards which, by the bent of his genius, he is so much disposed. Even his metaphysics are pictures, but they are all of the Salvator Rosa school, wild and dark, everywhere more suggestive than complete.

Mystics, indeed, have been, in some rare instances, mathematicians and logicians; but they have known how to restrict these sciences to a particular class of objects, and have always bidden them tarry below, when they have felt disposed to ascend into the clouds in search of their elysium. In the manner of Mr. Carlyle, they have allied the logical and mathematical to the understanding, and to insight they have given a world of its own. The two faculties are treated as having nothing in common, and the two worlds to which they respectively have reference are viewed as the diverse of each other. This partition once admitted, it is easy to conceive how something of a La Place and a Swedenberg, of a Newton and a Jacob Böhme, may be united in the same person. In the case of Mr. Carlyle, however, there is little need of this partition. The two provinces do not so exist in him as to make it indispensable. So strong in his leaning to the side of what may be done by insight in all the higher regions of thought, that he does not, *will* not reason, in any continuous manner, in relation to matters of any kind. It is hardly too much to say of him that, what he may not do by a few rapid touches, he is content to leave undone—that what he may not know by simply gazing at it, he is content to be without knowing. In such habits we recognise some of the most characteristic elements of mysticism. It is of the nature of mysticism that its inward tendencies should be to it as a revelation, and that its truth, derived even from that

source, should be something suggested by the feeling and imagination, more than something wrought out by the understating. We say not that Mr. Carlyle does not think—does not fix his thought steadily on particular truths, or particular aspects of character. Our statement is, that his meditateness is converged on points; that these points, from being viewed in isolation, often swell into undue proportions, and come up before you too much in the phantasmagoria style, as artificial lights amidst a wide surrounding darkness. Nothing, we conceive, could be a sorer trial to his patience than an argument on a moral subject, that should be at once formal, consecutive, and of wide compass, whatever might be its excellence. Hard would it be to persuade him that the same point might not be reached by a route not a tenth part so long or so laborious; yea, hard would it be to prevent his thinking that there must be something sinister in a mode of approach so fox-like in its caution.

V. If our readers have been in agreement with us thus far in our estimate of Mr. Carlyle's writings, they will be prepared for our next statement in relation to them—viz., that viewed in reference to instruction, the knowledge conveyed by them does not often rise above the level of *Half-truths*.

Of this fact, illustration has been furnished by each of the topics that have passed under our review. That faith should be described as of such moment, and that so much should be said tending to show that the nature of the things believed is of little significance; that the truth in all religions should be so well appreciated, but in such a manner as to leave scarcely anything of special value to any one religion; that a disposition to meditate on the deeper questions of being should be so far indicated, but in such mode as to end in a sort of worship of the obscure and mysterious; and that seeing the logical faculty in man cannot do everything, it should be henceforth derided as a presumptuous pedant who can do nothing—all these are instances of the tendency in the mind of our author to push particular aspects of truth to an extreme, so as not only to give a part of the truth merely in place of the whole, but to present that part considerably distorted. As this peculiarity in the thinking of Mr. Carlyle is one deeply affecting his pretensions as a 'teacher' of his generation, it will be proper to glance at a few further instances. One of his often repeated lamentations is, as we have in part seen, to the effect of the old saying, 'the former times were better than these.' Take the following as a specimen:—

‘Truly it may be said the Divinity has withdrawn from the earth, or veils himself in that wide-wasting Whirlwind of a departing Era, wherein the fewest can discern his goings. Not Godhead, but an iron, ignoble circle of Necessity embraces all things; binds the youth of these times into a sluggish thrall, or else exasperates him into a rebel. Heroic action is paralyzed; for what worth now remains unquestionable with him? At the fervid period, when his whole nature cries aloud for Action, there is nothing sacred under whose banner he can act; the course and kind and conditions of free Action are all but undiscoverable. Doubt storms in on him through every avenue; inquiries of the deepest, painfullest sort must be engaged with; and the invincible energy of young years waste itself in sceptical, suicidal cavillings; in passionate ‘questionings on Destiny,’ whereto no answer will be returned.’—*Essays*, iii. 310.

To this effect is the language of our author nearly everywhere, when comparison is to be made between ‘Past and Present.’ His grief is, that ‘Heroic action is paralyzed—nothing remains unquestionable—the godlike has vanished from the earth!’ But is it true that the godlike was really a very conspicuous thing in those bygone times? Did they, indeed, set such pattern in civil affairs as the moderns would do well to follow?—such pattern in religion? It must be confessed that in those days the presence of the rough—and, we suppose we must say, the strong hand, was more visible than now. Men were hung, embowelled, and quartered in a style to which our deteriorated nerves are little accustomed. Scarcely a market-cross was there, in an obscure town, that could not boast of the times it had been adorned with traitor-limbs. Our prisons, too, in those truly earnest ages, bore a much nearer resemblance to the home of the infernals naturally awaiting all culprits, than anything that could find tolerance amidst the mawkish sentimentalisms of these degenerate days. The things, moreover, as said or done, which might give a man the chance of being thus provided for by the public liberality, were felicitously numerous; while the evidence which sufficed to secure conviction was the most convenient imaginable to that end. It is true the people who died of pestilence, from filth, discomfort, and bad ventilation, were as twenty to one compared with the surplusage of that sort so dispensed with at present; but then, the comfort was, men were not bored with the endless quackeries familiar to us under the name of Factory bills, Poor-law bills, Health-of-towns bills, Aldermanic soup-kitchens, and Charity-mongering of all sorts.

Then, as to the mental condition of those times, when nobles signed with the cross, and when clerks only could read their



mother tongue, who can doubt the intelligence—the fine feeling which must then have pervaded the body politic? In respect to religion, the blessedness is said to be—‘There is no ‘Methodism; Religion is not yet a horrible wrestling Doubt; ‘still less a far horribler composed Cant, but a great heaven-‘high Unquestionability.’—*Past and Present*, p. 90. Yes, good reader, mark that! no Cant—nothing of that in all those ‘cantos,’ ‘cantings,’ or ‘chauntings,’ as the word now is, which were then so much like the beginning and the end of everything religious. No ‘Doubt’ either, religion a great ‘Unquestionability’! Happy times, when to be great in the virtue of believing was not to believe in the face of doubt, but because to do other than believe was not possible! Fortunate era, when religion came to men, not as a something to be studied, thought out, and to be believed for a reason, but as a smooth, pudding-faced ‘Unquestionability,’ and when it rose thereby to the palmy state that may be fittingly described as godlike! Envious times, moreover, must they have been, when men who themselves believed at such small cost, could send the man or woman showing signs of inability to do likewise, to the dungeon, the rack—burning the flesh of the doubter, and sending the horrors of many deaths through the heart of all his kindred!

But in sober seriousness this is too bad, and Mr. Carlyle should know that if there were nothing beside to prevent the great majority of men of matured thinking in this country from placing more than a very limited confidence in his judgment, his ill-founded declamation on this topic would be enough to force such distrust upon them. We wish to look to the past with all the worshipful feeling it may claim from us, but whether looking to past or present, we are concerned to do so with discrimination and fairness. Burke’s ‘Vindication of Natural Society’ did well enough as a joke, but that Mr. Carlyle should attempt something so much like it as no joke at all, is a little astounding.

How to account for it in the case of such a man we know not, unless it be that the Understanding, that it may avenge itself upon him for the many sad libels he has cast upon that faculty, does sometimes leave him to do his best wholly without its assistance. That there are certain capabilities of our nature which have been otherwise, and it may be more forcibly directed, among our rude progenitors than among ourselves, no man will deny—it being strictly natural that your North American Indian should evince a sharpness of perception in some respects which you will seek in vain among the dwellers in Threadneedle-street. But it has been left to Mr. Carlyle to

seem to say that, for this reason, it would be well to see the banks of the Thames again overshadowed with their primeval forests; and that to free the country from the cockneyism of Epsom on the Derby-day, it would be good to reduce it once more to the dominion of such naked sentimentalists as were addressed by queen Boadicea. It is a truth that our civilization is far from what it should be, but it is not true that the civilization of the present is, in reality, a deterioration from the rudeness of the past.

We are aware that passages might be extracted from Mr. Carlyle's works of a showing somewhat different from the passage just cited. But our answer is, that if such more rational statements are to be taken as meaning what they seem to mean, then some nine-tenths of what the author has written on the same subject should never have been written. In the great majority of cases, when such comparative references to the past are made, the only reasonable inference is, that Mr. Carlyle regards the civilization of the present as being *in the main* a lamentable deterioration from the general state of things in remote times. That our civilization is not all that it should be, is *half* the truth on this question; but that the barbarism of the past is something better is *not* the other half—it is an error.

Similar is the tone of oneness and exaggeration of our author in reference to another favourite topic—the mission of the 'Worker.' On this theme his utterances, up to a certain point, are most truthful, healthy, breathing the soul of manhood. He is no admirer of the 'greatest happiness' principle; he would substitute for it the greatest 'doing' principle. He believes in the happiness of the doer, not at all in the happiness of the non-doer. Men he regards as sent into the world to devise schemes of labour, and by every true labourer happiness is left to come in the wake of labour or not, as the case may be.

'Work is Religion, and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Bramins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbour. Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for ever enduring, Gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to the sweat of brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms—up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have

called divine. O brother, if this is not 'worship,' then I say the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.'—*Past and Present*, pp. 271, 272.

Work, then, is both worship and well-being. True—unquestionably true, certain other things being understood. But it will be seen that it is not enough that our author should thus stoutly rebuke the people, who trust more to the articles they have believed, or to the prayers they have repeated, than to the works they have done. It does not satisfy him that a man's work should be declared to be a good, or even a great good, it must be the only good. To place it abreast with the direct acts of worship will not suffice—it must supplant such worship—it must *be* all that such worship can be only in semblance. 'Work, never so Mammonish, mean,' is described as the great purifier of humanity, as having a 'divineness in it;' while worship in the ordinary and formal sense drops wholly out of sight, as possessing nothing beyond a fictitious value. The more heroic, the more godlike men are in their labours, the better; but the fair conclusion from the general language of our author on this subject is, that the man whose course has never risen above that of honest industry, has therein lived the life of a true worshipper, and that from the review of such a life he may look with confidence to that which is to follow. Thus, from being in danger of supposing ourselves religious in proportion to the number of beads we have counted, we come to be in danger of supposing ourselves religious in proportion to the pelf we have realized. That religious formalism may cease to be mischievous, a worldly formalism is so belauded that in effect the counting-house comes into the place of the church-pew, the ledger into the place of the Bible; it being clear that these, in common with the plough and the loom, must have a 'divineness' in them. In language conducting us to such results, every dispassionate man must see a spirit of exaggeration, bespeaking great confusion of thought, and tending strongly to beget such confusion. That all the lawful work of man is a kind of worship, is a truth never denied; but that many actions not usually comprehended under that term are also worship, is no less a truth; and by restricting the meaning of the term worship, as he has done, Mr. Carlyle has again given us half a truth in the place of the whole truth. Nor is the error here one of mere negation. As usual, it leads to mischiefs sufficiently positive. For one of its effects is, that men are virtually taught to think that the only preparation really necessary to fit them for the next world, is that they should have acquitted themselves with a fair degree of honesty and industry in the labour or traffic of the

present. Whatever Mr. Carlyle may intend by his discouragements on this subject, it is within our own knowledge that this is the interpretation put upon his teaching by not a few of his disciples. The heaven they expect—certainly the only heaven for which they make any preparation, is one in which all reputable people, accustomed to the earnest and thrifty occupations of the present life, will be sure to find congenial occupation. In vain does he rail at mere mammonism, so long as scorn like the following is put on the self-knowledge and self-culture, which can alone lead to a higher worship:—

‘The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. ‘Know thyself;’ long enough has that poor ‘self’ of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to ‘know’ it, I believe! *Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself*; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better part.’—*Past and Present*, p. 264.

We could multiply illustrations of this tendency very largely, did our limits permit. The work at the head of this article, intitled ‘Chartism,’ for example, would furnish rich material for this purpose. We can imagine Mr. Carlyle as dealing with such a book, so as to furnish from the resources of his sarcasm no little merriment to a large class of his admirers, by contrasting the promise of such a publication with the performance. In the course of this argument, the reader finds that here, as elsewhere, he

‘—never is, but always to be blest.’

Everybody in turn is censured as not understanding this subject, and as not dealing with it aright; while from the author himself, nothing comes beyond the slightest hints and vestiges of thought in relation to it, leaving the main facts in the vast and complex problem as far from solution as ever. Everywhere you see him sorely tried by the stupidity of the people about him, by the stupidity of parliamentary people among the rest; and everywhere you see him as if conscious that he is himself well supplied with the sort of wisdom which these dullards so greatly need, but somehow his wisdom is slow in getting utterance, and you reach the end of the book without discovering it. To the most urgent demand made upon him by the ‘practical man,’ who at length entreats him to descend from the clouds, and to deign to be intelligible, his answer is—Tell your parliament folk to send the people you cannot employ as emigrants where they may find employment; and tell them to see to it that the rest learn reading, writing, and summing! Some fresh sunny

bits of truth, and some good artistic sketches may be found even in this treatise; but had a book of the same substance, purporting to be an exposition of Chartism, proceeded from another man, we think we know the kind of designation our author would have given it.

On the whole, from this peculiarity in the manner of Mr. Carlyle, he is by no means a safe author to put into the hands of young men who do not bring some power of independent thinking to what they read. His half-truths, and his truths exaggerated so as to become untruths, are thrust upon you so capriciously, that the uninitiated, and such as consult him only by snatches, are in danger of carrying away some new crudity at every new reading.

VI. The *Politics* of Mr. Carlyle are somewhat peculiar. In fact, they are no politics at all; they consist only of the raw material from which politics are made. Judging from the language in which 'the powers that be' are commonly described by him, you would class him with the most ferocious of Radicals. That such a man should write a book about Chartism, will appear to you as one of the most natural things in the world. In reality, however, there is hardly a man in the three kingdoms at a further remove from Chartism, Radicalism, or anything of that sort than our brave author. In his view, 'the five points' would be no remedy, but an implement of destruction — of destruction to the hands that should wield them. The need of this multitude is, that they should be well governed by their betters, not that they should be allowed to try their 'prentice hand' at the work of governing themselves. Of the competency of the multitude anywhere to such a work, Mr. Carlyle has the meanest possible opinion. On the contrary, in the virtues of aristocratic and monarchical authority he believes with a firmness not second to that of Burke or Pitt, of Eldon or Lyndhurst. Before an aristocracy of iron, or before a despotism wrought up from material still more irresistible, he would, upon occasion, bow down and worship, saying—Thou, too, art from Heaven! The good for which he calls, and for which his calls are earnest and unceasing, is good government. Whether this government shall come from the individual, the few, or the many, is a mere circumstance; his concern is that it should come—come in such power as to compel the fools to obey the wise, the bad to stand in awe of the good. His wrath against kings is not that each of them is the first man in his dominions, but that he is this by institution and accident, not by certain essentials of manhood lifting him thus high above his fellows.

So of nobles; by all means let there be nobles, but let them be natural nobles, not beings to whom artificial usage may give the mere clothing of nobility. Have the reality, brethren, is the entreaty of our author, not some piece of law-made imbecility or knavery thrust into its room. He has no quarrel with leadership, when it happens to fall to such men as King Alfred or Senator Hampden. His only fear about men of this order is, lest they should not impress their own will sufficiently on the subject wills about them. He is for a government everywhere by heroic qualities, as far as may be by heroes. He demands obedience to such rule in the spirit of an Eastern despot, and in the spirit of such a despot would he sweep away the base and refuse herd that should dare to rebel against it. A purely democratic government he regards as the impossible in politics; or as that which, if possible, would be, not as some wise people think, a paradise restored, so much as pandemonium made visible. Of all follies in this shape, the idea of the government of the many by the many he accounts the most unsocial, the most irreligious, the most like Bedlam. This is a somewhat curious creed to be broached in this England of ours, in the year of grace 1849.

'The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election-hustings, and saying, 'Behold now, I, too, have my twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver; will not all the gods be good to me?' is one of the pleasantest! Nature, nevertheless, is kind at present, and puts it into the heads of many, almost of all. The liberty, especially, which has to purchase itself by social isolation, and each man standing separate from the other, having 'no business with him' but a cash account, this is such a liberty as the Earth seldom saw;—as the Earth will not long put up with, recommend it how you may. This liberty turns out, before it have long continued in action, with all men flinging up their caps round it, to be, for the Working Millions, a liberty to die by want of food; for the Idle Thousands and Units, alas, a still more fatal liberty to live in want of work; to have no earnest duty to do in this God's-World any more. What becomes of a man in such predicament? Earth's Laws are silent; and Heaven's speak in a voice which is not heard. No work, and the ineradicable need of work, give rise to new very wondrous life-philosophies, new very wondrous life-practices! Democracy, the chase of Liberty in that direction, shall go its full course; unrestrainable by him of Pferdefuss-Quacksalber, or any of *his* household. The Toiling Millions of Mankind, in most vital need and passionate instinctive desire of Guidance, shall cast away False-Guidance; and hope, for an hour, that No-Guidance will suffice them: but it can be for an hour only. The smallest item of human Slavery is the oppression of man by his Mock-Superiors; the palpablest, but I say at bottom, the

smallest. Let him shake off such oppression, trample it indignantly under his feet; I blame him not, I pity and commend him. But oppression by your Mock-Superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: That of finding government by your Real-Superiors! 'Alas, how shall we ever learn the solution of that, benighted, bewildered, sniffing, sneering, god-forgetting unfortunates as we are? It is a work for centuries; to be taught us by tribulations, confusions, insurrections, obstructions; who knows if not by conflagration and despair! It is a lesson inclusive of all other lessons; the hardest of all lessons to learn.'—*Past and Present*, pp. 293—295.

We know not what some of our ultra friends, in things civil and ecclesiastical, will say to this. To distrust, depreciate, and check the impulsive spirit of the age after this manner! To doubt—to dare to doubt the competency of the people to put Realities into the place of the Mockeries which now befool and oppress them! Of course every unit in every great community must see that in such sneers he is himself sniffed at, and will feel like the old prophet, that he 'doth well to be angry.' We ourselves, non-democratic as we are sometimes thought to be, share in some degree in this virtuous indignation. For, strange to say, our own views are much more radical than those of Mr. Carlyle. There is much truth in his sayings, of which some awkward illustrations have come up on the Continent during the last twelve months, but it is truth in profile, not truth fronting us with its own full aspect. We protest, once for all, against this idolatry of great men, and against this handing over the world as a perpetual heirloom to such men. We hold it to be the great duty of every true friend of his species to diminish the power of great men as far as possible, by endeavouring to diffuse as much greatness as may be through society at large. Let the power of government be restricted to an individual, or to a few, in the body politic, and in that degree you restrict the life proper to the said body to parts of the system, in place of giving it healthy diffusion through the whole. There is a sickliness at the core of this hero-worship. It is just the opposite of the good old proverb, 'The man's best helped who helps himself.' Its tendency is to perpetuate in humanity generally a feeling of dependence, helplessness, and despair. It dooms the multitude to passiveness, it gives warrant to the few above them in lording it over them. Some of our eloquent advocates of democracy, who make their own use of Mr. Carlyle's invectives against the 'sham' aristocracies of the past and present times, would perhaps find the new order of aristocrats, for which our author pleads, quite as little to their mind, were these self-willed gentry to make their appearance among us in great

numbers. It is a little alarming, too, that Mr. Carlyle should be found so ingenious in giving a plausible aspect to the 'tyrant's plea' in favour of the autocratic doings of his heroes. It would be easy to show that his casuistry in such cases becomes dangerously flexible. Be sure of it, our good democratic friends, Mr. Carlyle is not with you. The only thing you may expect from his hands is a change of masters.

VII. With regard to Mr. Carlyle's *Style*, no man can pretend that it is either original or natural. Nevertheless, in his hands, it is not without its attractions, and to some of the peculiarities of his genius it is very convenient.

Hume has somewhere said, that when any language has been well worked, so that the finished use of it becomes an easy attainment, it is to be expected that some men will break away from the received standard, and will aim to arrest attention by extravagance and oddity. That the style of Mr. Carlyle is a reaction somewhat of this nature is obvious, but it is a reaction not wholly without reason. In common with John Foster, it belongs not to the cast of his intellect to be taken with the platitudes which, during the last century, and even later, have been so often set forth in high-sounding Ciceronian rhetoric. The fastidiousness of this class of writers, about the nice selection of words, and the artificial structure of sentences, ending, for the most part, in a mouthy nothingness, could not fail greatly to offend the more masculine sense of such men. Better, in their view, almost anything, than the everlasting round of these mawkish euphonies. With this feeling we can sympathise. So we presume felt Edmund Burke and Junius, Sydney Smith and Hazlitt; and so we presume feels Mr. Macaulay, and more we could name. With these writers, language is not an affair of music, but of meaning; not an adjustment of sounds, but an instrument for the clear, keen, and forcible conveyance of thought. They retain much of the smoothness of their predecessors, but it is with a point and vigour of their own. Every sentence they utter is transparent, but at the same time seems to strike and ring as it passes you. This does not content Mr. Carlyle. In aiming to avoid the pompous mannerism of the moderns, he has fallen back upon the quaint mannerism of his predecessors. His alternative seems to lie between a smooth weakness or a rugged strength. The middle ground, which so many gifted men among his contemporaries have chosen, is not to his mind. Hooker is much more to his taste than Burke, Thomas Brown than Babington Macaulay. That he is wrong in this decision is a point on which we have no



doubt. The principles of taste, or we would rather say, the laws of language in composition, are not so indeterminate as our author appears to assume. On this subject, the decisions practically given by the most cultivated mind, in the most favoured periods of history, should count for something. These decisions should have sufficed to suggest, that it would be possible to give a graphic force to our modern English without attempting to resuscitate the half-formed English of two centuries since for that purpose. It betrays weakness, and not strength, thus to borrow from the past when we should be giving to the present. With less eccentricity in this shape, Mr. Carlyle's writings would have found more readers among his contemporaries, and would have stood a better chance of being read by posterity. His gains from the grotesque oddness in which he indulges, have to be put over against his losses. The same effort to be natural, would have yielded him much more than the same return.

We are far, however, from meaning to say that this terse antique style is without its charm. When not so overcharged with affectations and uncouthness as to become absurd, and, except in the pages of Mr. Carlyle, unprecedented, there is in it a force and beauty which we feel to be genuine. In our old writers it harmonizes well with the grave and elaborate architecture, furniture, and costume we are wont to associate with the men and women of England some two or three centuries since. As spoken and written in those days, this fine old speech of ours is often laden with thought, deep in pathos, and rich in humour. Nothing could exceed the condensation, the precision, and the picturesqueness of which our language was shown to be susceptible by some of our best writers in the days of Elizabeth and James the First. The tongue which gave such full and flexible conveyance to the fine conceptions of Ascham and Hooker, Spenser and Shakespere, is not itself at fault if readers ever sleep under it. It is manifest to us that Mr. Carlyle, with all his faults, shares in no mean degree in the genius of such men; and it is only when even such obsolete forms of utterance are not remote and strange enough to satisfy his passion for the unconventional, or more properly—to use a term of his own sort—*unmodern*, that he ever ceases to be interesting. So far as regards the topic in hand, you may feel at every step that little steady light is likely to be thrown upon it, and that to almost every second statement you have modification to propose, or exception to take; but with all this sense of failure in respect to what is, or should be, the main object of the writer, you come upon separate thoughts deserving note, or old

thoughts presented with new vividness—upon touches of feeling, sallies of imagination, a play of humour, and a power of painting both scenes and characters, which beguile you from page to page with an interest that rarely falters.

Take the following sketch of some of our Milesian visitors as a specimen of artistic power. It is from the volume on Chartism, of which, as regards its main purport, we have spoken so little favourably:—

‘Crowds of miserable Irish darken all our towns. The wild Milesian features, looking false ingenuity, restlessness, unreason, misery, and mockery, salute you on all highways and byways. The English coachman, as he whirls past, lashes the Milesian with his whip, curses him with his tongue; the Milesian is holding out his hat to beg. He is the sorest evil this country has to strive with. In his rags and laughing savagery he is there to undertake all work that can be done, by mere strength of hand and back, for wages that will purchase him potatoes. He needs only salt for condiment; he lodges to his mind in any pighutch or doghutch, roosts in outhouses; and wears a suit of tatters, the getting off and on of which is said to be a difficult operation, transacted only in festivals and the hightides of the calendar. The Saxon man, if he cannot work on these terms, finds no work. He, too, may be ignorant; but he has not sunk from decent manhood to squalid apethood: he cannot continue there. American forests lie untilled across the ocean; the uncivilized Irishman, not by his strength, but by the opposite of strength, drives out the Saxon native, takes possession in his room. There abides he, in his squalor and unreason, in his falsity and drunken violence, as the ready-made nucleus of degradation and disorder. Whosoever struggles, swimming with difficulty, may now find an example how the human being can exist, not swimming, but sunk. Let him sink, he is not the worst of men; not worse than this man. We have quarantines against pestilence, but there is no pestilence like that; and against it what quarantine is possible? It is lamentable to look upon.’—p. 28.

The next specimen we select almost at random. It is a note on the dispatch of Cromwell, written from the field of battle, after ‘Naseby Fight;’ and, short as it is, may suffice to show the pictorial vividness with which the writer can give, not only historical facts, but thoughts of such abstraction and depth, as to seem little susceptible of such management, though greatly needing it:—

‘John Bunyan, I believe, is this night in Leicester—not yet writing his ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ on paper, but acting it on the face of the earth, with a brown matchlock on his shoulder. Or rather, *without* the matchlock, just at present; Leicester and he having been taken the other day. ‘Harborough Church’ is getting ‘filled with prisoners’

while Oliver writes—and an immense contemporaneous tumult everywhere going on!

'The 'honest men who served you faithfully on this occasion,' are the considerable portion of the army who have not yet succeeded in bringing themselves to take the Covenant. Whom the Presbyterian party, rigorous for their own formula, call 'schismatics,' 'sectaries,' 'anabaptists,' and other hard names; whom Cromwell, here and elsewhere, earnestly pleads for. To Cromwell, perhaps as much as to another, order was lovely, and disorder hateful; but he discerned better than some others, what order and disorder really were. The forest-trees are not in 'order' because they are all clipt into the same shape of Dutch dragons, and forced to die or grow in that way; but because in each of them there is the same genuine unity of life, from the inmost pith to the outmost leaf, and they do grow according to that! Cromwell naturally became the head of this schismatic party; intent to grow, not as Dutch dragons, but as real trees; a party which naturally increased with the increasing earnestness of events and of men.'—*Cromwell's Letters*, i. pp. 215, 216.

Our next passage is of another sort, of the sort too frequent in the later writings of our author, in which the ordinary rules of language are set strangely at defiance, and names and phrases are driven with such pell-mell intenseness one over the other, that the object of the writer seems to be, not so much to make himself intelligible, as to conceal his meaning—not to give clearness and projectiveness, if we may so speak, to thought, so much as to overlay it with a hurly-burly of names, inuendos, and we know not what.

'Man of Genius?' Thou hast small notion, meseems, O Mecænas Twiddledee, of what a Man of Genius is. Read in thy New Testament and elsewhere—if, with floods of mealy-mouthed inanity, with miserable froth-vortices of cant, now several centuries old, thy New Testament is not all bedimmed for thee. *Canst* thou read in thy New Testament at all? The Highest Man of Genius, knowest thou him; Godlike and a God to this hour? His crown a Crown of Thorns? Thou fool, with *thy* empty godhoods, Apotheoses *edgegilt*; the Crown of Thorns made into a poor jewel-room crown, fit for the head of block-heads; the bearing of the Cross changed to a riding in the Long-Acre Gig! Pause in thy mass-chantings, in thy litanies, and Calmuck prayers by machinery; and pray, if noisily, at least in a more human manner. How with thy rubrics and dalmatics, and clothwebs and cobwebs, and with thy stupidities and grovelling baseheartedness, hast thou hidden the Holiest into all but invisibility.'—*Past and Present*, p. 390.

An author who treats his reader with some such tirade as this at the interval of every two or three pages, needs have his redeeming qualities somewhere. Few readers would be found

consenting to be pelted to death with such a jargon—to bear it at bearable distances is bad enough. It is obvious that a mannerism of this sort once adopted must soon become mechanical and easy. Its wild Orson strength, depends less on the brilliancy of a man's genius than on the ardour of his passions, and some other equally subordinate peculiarities. Even the calmer and less exceptionable style of our author, is of a sort to become easy by practice; and in its abruptness, brevity, and indefiniteness, it possesses many advantages. With reference to all subjects on which to express yourself with fulness and precision might occasion trouble, and expose you to trouble, the *conveniences* of such a style are considerable. It is a blessed saving of expenditure in this way, when a man is allowed to be as clear, or just as curt and misty, as he pleases. Mr. Carlyle avails himself freely of this privilege. His sentences often seem to drop into nonentity at about the middle, giving you hints only as to the remainder. Very often, accordingly, you find that you have been disposed to give the writer credit for knowing much more than he has communicated; and for much more, we may suppose, in many cases, than he really does know. It is only courteous to conclude that the man who intimates significantly that a subject is profound, is a person who could fathom that profundity for you, if in the humour to attempt it. But it is when Mr. Carlyle becomes somewhat mystical in his cogitations, that this half-way, hinting, and cloudy style, is especially serviceable. On such occasions it becomes all that the *hocus-pocus* of the magician could desire. Nor is even this the extent of its serviceableness. By this means, beyond doubt, he often obtains the credit of having uttered something very novel or profound, when nothing of the sort has proceeded from him. We have sometimes thought, that no little amusement might be furnished to parties who like to be made merry, were another Sydney Smith to take up a series of passages overlaid by the obscurity and verbal jumble by which our author's style is so often distinguished, and to translate such passages into a little plain English, in parallel columns. The result would be a humorous exhibition of the possibility of so disguising thought by a little legerdemain of this sort, as to prevent our seeing at once that it is a very old acquaintance that has put on this new garb, or some very shallow personage that has given himself this air of wisdom. We do not of course say that Mr. Carlyle intends playing off any such bit of roguery upon his readers, but the thing follows naturally from the mannerism that is so much to his taste. Of course the imitators of Mr. Carlyle aim not so much at appro-

prating the higher qualities of his style, as at its pure oddities and wilfulness, and it must suffice to say of such self-reliant gentlemen—they have their reward.

Many, then, are the excellences that should be conceded to the writings of Mr. Carlyle. His literary criticisms, if viewed as a whole, are second to none that our age has produced. The great moral end contemplated in all his labours deserves our warm commendation. His life is the result of his own grave maxims—he works, works earnestly, and as in the sight ‘of the eternities.’ His virtue is the virtue of a lofty stoicism, as regards himself, but blended often with a kindliness not of stoic origin when bearing upon his fellow men. His sympathies with humanity are enlightened, thorough, and generous. Even his not infrequent outbursts of wrath spring from that source. It is, for the most part, the contrary of the humane and the noble that he hates. His homage to sincerity—to this, not in the superficial and commonplace form generally noticeable in the world, but in a larger and deeper sense—is such as should command respect from the men of all creeds. His great business is with the spiritualities of men. It is with a view to these mainly that he meddles with temporalities. His great solicitude is, that each man may be made to see that he himself has a soul, that all the men about him have souls, and that beyond this hubbub life there are moral retributions awaiting souls. To the great object of conveying such truth to men, he has brought genius, learning, culture—all of a high order. It is to us a sorrowful fact, that a life so far directed to noble purposes, should not be more wisely regulated, so as better to secure them.

In reviewing the ground we have traversed, it will not be difficult to discover the causes of the probable—we may say of the certain failure of the mission to which he has committed himself. We have seen that the grand fault in nearly all his investigations is their one-sidedness; a fault which is inseparable from its twin-brother—exaggeration. We know not a single truth embraced by him that has not been so adopted as to confirm this statement. All his errors come from his truths. All his truths accordingly are more or less corrupted truths. No one of them has been retained within its due limits, and exhibited in its strict integrity and purity. His favourite dogmas are so petted, that they become dreadfully impatient of rivals. Like all despots, they acquire a sharp scent of treason, and are bent upon sending competitors to the bowstring, especially those nearest of kin. The truth he

defends is generally some neglected truth, and his tendency is to magnify it beyond all bounds. We may say of him as of Prince Rupert, that he is good at a charge; but his soul, commanding as it is, lacks that fine balancing of the forces of the human spirit which is seen in Cromwell. His strength is converged on points, is pushed to excess, and through an ill-regulated impetuosity ends in disaster. It is not the broad and steady power that has reference to the whole field, which can deem it manly to take counsel of discretion, and which, in consequence, deserves to succeed. Hence the mischief he has brought upon interests which he really means to serve has been at least as conspicuous as the good. Almost everywhere he has done more to disturb the old landmarks of truth than to settle them. As it has been, in this respect, so we fear it will continue to be. The error of your men who would be accounted more earnest and thorough than their fellows is almost uniformly in this direction. Some truths so absorb their conscientiousness as to leave them no conscience for other truths.

One natural consequence of this tendency in the mind of Mr. Carlyle, is seen in the frequency of the real or apparent contradictions in his writings. It is thus, for example, with what he says about modern industry. At one moment it is godlike—at another, the meanest grade of mammon worship. It is thus with his doctrine concerning truth, as opposed to falsehood. Here, it is of the greatest worth imaginable; there, it seems to drop into a strange insignificance. It is thus with the past compared with the present; with the human nature delineated in one chapter, compared with the same nature delineated in another. Hence, as we have said, the kind of favouritism to which our author has attained with sections of men in parties the most widely severed from each other. All these seeming contradictions Mr. Carlyle could no doubt in some measure explain. Our complaint is that the explanation should be needed, especially on so large a scale. Some of these contradictions do not admit of explanation at all, without giving up all the certainties of language. But though to reconcile such passages is not possible, it is quite possible to see how they have originated. Mr. Carlyle's writing must be of the strong—the intense cast. Every truth exaggerated, however, is a truth exaggerated at the cost of what is due to some other truth; and as the truth thus wronged to-day, is seen in the calmer retrospect of to-morrow to have been so dealt with, some attempt is made at reparation, and as everything our author does must be done with intenseness, this

attempt at reparation becomes in its turn exaggeration. The result is, that perplexing degree of see-saw, say and unsay, of which we speak.

In short, we must say of Mr. Carlyle that he is in all things too subjective. It is in a large degree his own temperament that gives complexion and colour to everything about him. He discriminates, but it is always with a strong bias derived from what is personal. All things take their place and shade with him from impulse and imagination, more than from the understanding, or from the reason rightly understood. This is eminently the case with regard to religion. Christianity, according to the general estimate formed of it, is no resting-place to himself; and from this fact he too readily passes to the conclusion, that the time for its being the resting-place to minds of earnest and independent thought has nearly passed away. He has his own ideas, moreover, of moral obligation, which, in the manner of Kant, bring with them as corollaries the ideas of a moral ruler and of a moral retribution. With these simple elements in ethics and theology, as faint rays of light amidst a deep environment of darkness, he finds that he can himself manage to live, to be strong-hearted, and to meet death; and here again the inference is of the same order—the faith which suffices for me may suffice for all men.

But in respect to the first of these points it is to be observed, that Mr. Carlyle's insensibility to the force of evidence in the shape of fact and history, is not in accordance with the more general laws of mind as hitherto developed in the world's history—but the reverse. In this respect, he is the exception more than the rule. So with reference to the second point: in his own case this simple moral consciousness may suffice to give him a moral law and a moral government; but to cast the minds of men in general on that one element for guidance, would be to deal with a world possessing much more of the weakness and perverseness, than of the simplicity of childhood, in a manner that would be scarcely expedient were it filled with a race of philosophers. It is within small limits only that the mind of Mr. Carlyle can be taken as a counterpart to the mind of the species, but his reasoning often proceeds on the assumption that the two are identical. We are aware he expects much from the influence of heroes, who are to embody the philosophical for the benefit of the crowd; but he has himself admonished us that heroes can accomplish little so long as the people themselves possess little sympathy with the heroic.

By such steps, however, Mr. Carlyle has passed to the responsibility—the serious responsibility, of leadership in the

half-literary, half-philosophical crusade now carried on against the claims of the Christian revelation in this country. The aim of the parties engaged in this enterprise is to reduce all historical creeds to the same level, as varying indeed in the degrees of their goodness or badness, but as being alike of merely human origin—leaving our race to such moral intelligence as it may possess, as its only guide in all time to come. Because an external revelation is not necessary to *awaken* the religious sentiment in man, or to give him his *capacity* for becoming a religious being, it is concluded that such a revelation cannot be needed to give a *wiser culture* to that sentiment, a *nobler elevation* to man's religion. Against this widely prevalent, but most pernicious of all possible delusions, we enter our solemn protest. Nor do we know of any work by which sound-hearted Christian men may better serve their generation than by exposing and resisting this error to the utmost. So far from 'Discourses on the Evidences' having lost all aptitude and value, as Mr. Carlyle and his disciples intimate—it is by demonstrating that the sacred Scriptures are historically truthful, and that the doctrine set forth in them is worthy of the origin they claim, that the great need of the age must be met. For the battle now is, not so much with the bald atheism of the first French Revolution, as with an ethical theism, allied with all the trappings of philosophy and taste, and which can only be met by showing that the results of this theism do not meet the need of humanity, and that the adaptation of the contents of the New Testament, combine with its historical proofs, to settle its divine origin. It is only as this shall be done that we may confide in the stability of our Christianity; and to prevent the doing of this is, accordingly, the great aim of the antichristianism of the times.



- ART. II. (1.) *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. By JOHN RUSKIN. London, 1849. 8vo.
- (2.) *An Analysis of Gothic Architecture*. By RAPHAEL and J. ARTHUR BRANDON. 2 vols. London, 1847. 4to.
- (3.) *An Attempt to discriminate the styles of Architecture in England, from the Conquest to the Reformation; with a Sketch of the Grecian and Roman Orders, &c.* By the late THOMAS RICKMAN, F.S.A. Fifth Edition. London, 1848. 8vo.
- (4.) *The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments: a Translation of the first Book of the Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*, written by WILLIAM DURANDUS. With an Introductory Essay, Notes, and Illustrations, by the Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, B.A., and the Rev. BENJAMIN WEBB, B.A. Oxford. 8vo.

OUR readers scarcely need to be apprised that, for one building of significance in the Greek or Roman style now appearing among us, we have a hundred in the Gothic; and these not in the lath and plaster construction, which would soon die out with all its errors, but in enduring materials. The churches and chapels which are sending up their spires, or displaying their mullioned and foliated windows on all sides, will remain to be judged by our posterity. It is of immediate importance, therefore, that we should avoid mistakes in Gothic architecture. We should be trusting extravagantly in the power of criticism if we thought it able to revise, in the first effulgence, the glories which it describes. The office of the critic is an humble—for the most part—a negative one. If he guides the artist into any truth, it is chiefly by warning him against the falsehood which is its opposite. But this office he may, and before he can build beautifully again, he must perform. Let us consider how well or ill we are supplied with the needful criticism upon the architecture which England alone, of all nations, is making a true effort to resuscitate.

To begin with the claims of those who make the loudest pretensions, let us hear what the high symbolical interpreters of mediæval architecture have to say. Of English critics in this kind, Neale and Webb are perhaps the most noteworthy. They express a lively and just sense of the deficiencies of previous commentators.

‘Those writers who, as Grose, Milner, and Carter, lived before the details of Christian art were understood, seem to have placed its perfection in a thorough knowledge of these; experience has proved them to be wrong. . . . Others, again, have sought for an explanation of

the difficulty in mathematical contrivance and mechanical ingenuity; and the result has been little more than the discovery of curious eave-drains, and wonderful cast-iron roof-work. Lastly, Mr. Pugin has placed the thing required in Reality—that is, to quote his own words, in making these the two great rules of design: 1. That there should be no features about a building which are not necessary for convenience, construction, or propriety; 2. That all ornament should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of a building. Still, most true and most important as are these remarks, we must insist on one more axiom, otherwise Christian art will but mock us, and not show us wherein its great strength lieth.’

What, then, is the one more axiom, with which the shortcomings of the writers named are to be supplied? Simply this: ‘*A catholic architect must be a catholic in heart.*’ Messrs. Neale and Webb, we fear, have not discovered the Gothic enigma. We heartily believe that the truly great artist, in any kind, must be a religious man, and that his works, however indirectly and unostentatiously, must be religious works. But surely no one, unless he be a very high churchman indeed, needs to be told that something more than catholicity in heart is required to constitute a great artist.

Little as the essay of Neale and Webb is to the purpose, it is very much more so than the work of Durandus, to which it forms an introduction. Durandus wrote when English-Gothic was just bursting into blossom. The ‘*Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*’ was the third book which appeared after the discovery of printing. It was preceded only by the psalters of 1457 and 1459. How much it was to the taste of the time—and this is a most remarkable circumstance—is proved by the fact that forty-three distinct editions were called for between 1459, the year of its first publication in print, and the year 1500. We assure our readers that the following extract, describing the symbolism of bells, is a fair average specimen of the matter of the ‘*Rationale*,’ and of its applicability to the purposes of the Gothic architect:—

‘You must know that bells . . . do signify the silver trumpets by which, under the Old Law, the people were called together unto sacrifice. For just as the watchmen in a camp rouse one another by trumpets, so do the ministers of the church excite each other, by the sound of bells, to watch the livelong night against the plots of the devil. Wherefore our brazen bells are more sonorous than the trumpets of the Old Law, because then God was known in Judea only, but now in the whole earth. They be also more durable, for they signify that the preaching of the New Testament will be more lasting than the trumpets and the sacrifices of the Old Law. . . . Again, bells do signify preachers . . . also the cavity of the bell signifieth the mouth

of the preacher, according to the saying of the apostle, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The hardness of the metal signifieth fortitude in the mind of the preacher. . . . The clapper doth denote the tongue of the teacher, the which, with the adornment of learning, doth cause both Testaments to resound. . . . The striking of the bell denoteth that the preacher ought first of all to strike at the vices in himself for correction. . . . The link by which the clapper is joined or bound unto the bell is moderation. . . . The wood of the frame upon which the bell hangeth, doth signify the wood of our Lord's cross; which is on this account suspended on high because the cross is preached by the ancient Fathers. The pegs by which the wooden frame is joined together or fastened, are the oracles of the prophets. . . . The hammer affixed to the frame by which the bell is struck signifieth the right mind of the preacher. . . . The rope hanging from this, by which the bell is struck, is humility in the life of the preacher; the same rope also sheweth the measure of our own life, &c.'

Lest the amusement of our readers should unjustly confine itself to the symbolizing tendencies of their forefathers, we subjoin a passage from Mr. Lewis's 'Illustrations and Descriptions of Kilpeck Church, Herefordshire, with an Essay on Ecclesiastical Design':—

'The cross is made up of three parts—the Head, the Heart, and the Body; these divisions answer to the nave or body of the church, for the Faithful or Catechumens; the holy place, chancel, or choir, for the Priest to preach to the faithful when communicants; and the most holy place, or Holy of Holies, for the Priest alone. We see in this arrangement a thorough knowledge of the subject; for, by the three divisions, our church is made to be Unity in Trinity as it ought to be. The Trinity in the Unity, and the Unity in the Trinity. . . . The nave being the commencement of the church would, in the language of the designer, be read the Father, and being the first part, is of none. The chancel or cross (and which is, as it were, made to rise out of the nave) is of the nave alone; and the Holy of Holies is of the nave and of the chancel, proceeding from them. Thus it is that the ecclesiastical designer translated the creed into his own language, and informed the community, through his varied forms, divisions, and arrangements, upon the doctrine of the Holy Trinity.'

No man in his sound senses will look to becoming an architect by adopting the 'Rationale' or the 'Account of Kilpeck Church' for his text books. We need scarcely call attention to the fact, that all this kind of symbolization is subsequent to the architecture, of which a certain school of writers pretend that it is the basis. All the forms referred to by Mr. Lewis, in our last quotation, existed in the ancient Basilica, of which the Gothic church is the direct descendant.

That the mediæval architects did symbolize, and that to a

very great extent, is, nevertheless, not to be doubted. To quote again from the introduction to the 'Rationale:'

'Many Norman and early English mouldings refer to various kinds of martyrdom. Those which do so, occur more frequently on doors than anywhere else; for it is written, 'We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. . . . In the early ages of Christianity, it was a matter requiring no small courage to make an open profession of Christianity . . . and this fact has left its impress in the various representations of martyrdom surrounding the nave doors of Norman and the first stage of early English churches; as well as in the frightful forms which seem to deter those who would enter. But in process of time, as the world became evangelized, to be a member of the visible church was an easy matter; the difficulty was transferred from an entrance into *that*, to the so living, as to have part in the communion of saints . . . and therefore in the late early English and decorated, the symbols . . . are transferred to the chancel arch.'

The endless repetition, openly, or more or less concealed by modifications of outline, of the equilateral triangle, in what is termed the Decorated period of Gothic architecture, is not to be accounted for by any principle of construction, or of properly architectural effect; and there are many and unmistakable instances of curious literal translations of scriptural passages into Gothic ornament. One example, which we name in preference to others, because we have not seen it elsewhere noticed, is the representation of the saints, as constituting the stones of the house of God. The strings of sculptured figures, seen more particularly in Gothic doorways, the most effective position for such symbolism, will occur to most of our readers.

But interesting as this kind of symbolism may be in itself, it has absolutely no part at all in the properly artistical character of the buildings among the accidents of which it is more properly to be reckoned. Symbolism of this sort can, and in Gothic architecture constantly does, co-exist with artistical expression; but the two things are not the less essentially diverse. This remark, however, is intended to apply only to that species of symbolism which we have been considering hitherto. We shall presently show that certain kinds of expression, *which would be artistical anywhere*, become symbolical when they are in peculiarly appropriate positions.

Dr. Boisserée, and others of less note in Germany and France, have pursued the subject of Gothic symbolism in a more learned, and therefore a less extravagant vein than that of the English writers whom we have quoted. The second volume of Michelet's 'History of France' contains a really re-

markable chapter on Gothic symbolism. But all the essays upon the subject which have come under our notice are rendered worthless, or positively misleading to the modern architect, by an unaccountable confusion of the notions of artistical and symbolical effect.

A word, now, concerning that more valuable class of writers who have confined themselves to the laborious study and description of Gothic edifices. In practical works upon the details of mediæval architecture, England is richer than any other country. The reason obviously is, that England is the only country in which the art has become a subject of revived national interest. It is well known that the influence of the important Gothic buildings now in progress in Cologne and Hamburg is far from extending over Germany; and that the French are not at present given to sacred building in any style. Were an indefatigable and thoroughly conscientious collection and publication of details all that is wanted for the revival of Gothic architecture in England, little would be left to be done after the labours of such men as Pugin, Rickman, Willis, Brandon, Bloxham, and Paley. There are in England no large Gothic buildings, and few good parish churches, of which the beauties are still inedited. Not only, however, do we possess excellent collections of examples; we have, moreover, succeeded in systematizing them so completely, that each of the three great English styles, and the preceding and intermediate transition styles, are 'discriminated' with the fullest distinctness. The precise chronological position of every moulding, leaf, or crocket, manifests itself to the eye of the student of the art, who is even commonly well informed upon the subject.

And yet a good Gothic steeple or interior is quite beyond the power of our architects when they venture farther than the servile adaptation of ancient instances. That we should rival the early architects is not to be expected; the mere fact of an art being new and unprecedented is a kind of inspiration which can never be revived. But the failure in point is so extensive, that it is only to be explained by supposing our present knowledge of the old development of Gothic architecture to be for the most part confined to its details, and not inclusive of its principles. This supposition is not a new one. It has been produced repeatedly by our most recent and best instructed critics. Among many confessions to the same purpose, we select the remarks of two able writers in contemporary reviews:—

'They (modern architectural criticisms) are chiefly historical and archæological, or else more devout than æsthetic in tone; or else

again merely elementary and concise manuals for ready reference in ascertaining the leading features of the different styles of our different mediæval structures. Among them all we do not find one that goes beyond what belongs to History and Antiquarianism, or to the mere accident and grammar of mediæval architecture.'

'That some mystery, or, in less startling words, some deep and abstruse philosophy, lies hidden in the profuse variety of the combinations into which Gothic architecture pours itself; that its movements have been regulated by some fundamental laws, which are not obvious on the surface, but must be traced out to their real and highest source, in the constitution of nature and of the human mind, may now be assumed without risking the charge of visionary and unpractised speculation. . . . Owing to some secret mistake, to the unconscious omission of some element, or to the failure in regulating some proportion, nearly all our greatest and most expensive works have been comparative failures.'

Professor Whewell, in his notice on German churches, writes:

'Even after it was perceived that this architecture had principles, that it was a connected and organic whole, much confusion and indistinctness still remained to perplex the inquiry. Even after it was seen that Gothic architecture had general laws, it was by no means easy to see what those laws were; though the spectator perceived that it had vitality, it was a hard task to put into words the principle of its life.'

The professor who has impressed this truth upon us with such effective tautology, if we mistake him not, is one of those who hold that we may justifiably speak of this deficiency in the past tense. According to him and others, the whole secret of the expression of Gothic architecture is to be found in its aspiration. But we shall presently show that this is but one of the expressions, or artistical principles of Gothic architecture. Mr. Pugin and many others mistake a condition of artistical effect for the cause, and think that they perceive the whole secret of a Gothic church in its sincerity; in the frank display which it makes of its construction, and in the subordination of its ornament to obvious utilities. We believe, however,—and most others who are not committed to any theory believe with us,—that there is some peculiar propriety in Gothic decoration which lies far deeper than Mr. Pugin supposes, and is of far more substantial significance than could result from any such negative virtue as that of never getting in the way of constructive essentials. Goethe, again, in a striking passage in his '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*,' seems to attribute the whole effect of the front of Strasbourg Cathedral to its intricate simplicity,

to the facility with which the eye unravels the relationship which obtains in a multitude of diverse parts.

Mr. Ruskin confines his criticism to Italian Romanesque, and to Gothic in its Italian development, which we cannot help regarding as very inferior to that which it acquired in northern Europe. Setting aside, however, the question of the relative merits of these developments, it is an undeniable fact that the leading principles which regulated them were very diverse, if not totally opposed. Mr. Ruskin, in his preface, writes—‘I could as fully, though not with the accuracy and certainty derived from personal observation, have illustrated the principles subsequently advanced from the architecture of Egypt, India, or Spain, as from that to which the reader will find his attention chiefly directed—the Italian Romanesque and Gothic.’ This assertion at the outset, that the principles to be declared are common to the architecture which is to be the subject of the work, and to that of India or Spain, warns the reader not to expect any very new light to be thrown upon the peculiar and mysterious glories of that architecture which, by most Englishmen, is understood when they use the term Gothic. As far as we are able to pronounce, from our acquaintance with the literature of architecture, we will venture to affirm that Mr. Ruskin’s ‘seven lamps’ are about the brightest that have ever shone upon the subject; and they are not the less bright for shining with equal lustre upon every form which the art has taken. But there are other lamps, of various ray, unextinguished, though at present in obscurity, one of them in the temple architecture of every great and independent period of civilization which the world has seen. And of these lamps Mr. Ruskin tells us nothing.

Franz Kugler goes farther than any other writer into the subject of the means whereby the universally recognised effect of aspiration is produced; but this effect is the only one which he distinctly recognises as being characteristic of Gothic architecture. The following is the only hint that we have of the existence of another principle; he is speaking of Gothic tracery: ‘This filling-in appears as a peculiar sort of architecture of almost independent signification.’ We shall presently show how widely this hint might have been elaborated; meantime we introduce a few sentences abstracted from Kugler, and containing the substance of most that has been written to any purpose concerning the origin and aspiring character of Gothic architecture.

The Germanic style—for so Kugler names the Gothic, although he allows its prior development in England and

France — immediately followed the system of the vaulted Basilica of the ‘Romanesque’ or ‘Norman’ period. The general arrangement of the plans of churches continued essentially the same; but in the new style the pervading organism was vastly more imbued with life. The upward aspiring tendency, already existing in the clerestory, tower, and some other Norman features, developed itself with infinitely more activity in the pointed Gothic. The stiffness of the walls almost entirely disappeared, their blank masses changing wholly into moulded supports and vaulted arches. This constitutes the chief difference between the two styles. The weight of the vaulting having disappeared, (or rather having been concentrated upon the vaulting ribs,) no use remained for a corresponding mass of supporting wall; occasional buttresses meeting the thrust of the vaulting ribs do all the work of the Norman wall; consequently the spaces between the buttresses resolve themselves into wide and lofty windows. Thus the fullest play is allowed for the expression of vertical effort, (*Emporstreben*.) The massive nature of the Romanesque construction required rectangular piers, instead of the light columns of the ancient Christian Basilica. The former, although richly developed in the detail, and enriched with half columns as supports for the vaulting, were merely heavy and inactive pieces of walling. The pointed Gothic returned to the much more animated cylindrical column, to which were affixed slender half-shafts for the support of the groin-ribs; the mass of the column afterwards disappeared among the numerous half-shafts which surrounded it, the different sizes of these half-shafts being determined by the importance of the superincumbent ribs. The pier thus became an animated whole, shooting upwards in a single stream.

The German critic goes on to describe, with much clearness and subtilty, the co-operation of other features in the general aspiring principle, which arose beautifully out of the simply constructive nature of Gothic vaulting; but with the exception of the passing hint already quoted, we have no notice of any other widely pervading source of effect.

Although the presence in Gothic architecture of principles not yet understood is thus fully evident, it by no means follows that the effects of those principles are wholly unappreciated. Architectural taste is much changed since Wren and Evelyn called the Gothic style a barbarism. Hear Coleridge: ‘The Greek art is beautiful: when I enter a Greek church my eye is charmed and my soul elated, I feel exalted and proud that I am a man; but the Gothic art is sublime. On entering a cathedral, I



'am filled with devotion and with awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite; earth and air, and nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left is, that I am nothing.'—*Literary Remains*, i. 71.

Mr. Ayliffe Poole, though not, as we think, successful when he descends to detail, speaks the sentiment of most modern spectators of a mediæval interior, when he says, 'A Gothic cathedral does, as it were, and scarce by a metaphor, praise God. It is not merely a place wherein, but with which, the church worships the Almighty. Its vast and complete unity, its simple melody, and its full and intricate harmony, is a noble hymn of praise continually ascending to the Most High, and carrying up with it the chorus of accordant hearts.' Michelet boldly, and, in this instance, not extravagantly, says, that the 'Spirit is the builder of its own dwelling.' These, and a hundred other passages that we could quote, all proclaim a feeling in the writers of much more than they appear to understand.

Before entering upon the subject of hitherto unacknowledged principles of Gothic architecture, some words are required concerning the means by which the chief one of the recognised principles, namely, that of aspiration, has been carried out. Of these means, only the most obvious have been described. And since we desire to make this notice more than a mere repetition of the so often published catalogue of desiderata in Gothic criticism, we shall, with the extreme brevity to which we are compelled, put on record a few of the most important of the remarks which have occurred to us during a somewhat careful study of the subject. At the time when an extensive and scientific 'Glossary' of mediæval architecture has gone through several editions, and when every new 'Manual of Gothic Architecture' sells almost like a new novel, we need not dread any general lack of interest in our matter, or any serious obscurity in our language, even if we should be tempted to employ a few technical terms, without pausing to define them.

The soaring spire, the mounting buttress striking through string-courses and lines of parapet, the multitudinous upward lines of the clustered pier, some of them ending only in the distant roof ridge; the clerestory springing lightly out of the aisle roofs, and capped so steeply that it emulates the spire; the pinnacles, acute arches, pointed hood-moulds and canopies; the series of three and five lights, the central one shooting above the rest, are objects of which the main artistic meaning could not escape remark; and these and two or three other almost equally obvious elements of the effect of aspiration are

all that have been commented upon. The effect in question, so far as it is to be produced by these elements, is easily and grossly gained; but if we do not err, the true, the as yet inimitable delicacy of this effect, in an old Gothic edifice, depends on the co-operation of other elements, the nature of which must be better understood before they can be more successfully applied.

Out of a mass of remarks on the subject, which would fill thrice the space allotted to this entire article, we select and throw together a few of the most note-worthy, and popularly comprehensible. And first of the principal elements of external effect of aspiration. Among these, perhaps the most conspicuous, though not the most universal, is the clerestory, that is, the body of the church above the middle nave, which seems to unsheathe itself from the slanting aisle-roofs on either side, as one extended joint of a perspective glass is unsheathed from the others that are closed. The general effect of this arrangement has not escaped remark. It is to the auxiliary details of the clerestory windows that we direct attention. These windows generally differ in size, and remarkably in form, from windows in any other position; they are very small, and in the words of the editor of the last edition of Rickman, 'their general forms are 'the spherical triangle, the circle, and the square; these are 'sometimes filled with tracery, but more frequently only trefoiled 'or quatrefoiled. The label is frequently carried all round the 'opening. The inside is generally deeply and widely splayed, 'and frequently of a different form from the outer opening.' This most essential figure is often neglected by our modern architects, because they do not perceive that windows of the ordinary form and size are most injurious to the effect of active ascension in the clerestory, by giving that member the appearance of settled completeness and fully developed correspondence with the lower stage of the building, from which the clerestory should rather appear to be in the uncompleted act of elevating itself. The circle and the square are forms of good negative fitness for the clerestory windows, but the spherical triangle has the great positive virtue of repeating the form of the window head, in the first stage of the building, and thereby suggesting the existence of a portion of the clerestory still below the aisle roofs. The circumstance that these windows often changed their form in traversing the wall to the interior, is a remarkable proof of the importance attached to the two very different effects proper to their several aspects; for in the interior, be it remembered, these openings came into the same plane with the arches of the nave and of the triforium, and consequently had to assist in an effect of ascension, visible in one plane from the very ground.

• The total aspiration of a Gothic building may be managed in several distinct ways; and these ways ought to be kept distinct, some one of them being fixed upon for each particular edifice. The entire power of ascension may be exhausted by giving to the whole exterior a pyramidal tendency, which is completed in a central spire, as at Freybourg; or the same total energy may be distributed into more directions than one, as in the three great spires at Lichfield. By another method, a favourite one with the English architects, the ascending energy, which every part of a great building expresses, is allowed to exhaust itself only partially; one central spire rises, accompanied by towers, the ascension of which, though it is pronounced as powerfully as that of the spire-surmounted tower, is, for the most part, stopped in its course, the checked and latent power being finally expressed by its partial escape in the corner pinnacles: this idea is often expanded in small churches, by the elevation of one of those corner pinnacles above the others. A third, and in our opinion a finer arrangement than either of the foregoing, is that in which the aspiring energy is cut off at certain elevations, as in York Cathedral, where one vast heavenward tower terminates suddenly, though most satisfactorily, in horizontal battlements, while the subordinate western towers permit a small amount of their very inferior energy to escape in pinnacles. By the original plan, and for the first century after its completion, Salisbury Cathedral had no spire. We think that the addition is to be regretted, the glorious tower, if we restore it in imagination to its first form, expresses by its parallel sweep an infinite, or, at least, an indefinite power of ascension; the spire exhibits nearly the whole energy, and in this, as in all other similar cases, falls short of the promise of the tower. In small buildings, as in the exquisitely beautiful instance of Skelton Church,\* not even a pinnacle rises from the high-pitched roof. The roof itself sufficiently announces the upward energy, but none of this is allowed to be exhausted.

In terminated Gothic towers the problem arises, How is the complete truncation of a parallel mass of undiminishing upward energy to be managed without abruptness? The ancient architects gave various solutions of this question, of which we will instance York tower as one. Each face of the tower is divided vertically by a narrow parallel space, which exhibits three arch-heads, one above the other; the distance of the highest arch-

\* It is not, we believe, generally known, that the stones of Skelton Church were originally carved for St. Mary's Abbey, York, of which that church was a dependency.

head from that next below it, is only half the distance of this latter from the lowest of all. This artifice is quite sufficient to prepare the eye for the truncation which takes place higher up, and which is still further secured from abruptness by a kind of compromise between dead horizontality and aspiration. The line of truncation is broken by battlements, and the battlements themselves are pierced and made to include the light aspiring form of the pointed arch. In Howden\* Church, Yorkshire, a similar effect is obtained by exhibiting, on the faces of the tower, two ranges of windows, the heads of the upper ones being very much less acute than those of the lower range. Here the York arrangement, which is a very common and a very superior one, is omitted as being unnecessary. This hitherto unnoticed element of Gothic effect is sometimes employed in other positions; for instance, the cessation of aspiration in the towerless west front of Salisbury is prepared for by a general diminution of acuteness in the arch-heads of the successive arcades; the highest arcade of all consisting, not of pointed, but of foiled circular arches. This element of truncation requires the greatest delicacy in its management. It ought to fulfil the almost contradictory conditions of preparing the eye for the cessation of aspiration without at all diminishing the ascending power. This condition is fulfilled in the tower of York Cathedral, but in the other examples which we have quoted, of Howden Church and the west front of Salisbury, the satisfactoriness of the truncation is purchased at a large expense of the ascending power. Towers surmounted by spires must be regarded as partially truncated; for, really, the highest spire carries off but a finite portion of the apparently infinite ascending energy of a well-expressed parallel tower. We find that they were so regarded by the ancient architects: the preparations for truncation in towers bearing spires is often scarcely less than when the spire did not enter into the plan. Hence when, as in many, we might almost say the majority, of the continental cathedrals, the towers, for want of funds, had to be left without the spiral finish, the effect was almost always good. Indeed, if these cathedrals had not looked thoroughly well without the intended completion, it is not to be supposed that so many should have remained incomplete. The

\* The upper stages of the tower of Howden, and many other churches, were built long after the lower compartments. This might appear to account sufficiently for the differences which frequently exist in the forms of the upper and lower windows, but it is now well known that later architects always *assimilated* their work to that of earlier builders, whenever such assimilation was required by symmetry; and consequently, the illustration that follows is not invalidated by the circumstance of the stages of the towers which exhibit the feature in question, having, in many cases, been elevated at widely different periods.

Greek temples, raised generally at an enormous cost, were always finished as far as concerned the total form, and this is not because Greece was richer, or more devoted to its work than Europe in the middle ages, but doubtless because an imperfect Greek temple would have been an eyesore, which the unfinished Gothic tower, for the reason above shown, is not. Indeed, we are not solitary in the maintenance of the opinion that some continental cathedrals, as Strasbourg and Rheims, are considerably the better for the absence of one or more of the intended spires. *Contented truncation* of an undiminished aspiring force is in itself a great and a most appropriate beauty in Gothic architecture; and this beauty is much obscured, if not practically abolished, by the compromise between truncation and ascension which is exhibited in spire-terminated towers. And here we must protest against the mistaken taste of the architects of the present day, in their frequent use of the *broach spire*—that is, the spire which springs from the very face of the tower, without the use of an intermediate parapet; causing a ruinous confusion of the significance of the spire as an only partial continuation of the tower.

The general substitution, in the later decorated style of 'geometrical' by 'flowing' tracery in windows, is condemned in the severest terms by Mr. Ruskin. In the Italian-Gothic, where the idea of aspiration seems to have been subordinated to other principles, which we do not find in Northern-Gothic, it may be right to regard the introduction of flowing tracery as a degradation, for it contained no new element of sufficient importance to justify the violation of constructive significance. It was different with Northern-Gothic, which could well dispense with this significance for the sake of the powerful addition constituted by flowing tracery to the means of producing aspiration. So strong is the effect of this tracery, that it is often improved by being enclosed in square-headed instead of pointed windows. We have so many fine specimens of the kind called 'net-tracery,' in England, that there are probably few of our readers who have not been struck by its effect, which resembles that of large and numerous air-globules, struggling up through a fluid medium.

This property of flowing tracery, together with the multiplication of its effect and of that of the jambs and pointed head of the window, by the introduction of two, three, or even four tracery planes, made the windows, in the later styles, a very important feature of aspiration. The real degradation occurred when tracery became in England 'Perpendicular,' and in France 'Flamboyant.' It is true that, in windows of the Perpendicular style, the moulded mullions shot powerfully through the hori-

zontal transoms, and thus preserved the effect of aspiration; but the principle of foliation, which we shall presently show to be scarcely second in importance to that of aspiration, was very seriously interfered with by the passage of mullions through the window heads. The Flamboyant style has no excuse. The windows, indeed, look like the mouths of furnaces, but the flames, from which the style takes its name, are weak; their aspiration seems to be stopped and turned down by contact with the window head; the true principle of foliation, as we shall presently show, is quite sacrificed; and the whole effect is un-Gothic in the extreme.

Another valuable means of producing the effect in point, is to be found in the 'croquets' with which most of the steeply-inclined lines in large Gothic buildings are decorated. When mediæval architecture was at the height of its glory, in the Decorated period, these ornaments almost invariably expressed aspiration by the upward growth of large bulging leaves, somewhat distorted by, but always overcoming, an apparent resistance; and it is a remarkable corroboration of the observations which we have now made, and have yet to make, that they hold good of Gothic architecture in precise proportion to the acknowledged excellence of its development.

Omitting many features of importance, we must close the subject of external aspiration by remarking, that at the angles of gables, buttress-slopes, and wherever else the idea of weight and descent might be given by the natural and unadorned members, little gablets, or pinnacles, or other aspiring ornaments, were placed to contradict it. Buttresses, of all members, are those which most naturally suggest the notion so repugnant to Gothic effect: consequently, they are panelled, gabled, canopied, pinnaced, and moulded, at the base and stages, with the greatest care.

Let us now glance at the interior, where the piers with their vertical and horizontal cuttings play the chief part in producing aspiration. The clustered shafts and vertical mouldings, producing in large piers a torrent of upward lines, need no explanation. The base mouldings and capitals, though not less effective, have a far less obvious mode of operation, and consequently they are nowhere explained. In Greek temple-architecture, of which the leading expression is that of *weight competently supported*, the base and capital are exquisitely significant. Our purpose requires that we should explain the 'Attic base' which was the only one used in Greece. It consists of two large round mouldings, called tori, with a hollow, or scotia, between them. The form is familiar to every one.

It is more beautiful than any other base which has been applied to Greek or Roman orders, because it expresses in the simplest and most striking manner its competence and facility in bearing the superincumbent weight of the shaft and entablature. The most natural base, a square plinth, expresses nothing; the next simplest form, a single torus, which was that given to the Doric by the unartistical Roman and Italian architects, expresses compression from above, and contradicts the true Greek spirit. The attic base, however, *recedes at the point where, if it suffered from superincumbent weight, it would bulge out*. Now this base, with no material modification in the proportions of its members, was very common in the early Norman style immediately preceding the first development of the Gothic spirit. Of course, many features of the Norman were retained by the early Gothic architecture; among the rest, this base, but it was invariably so modified that its expression was not only changed but inverted. The upper torus was greatly reduced in size; the lower one more than proportionably increased; and the hollow so much depressed and sunk within the lower torus, that the cavity would hold water; the shade of the hollow being thus so much deepened that the continuation of the shaft into the ground was obscured or lost to the eye. No other arrangement so simple could possibly be so expressive of utter neglect of, and irrelevancy to, the question of superimposed weight. The idea was carried even farther in the succeeding style. The plinth, beneath, and hitherto broader than the base, was diminished and withdrawn under the base mouldings, and so resulted those strange fungus-like forms, which are exactly the best in the world to convey the notion of their *not* having been constructed for greater support (required really by the construction) at the bases of the shafts and piers. The Early-English base mouldings above described were soon exchanged for others of not less propriety, and adapted better to the diminished plinth. In all styles the *reversed* ogee—the ogee itself being a powerfully supporting moulding—was a favourite form. A common Perpendicular base is constructed of two inverted ogees; one smaller than, and upon, the other, the lower moulding overhanging the plinth to a considerable distance. In this style it also became common to confuse plinth and base mouldings, and to stilt one plinth and base upon another, so multiplying the appearance of irrelevance to the idea of support. The Decorated bases, like all other features of the Decorated style, indicate the highest consummation of Gothic art. They were less conspicuous during this than during either of the other styles, proving the justest taste in the architects; for the natural

meaning of a base being that of support, it is not well to make an ostentation of unnatural meaning, which is certainly done in the Perpendicular era. Constructive reasons demanded a base, and the best thing the architect could do, was to make it contradict to the eye, as simply and as unostentatiously as possible, its constructive meaning; such contradiction was artistically quite necessary, for how discordant would have been the effect of a base, expressing correspondence to superincumbent weight, but placed beneath a pier conveying the opposite notion of aspiration.

Base mouldings of like forms, and producing like effects, were carried round the walls, buttresses, and towers on the outside.

In the capitals, where the concurrence of weight and support would again naturally force itself upon our thoughts, similar means are taken to deny or ignore the existence of any such conflict. At this point the Greek Doric uses the powerfully supporting 'Ovolo' and the solid square 'Abacus.' The opposite spirit of the Gothic delights, however, in hiding the continuation of the power of the shaft into the arch-head, by the interposition of bands of deep shadow, and by multiplying the roll, reversed ogee, and any mouldings, but the two or three which express a capacity for the resistance of pressure from above. The 'scroll-mold,' which may be tolerably imitated by rolling up a quire of thick paper, is, according to Brandon, 'the most characteristic and essentially Gothic of any. This mold was more extensively used, perhaps, than any other, and its varieties became so numerous as almost to defy classification. It entered abundantly into the formation of capitals, bases, &c.' Its form, and the remarks we have made, will sufficiently explain Mr. Brandon's facts. In all the styles, the mouldings of base and capital seem no more fitted for carrying weights of arch and vault than so many thicknesses of dough. Foliage, again, which in Greek capitals is used quite superficially, and to suggest the unstrained and competent power of the shaft—for in *good* Corinthian, the solid bell is always visible as the sole support—in Gothic capitals, frequently becomes a real link in the continuity between shaft and arch-head.

Some critics hold it better that capitals should be omitted altogether; as they are from some of the later piers in Cologne Cathedral. The effect so gained is certainly very powerful where the arches are acute; but we think that more is lost by the doubt in which the eye is left as to the point of the spring of the arch, than is won by uninterrupted continuity. Moreover, when such continuity is preserved, the fine aspiring effect



of a sudden increase of the number of mouldings in the arch-head beyond the number of those in the pier or jamb, becomes impossible. The happiest arrangement, to our mind, is that by which the jamb mouldings are alternately checked by capitals and continued in the arch.

Of the general methods employed to produce interior aspirations, some others have been elsewhere observed, and others we have no space to describe. Of the innumerable special artifices which we have noticed as aiding in this effect, we will mention only one, and this is a curious example of the occasional coincidence of architectural expression and Gothic symbolism. On some of the myriad-shafted piers of Cologne are sculptured figures of saints. The ascending torrent of shafts seems to carry the figures along with it; and when, as is generally the case, the upper part of the figure catches the strongest light, the effect is most striking. This artifice of making sculpture share the upward power of shafts and mouldings, is introduced in many other large churches, but nowhere so effectively as in Cologne Cathedral, if we except the example of the famous screen at St. Alban's, which, before the sculptures were removed, must with magic vividness have represented the glorious ascension of a company of saints.

Another element of Gothic effect, scarcely less important than that of aspiration, is afforded by the system of *foliation*, and in a less degree by certain peculiarities of Gothic leafage and decoration in general. The system of foliation was practised in each of the styles, and, like all other means of appropriate effect, fully blossomed during, and began to fade after, the Decorated period. It originated in the (probably accidental or fanciful) insertion of the *foiled arch* within the simple pointed arch. The effect seems to have been at once perceived; for after a certain point in the Early English period, almost every sacred building displayed those beautiful foiled figures, bounded by simple arches, squares, circles, &c., which are nearly as essential to Gothic character as aspiration itself.

But because the reason of the beauty and appropriateness of this principle has never been explained, it is denied by some of our critics to be a principle at all, although the practice of every modern architect, and the feeling of every man of common powers of perception, decide tacitly against them. Mr. Freeman, who has gone farther than any other English writer into the subject of the æsthetics of Gothic architecture, says—  
'Foliation is an important element of Gothic decoration; and  
'in its perfect state, peculiar to the style, but as not being  
'essential, nor a development of the vertical principle, it does

‘not seem necessary to mention it among the characteristics of Gothic architecture.’ So far, we believe, is it from being the truth that foliation and some other related forms of Gothic decoration are unessential, that we would undertake to prove that aspiration itself derives no small part of its appropriateness in a religious building from its juxtaposition with that element: and so far is verticality or aspiration from constituting the sole, or even the vastly preponderating, expression in Gothic architecture, that in the consummate Decorated style, the strong vertical tendency of the Early English was greatly modified and diminished, in order to assist the expression of the foliation.

Foliations are defined by Brandon as being ‘arrangements of small arcs, or foils, separated by projecting points or cusps, as ornaments on the mouldings of arches,’ &c. They would be formed—and when good, always suggest the notion of having been formed—by *the constriction at certain points of an elastic line, or curve, coinciding, in its normal position, with the line or curve by which they are bounded, and from which they take their rise*. Early-English foliation went through several stages before it arrived at the exact expression of this notion. Indeed, the commonest criterion of the Decorated style is its abandonment of what is called ‘*soffit-cusping*,’ in which the featherings are merely attached to, and nowhere coincident with, the including and, as it may be termed, the primary figure. Another defect of early foliation is the formation of the foils from portions of distinct circles, which cut a larger circle within them. The Decorated foils are segments of intersecting curves, and are thus the accurate representation of an elastic curve drawn in at intervals, and tending always to spring back to the primary form exhibited by the including figure. The degenerated Perpendicular style errs in a different manner. The cusps or points at which the curves should intersect, are continued in straight unmeaning lines, to some distance beyond the place of their natural cessation, as representations of the constricted points of an elastic line; and the essential idea is sometimes quite abolished in late Perpendicular, by the introduction of curves, the shape of which obviously contradicts the notion of their formation in the way we have specified. The fundamental notion of foliation is likewise obscured in this style by the multiplication of the foils. Perpendicular lights are commonly cinquefoiled in the head, instead of being trefoiled, as they usually are in the Decorated style. If the simple trefoil completely conveys the idea of foliation, it is manifest that an increase in the number of foils, unless demanded, as it often is, by great magnitude, or other reasons, must be a meretricious

addition, tending only to distract the attention from the true character of foliation.

We have dwelt upon the above imperfections, because it is important that it should be understood that all these and other *acknowledged deviations* from complete beauty in this species of Decoration are also deviations from the notion which we have asserted, and which we conceive is thus proved to be the grand source of effect in Gothic Foliation. If all that diminishes the facility of referring the foiled and included figure to the simple including figure as its origin, diminishes also the beauty, of which every eye is a judge, we need no further argument to show that this peculiar relationship of the two figures constitutes the essence and life of foliation. Concerning the causes of the peculiar appropriateness of foliation as a decoration in religious architecture, we shall say a few words, after we have noticed some interesting characteristics of Gothic leafage, and of other kinds of Gothic ornament. Our remarks may be pre-faced by a remark from Mr. Ruskin's work:—

'Ornament, as I have often observed, has two entirely distinct sources of agreeableness; one, that of the abstract beauty of its forms, which, for the present, we will suppose to be the same, whether they come from the hand or from the machine; the other, the sense of human labour and care spent upon it. How great this latter influence is, we may perhaps judge by considering, that there is not a cluster of weeds growing in any cranny of a ruin, which has not a beauty in all respects nearly equal, and in some immeasurably superior, to that of the most elaborate sculpture of its stones: and that all our interest in the carved work, our sense of its richness, though it is tenfold less rich than the knots of grass beside it; of its delicacy, though it is a thousandfold less delicate; of its admirableness, though it is a millionfold less admirable, results from our consciousness of its being the work of poor, clumsy, toilsome man.'

This fine critic falls into the universal error of regarding Gothic leafage as nothing more than an imitation of nature. It is true that other parts of his work indicate a feeling of the great difference which exists between the character of good Gothic foliage and that of natural vegetation; but he endeavours to account for this difference by attributing it to the principle of abstraction, whereby the sculptor transfers only certain features of the natural object to the stone, leaving other features unexpressed. Those of our readers who may be in the habit of seeing that clever periodical, *The Builder*, will remember some attempts in recent numbers to produce 'original' Gothic foliage, by tasteful arrangements of hop, hawthorn, and other leaves, in spandrels. The totally *un-Gothic* effect of

these representations is remarkable, and, upon all extant principles, unaccountable.

If we are not mistaken, a chief element of the beauty of real leaves is their exhibition of a natural energy that develops and confines itself in regular forms. Now Gothic foliage displays, so to speak, an intensification of this kind of beauty. Most glaringly, and often harshly, in the Early-English and Perpendicular styles, are the forms of natural vegetation submitted to the bonds of a geometrical outline. Before us is a plaster-cast of a spandrel from St. Alban's. It is well known to architects as being a characteristic example of Perpendicular-Gothic leafage. It consists of a leaf or leaves and stalk, remotely resembling the vine, and adapting itself elegantly and exactly to the geometrical form of the spandrel, not, however, without apparently modifying that form, by prolonging the angle in the direction of the growth. Again, while the geometrical figure is modified by the energy of growth, the growth itself is modified and compressed by the geometrical outline; the leaf not only keeping that outline, but exhibiting that peculiar bulge or swelling, expressive of compression from without, which approximates to deformity, but which is an invariable characteristic of good Gothic leafage. Upon further examination, we discover in the example before us seven distinct and non-natural geometrical forms, besides the total form of the spandrel itself. And amidst all this geometry, the vegetation moves with much grace and freedom.

We have selected our example of Gothic leafage from the Perpendicular style, for the sake of the distinctness given to a principle which pervades all styles, by its slight exaggeration in one. The generally more beautiful forms of Decorated foliage show a considerably more subtle union of natural growth and superadded geometrical form, than is exhibited either in the rigid and stringy vegetation of the Early-English, or the angularly-bounded foliage of the Perpendicular style. In all styles, however, except the licentious and degraded French-Flamboyant, the bulge, expressing compression of outline, is distinctly noticeable.

The *diaper-work*, which covers vast surfaces of wall in many cathedrals, consists almost invariably, and throughout all the styles, of an endless repetition of a strongly geometrical leaf.

*Corbel-tables* and cornices commonly express, in their ornamental details, the same union of geometrical form and natural life, the latter element preponderating more than in diaper-work, because the greater conspicuousness of the members permitted variety, without producing confusion.

•The square four-leaved flower, which so frequently occurs in the mouldings of the Decorated style, owes its Gothic character to the same law.

But perhaps the principle, which is illustrated by all these characteristic decorations, is nowhere so conspicuous as in the beautiful ranges of *ball-flowers* which grace the mouldings of the best Gothic period. This ornament is a ball with a trefoiled opening, which shows a second ball within; and as several of these bud-like figures always occur close together, *the opening in each being ordinarily of a different size from that of the adjacent one*, the effect produced is that of one sphere growing within, and developing itself from, the other.

We have now enumerated all the leading forms of Gothic ornament, and in all, including foliation, we find the vivifying principle to be THE GRACEFUL UNION OF A SPONTANEOUS ENERGY AND A RESTRAINING LAW.

This principle, and the principle of aspiration, are, in our opinion, the grand elements of Gothic expression.

As being the genuine language of ideas, these elements are beautiful in any position; but by their position in Christian buildings, their universal significance suffers, as it were, an apotheosis, *and they become appropriate and symbolical*.

To prevent the symbolism of aspiring forms from appearing partial and erroneous, as it does in the fanatical Flamboyant, it ought to be constantly balanced by the presence of the element which we have now clearly announced and described. That we should profess to have done so for the first time—although Gothic architecture has been often and voluminously criticised, and sometimes by men of excellent feeling for the art—will prejudice the foregoing views only with those who are unable to recognise their own emotion in a plain analysis or *definition* of its sources, and with those who are unacquainted with the law, so loudly proclaimed in the history of every kind of criticism, that things must, for the most part, be felt long before they can be understood.

Less on account of its irrefragable testimony to the justice of the views we have just propounded, than on account of its inherent curiosity, we would call some attention to the fact in architectural history, that the Flamboyant and Perpendicular styles, severally marking the French and English periods of Gothic degradation, have quite opposite qualities for their peculiarly distinguishing traits. The French Flamboyant is voluptuous, passionate, and weak, in its characteristic effects; whereas rigidity of form marks our cotemporary style, the Perpendicular. Either error was latent in the balanced spontaneity and law which distinguished the pure Decorated period,

and which still constituted most of that which was truly admirable in the details of the degraded styles.

Let it not be imagined that we consider the foregoing remarks as constituting anything like a complete sketch of Gothic æsthetics; before these can be thoroughly comprehended, we must ascertain much more than is at present known concerning the sources of suggestive power in forms generally. This is a mysterious subject, and it seems to have been understood in former times better than it is at present. The Gothic architect could, by a few bold strokes of the chisel, evoke from the stone shapes of startling and unaccountable significance. Salvator Rosa, in the management of rocks and trees, showed the same kind of power, in a less degree. Not to speak of *Corbel-tables*, *Gargoyles*, and other members which gave free scope to the fancies of the sculptor, there are established forms in mediæval art, the effect of which cannot be entirely explained upon any recognised principle. Among these is to be reckoned the universal pointed arch itself. Its aspiration, if in the absence of mouldings and flowing tracery it can be said to express aspiration at all, is very incomplete. To us the pointed arch has always conveyed the sentiment rather of resignation and humility than that of aspiration: but we must not pause to analyze the sources of this feeling. Certain it is that by revolutions in circumstances and modes of thought, the commonplaces of a period may become abstruse, as its abstrusenesses are sometimes found to have become commonplace: and this must be borne in mind by the critic, whoever he may be, that is destined to explain thoroughly, and so to give true life to the revival of Gothic forms. Mr. Ruskin, in his 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' indicates that he has been engaged upon an inquiry into the suggestive powers of forms in general. In any case, he has paved the way to such an inquiry, by insisting, and proving the dependence of art, upon associations having subtilty far greater than is commonly conceived.

Besides the all-prevalent ideas of aspiration and of spontaneous power submitting gracefully to law, and besides those obscure effects of form to which we have just now alluded, there are in Gothic architecture some other artistical peculiarities which have not been sufficiently studied by English critics. The characteristic wooden roof is one of these peculiarities. Mr. Freeman writes, 'A wooden roof of any kind is at least but 'an inferior covering, an apology or substitute for vaulting; 'and the prevalent use of such roofs at all dates, and in buildings whose size and sumptuousness would naturally lead us to 'expect a stone roof, can only be considered as a blot upon

‘our national architecture.’ The extensive employment of the feature in question during the best styles, and in buildings where no expense seems to have been spared, ought, we think, to have induced Mr. Freeman to pause before pronouncing judgment against it. This critic has here again been misled by his and the very general assumption, that aspiration is the one principle in Gothic architecture to which all others ought to be wholly subordinated. He is also mistaken, we conceive, in his opinion that the angular forms of the wooden roof, and their very imperfect continuation of the chief aspiring lines, do really at all interfere with the general effect of aspiration. This may seem paradoxical, and as it is important that the erroneous theories of our architectural critics should not introduce themselves into the practice of the architect, we must explain our meaning. It is quite true that stone vaulting is the only means of continuing into the last roof-ridge the aspiring lines of the interior; but we must remember that by thus continuing the aspiration, and bringing it regularly and gradually to a termination, however distant that termination may be from the commencement of the aspiration in the ground, the vaulted roof fixes a limit to an effect which ought to be infinite, or what, artistically, is much the same thing, indefinite. Now a good wooden roof, that is, one in which every beam is of visibly constructive necessity, always has the appearance of being merely temporary. In the late uninspired Perpendicular style, this character materially suffered by the additions of elaborate decorations, and by the attempt to continue perfectly the aspiring lines of the walls in curves of the wood-work: whereas the very excellence of the wooden roof is, that while it avoids checking the aspiration, as a flat roof would do, it also avoids continuing and terminating it, as is done by the vaulted roof. Every one who, unbiassed by architectural theories, has been beneath, and perceived the peculiar sentiment of a simple roof of open wood-work, will acknowledge that what we have now said accounts in part for his emotion. There are other æsthetical reasons for preferring the wooden roof, with its temporary appearance, to stone vaulting for a religious edifice, but we have no space to enumerate them.

The Brandons, in their learned ‘Analysis of Gothic Architecture,’ announce a very important principle in these words: ‘It is a peculiar characteristic of pure Gothick, that all mouldings, panellings, or sculpture, were always sunk from the face of the work.’ ‘Such an arrangement,’ it is added, ‘is the natural result of a style, a distinguishing type of which was only to introduce ornament as an embellishment to construc-

'tion.' Before remarking upon the principle expressed in the first sentence, we must try to correct what seems to us to be a strange error in the comment that succeeds it. We are bound to speak on the subject with modesty, for the asserted error constitutes one of Mr. Pugin's leading axioms. How this great architect reconciles the legitimacy of the spire with this axiom, we cannot understand. The prodigious spire of Salisbury Cathedral is as mere a decoration as the crocket on one of its pinnacles; but it would be extremely difficult to regard it as an 'embellishment to construction,' in any admissible sense of this very ambiguous expression. We believe that a different idea was at the foundation of the practice of cutting the great mass of the decoration from, instead of adding it on to, the body of the building.

It is impossible to examine intelligently the details of a Gothic cathedral, without becoming impressed with a feeling of *vitality* in every part; the angle of wall that was not shafted and moulded, was cut off by a chamfer, the terminations of which were brilliantly foliated, or sculptured into other Gothic forms; the necessity for *sedilia* and the *piscina* was eagerly converted into means of exhibiting the pregnant life of the wall, in the thickness of which they were cut; indeed, wherever an excuse could be found, a blank surface was made to reveal vitality as vividly as fire is shown through fissures in half-cooled lava. This desire of exhibiting inherent life, at all points, seems to us to account for the universal sinking of mouldings &c. from the face of the work, without the assumption of a principle which ought to exclude the spire and all such pinnacles and other decorations as have no constructive necessity.

We conclude these hasty hints upon the elements of Gothic expression, by earnestly recommending architects of the present day to abandon the custom of overwhelming small edifices with *all* the means of producing that expression, instead of selecting and arranging with sentiment some two or three of them. A simple, well-pitched roof, or a plain clerestory; a few buttresses; here and there a window, with its brilliant foliated head; and a modest pointed doorway, adorn with more of Gothic effect some of the old parish churches of England, than is commonly obtained at ten times the cost by our modern builders of miniature cathedrals. Simplicity, however, need not, and ought not, to exclude originality, provided that original design be justified by a deep knowledge and feeling of life-constituting principles.\* There is a quite Shakesperian variety in mediæval architecture, notwithstanding its invariable submission to a few great laws. One comes upon the most startling and



• successful novelties in little country edifices, and there is no great building without its unique beauties. We would also recommend that the leading peculiarities of the English development of Gothic architecture should be studiously adopted and expanded in its revival. It has long been the custom to praise foreign cathedrals at the expense of our own. Mr. Hope set the fashion, and other scarcely inferior authorities have adopted his views. But if the steady, thorough, and above all, the *balanced* development of the principles which we have stated constitutes perfect Gothic architecture, we have probably the finest cathedrals in the world. In foreign cathedrals, the effect is chiefly external, and the principle of aspiration preponderates too much over that which we have traced as constituting the life of Gothic decoration. The decorative details of the art are nowhere to be found so exquisitely developed as in England, where the beauty of the interior was first thought of. Mr. Ruskin complains of English doorways, affirming that they want the majesty of the French ones, and that they look more like entrances to beehives than to cathedrals. If our method is inferior to the French in earthly majesty, it is assuredly superior in religious sublimity and appropriateness. It harmonized well enough with the Greek spirit to make the portico the grand feature of the temple, and it might almost be said, *consequently*, it was right of the Gothic builder to suppress that feature altogether.

In having shown the thorough dependence of northern Gothic upon artistic expressions of the purest religious appropriateness, we suppose that we have sufficiently vindicated the superiority of that style for religious edifices, against Mr. Ruskin, who seems, for the present, to be blinded in great measure to all other architectural merits, by the more secular beauties of the Italian Gothic.

We must add a few words in detail concerning the very remarkable, and for the most part practical, work which bears the mystical, and we think inaccurate, title, of ‘*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*.’ Practical, in an ordinary sense, this book is not. We conceive that architects of the ordinary calibre will not get much out of it. For *their* reformation Mr. D’Israeli’s plan would probably be alone efficient:—HANG one of them. But the architect who is an architect truly, cannot fail to glean much good, and of a kind susceptible of immediate application, from the study of Mr. Ruskin’s essay. In some passages, we think that we discover a style of criticism truer than any with which modern literature has yet been enriched; and

we are not forgetful either of Goethe or of Coleridge, whose motto, *Sermona Propriora*,—as rendered by Charles Lamb, ‘Properer for a Sermon,’—is likely enough to be applied by materialists and dilettanti to the work before us. From many passages of equal importance and originality, we select the following, on account of their popular intelligibility and interest:—

‘What is true of human polity seems to me not less so of the distinctively political art of architecture. I have long felt convinced of the necessity, in order to its progress, of some determined effort to extricate from the confused mass of partial traditions and dogmata with which it has become encumbered during imperfect or restricted practice, those large principles of right which are applicable to every style and stage of it. Uniting the technical and the imaginative elements as essentially as humanity does soul and body, it shows the same infirmity, balanced liability to the prevalence of the lower part over the higher, to the interference of the constructive, with the purity and simplicity of the reflective, element. This tendency, like every other form of materialism, is increasing with the advance of the age; and the only laws which resist it, based upon partial precedents, and already regarded with disrespect as decrepit, if not with defiance as tyrannical, are evidently inapplicable to the new forms and functions of the art, which the necessities of the day demand. How many these necessities may become cannot be conjectured; they rise strange and impatient out of every shadow of change. How far it may be possible to meet them without a sacrifice of the essential characters of architectural art, cannot be determined by specific calculation or observance. There is no law, no principle, based on past practice, which may not be overthrown in a moment by the arising of a new condition, or the invention of a new material, and the most rational, if not the only, mode of averting the danger of an utter dissolution of all that is systematic and consistent in our practice, or of ancient authority, in our judgment, is to cease for a little while in our endeavour to deal with the host of particular multiplying abuses, restraints, or requirements, and endeavour to determine, as the guides of every effort, some constant, general, and irrefragable laws, which, based upon man’s nature, not upon his knowledge, may possess so far the unchangeableness of the one, as that neither the increase nor imperfection of the other may be able to assault or invalidate them.’

Of the numerous valuable artistical truths—often before felt but never so well expressed—with which Mr. Ruskin’s volume abounds, the following extract contains some instances:—

‘Hence then a general law of singular importance in the present day, a law of simple common sense—not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix

ornament with business, any more than you mix play; work first and then rest. Work first and then gaze, but do not use golden ploughshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails, nor put bas-reliefs on millstones. What! it will be asked, are we in the habit of doing so? Even so, always and everywhere. The most familiar position of Greek mouldings is in these days on shop fronts. There is not a tradesman's sign, nor shelf, nor counter, in all the streets of all our cities, which has not upon it ornaments which were invented to adorn temples, and beautify king's palaces. There is not the smallest advantage in them where they are. Absolutely valueless—utterly without the power of giving pleasure—they only satiate the eye and vulgarize their own forms. Many of these are in themselves thoroughly good copies of fine things, which things themselves we shall never, in consequence, enjoy any more. Many a pretty beading or graceful bracket there is in wood over our grocer's and cheesemonger's and hosier's shops. How is it that tradesmen cannot understand that custom is to be had only by selling good tea, and cheese, and cloth, and that people come to them for their honesty and their readiness and their right wares, and not because they have Greek cornices over their windows, or their names in large gilt letters over their house fronts? How pleasurable it would be to have the power of going through London, pulling down those brackets and friezes and large names, restoring to the tradesman the capitals they spent in architecture, and putting them on honest and equal terms, each with his name in black letters over his door, not shouted down the street from the upper stories, and each with a plain wooden shop casement with small panes in it that people would not think of breaking in order to be sent to prison! How much better for them would it be, how much happier, how much wiser, to put their trust upon their own truth and industry, and not on the idiocy of their customers. It is curious, and it says little for our national probity on the one hand, or prudence on the other, to see the whole system of our street decoration based on the idea that people must be baited to a shop as moths to a candle. . . . Another of the strange and evil tendencies of the present day is to the decoration of the railroad station. Now if there be any place in the world in which people are deprived of that portion of temper and discretion which are necessary to the contemplation of beauty, it is there. It is the very temple of discomfort, and the only charity that the builder can extend to us is to show us, plainly as may be, how soonest to escape from it. The whole system of railroad travelling is addressed to people who, being in a hurry, are for the time being, miserable. No one would travel in that manner who could help it—who had time to go leisurely over hills and between hedges, instead of through tunnels and between banks; at least those who would, have no sense of beauty so acute as that we need consult it at the station. The railroad is, in all its relations, a matter of earnest business, to be got through as soon as possible. It transmutes a man from a traveller into a living parcel. For the time, he has parted with

the nobler characteristics of his humanity, for the sake of a planetary power of locomotion. Do not ask him to admire anything. You might as well ask the wind. Carry him safely, dismiss him soon; he will thank you for nothing else. All attempts to please him in any other way are mere mockery, and insults to the things by which you endeavour to do so. There never was more flagrant nor impertinent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railroads, or near them. Keep them out of the way. Take them through the ugliest country you can find, confess them the miserable things they are, and spend nothing upon them but for safety and speed. Give large salaries to efficient servants, large prices to good manufacturers, large wages to able workmen; let the iron be tough, and the brick-work solid, and the carriages strong. The time is perhaps not distant when these first necessities may not be easily met; and to increase expense in any other direction is madness. Better bury gold in the embankments than put it in ornaments on the stations. Will a single traveller be willing to pay an increased fare on the South Western, because the columns of the terminus are covered with patterns from Nineveh?—he will only care the less for the Ninevite ivories in the British Museum;—or on the North Western, because there are old-English looking spandrels to the roof of the station at Crewe? He would only have less pleasure in their prototypes at Crewe House. Railroad architecture has, or would have, a dignity of its own, if it were only left to its worker. You would not put rings on the fingers of the smith at his anvil.'

And here are some remarks which cannot be too widely circulated.

'I believe the right question to ask respecting all ornament is simply this—was it done with enjoyment?—was the carver happy while he was about it? It may be the hardest work possible, and the harder because so much pleasure was taken in it; but it must have been happy, too, or it will not be living. How much of the stonemason's toil this condition would exclude, I hardly venture to consider; but the condition is absolute. There is a Gothic church lately built near Rouen, well enough indeed in its general composition, but excessively rich in detail; many of the details are designed with taste, and all evidently by a man who has studied the old work closely. But it is all as dead as leaves in December; there is not one tender touch, not one warm stroke, on the whole façade. The men who did it hated it, and were thankful when it was done. And so long as they do so, they are merely loading your walls with shapes of clay: the garlands of everlastings in Père la Chaise are more cheerful ornaments. You cannot get the feeling by paying for it—money will not buy life. I am not sure, even, that you can get it by watching or waiting for it. It is true that here and there a workman may be found who has it in him, but he does not rest contented in the inferior work—he struggles forward into an academician; and from the mass of the available handi-

craftsmen the power is gone—how recoverable I know not: this only I know, that all expense devoted to sculptural ornament, in the present condition of that power, comes literally under the head of sacrifice for sacrifice's sake, or worse. I believe the only manner of rich ornament that is open to us, is the geometrical colour-mosaic, and that much might result from our strenuously taking up this mode of design. But, at all events, one thing we have in our power—the doing without machine-ornament and cast-iron work. All the stamped metals and artificial stones, and imitation woods and bronzes, over the invention of which we hear daily exultation—all the short, and cheap, and easy ways of doing that whose difficulty is its honour—are just so many new obstacles in our already encumbered road. They will not make one of us happier or wiser—they will extend neither the pride of judgment, nor the privilege of enjoyment. They will only make us shallower in our understandings, colder in our hearts, and feebler in our wits. And most justly. For we are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily. Neither is it to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort, is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared, if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense to come in between it and the things it rules.

We regret that we have no space left for any account of some remarkable artistical discoveries which are made public by Mr. Ruskin in his valuable work. His statements of certain laws of proportion in architecture are of unusual importance, although they are incomplete, and, in common with many other statements of his, appear to have been committed to paper in a degree of haste to be lamented the more as it is certain that Mr. Ruskin does not want the faculty of *thinking out* the brilliant glimpses of truth which are vouchsafed to him. Towards the completion of the particular statements in question we may be permitted to suggest the existence of two laws which we do not remember to have seen anywhere remarked upon:—first, *those quantitative relations which have no common divisor except unity, and are such that their relation is plain to the eye, without being manifest to the understanding, are the best*; secondly, *where the chief end of the juxtaposition of two members, or masses of colour is contrast, either those members or masses should be of about equal significance and size,*

or one of them ought very greatly to preponderate over the other.

Not less valuable than Mr. Ruskin's remarks on proportion are his observations on the conditions of architectural colouring. But for these and many other matters of much import and interest we recommend our readers to go to the book itself, which is one of the few works that, while they are calculated for the especial edification of a limited guild, are also adapted, by brilliant style and popular treatment, for the reading-desk of every educated man. The style, like the thought, becomes occasionally rash and careless, but, if it sometimes flags, it makes amends by culminations of a splendour which has seldom been equalled in its way since the days of Jeremy Taylor.

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ART. III. *The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield; including numerous letters now first published from the original manuscripts.* Edited, with Notes, by LORD MAHON. Bentley.

- (2.) *Junius: including Letters by the same writer under other signatures. With a preliminary Essay, Notes, &c.* Printed by G. Woodfall.
- (3.) *Cowper's Letters.* Edited by SOUTHEY. Baldwin and Craddock.

THE majority of men say, with Horace, that Fame consists in being pointed at with the finger. Some, however, who have failed to get this mark, maintain that it consists in the praise of the wise, or 'standards of opinion';—while others, who have not been either pointed at by the many or applauded by the few, insist that it can only be awarded by posterity. A very small minority, with a courage that does them honour, declare that there is no such thing as true fame in this world at all.

The finger-pointing fame is mostly conferred without much reflection, and withdrawn without any scruple. The object of it is seldom worthy, and cannot keep it. The public pump is got to work, and the water comes, but the vessel receiving it being a sieve, the liquid slips away. That fame which is conferred by the wise, or 'standards of opinion,' can of course only fall permanently to the greatest minds. No others can stand test, or bear the winnowing; and even if they could, the 'standards' of to-morrow always have it in their power to reverse the verdict of the standards of to-day. The people who appeal to posterity do so only as a refuge. They would otherwise be open to the ridicule of having laboured in vain—of having run,

and lost. But their satisfaction is false. They care no more for posterity than you do. They have not lived and acted only to obtain praise which they can never hear; they rather solace their pride by imputing to blindness what they are ashamed to allow they should impute to merited contempt. For the courageous minority—we cannot deal with it at present. It denies the existence of real fame in this world altogether; we must therefore mention it in quite another place.

These are the chief sorts of fame; and each exhibits it as very scarce and very fickle. The be-sung, be-flattered, and be-sought (but never be-guiled) goddess, even when won, seems to watch to slip away. Like the heart of Miss Pardoe's slave, she is a fetterless thing. Like the trained negro who was sold, under disguises in all the States, (having a happy knack of slipping the collar, and rejoining his seller before his buyer could turn him to account,) she appears ever to be on the outlook to take flight. She should not be represented with a trumpet, therefore, but with a staff. She should be painted with the loins girt and the wings spread, to show constant readiness to fly—to intimate, moreover, that her hunters need not only swiftness to obtain her, but their utmost vigilance to hold her when she has been caught.

The finger-pointing fame has as many shapes as Proteus. Like the ancient kings in battle she has many doubles; but, like the Banquo of the feast, most of these are false. They wear the seeming of reality, but are as insubstantial as the wind. A man believes that they are as solid as they seem to be, and rushes in pursuit—he grapples with them, he looks into them, and finds that, like the crater of Vesuvius, there is little beside vacuity. Chief in this ghostly army is political fame. It is a swift game, and for a long time baffles the keenest hunter, but at last he seizes it and makes it his. It voices out his name until he thinks the farthest age must hear; it echoes and re-echoes his praises; it trumpets him along the way: and then, when his soul is swelling in him, and he hugs himself with the assurance that he will be 'for ever known,' it suddenly dissolves under his touch, and leaves him—all the voices cease, the trumpets die away, and he falls headlong, never to be pointed at again. Political fame is like a brilliant firework, that blazes wildly for a little, and then suddenly expires, leaving but a dim smoulder, which ere long fades out into the darkness.

In 1714 the celebrated, or notorious, Lord Bolingbroke was ousted from the Secretaryship of State, and Addison the Spectator stepped into his shoes. Queen Anne died. The hasty regency party proclaimed George I., and Addison stepped out

of the shoes, which were given to General Stanhope, whose kinsman, Philip Dormer Stanhope, afterwards Earl of Chesterfield, was at Cambridge. George, on ascending the throne, declared for the Whigs, and the Tories, who had been in power since Sacheverel's time, kicked the beam. In 1715 Walpole impeached Lord Bolingbroke, who fled the country. The late leader was outlawed, lived some years in France, and acquired French notions of belief. When the storm passed, he returned to England, had his outlawry reversed, made much noise, and won much applause and censure; on the whole deserving Dr. Croly's summary for his fame now: that 'He gave from youth 'to age the unhappy example of genius rendered useless, rank 'degraded, and opportunities thrown away. Gifted with powers 'which might have raised or sustained the fortunes of empire, 'his youth was distinguished only by systematic vice, his manhood by unprincipled ambition, and his age by callous infidelity.'

In the same 1715 young Mr. Stanhope made his first speech in the House against Ormond, who was likewise impeached of high treason. This done, he immediately took a pleasure trip to Paris by advice—for he was under age, and the opposition threatened to expose him if he voted. During his stay here he is thought to have been of much service to Lord Stair, in discovering the Jacobins' plot—but be that as it may, the Chevalier de St. George's friends were induced to make the first attempt—we know with what disastrous results to every one but the dastard for whom they made it. Stanhope returned to England, and though his rising was for a time delayed, in consequence of a dispute between his Majesty and the Prince of Wales, whose side he took, his kinsman had his eye on him, and showed desire to push him on.

With the South-Sea swindle we have now no more to do than to note, that in consequence of the excitement caused in England by its failure, the Stuart made another throw for the sceptre, but was himself thrown. The king was just at that time very popular, and Stanhope spoke in favour of augmenting the army; a declaration of attachment for which he was made a captain in the Guards. In 1725, however, he refused the order of the Bath, then revived, and ere long was dismissed from his post. This might have been serious for him, had not both his king and his father died in the year following. He became Earl of Chesterfield. He left the Lower House with the Walpoles and Pulteneys, and other stars, shining there, and joined company with Wharton, Argyle, Carteret, Queensbury, and the other great men of the Upper one—whose names



are the stumbling-blocks in Pope's verses, and whom we anathematize when asterisks and patent pot-hooks call us down from the poetry, to prosy memoranda of their lives.

George II., on acceding to power, retained his father's favourites, much to the chagrin of those who championed him when Prince of Wales. But Chesterfield was not quite forgotten. He was sent ambassador to Holland in 1728, and in consequence of his tact in that position, won the king's praise when he was, a little after, travelling on the Continent. This induced Townshend to attempt to turn out Newcastle, then Secretary, and put in the Earl, which, however, he was not able to do, and Chesterfield, who had accompanied George to London, returned to Holland, after having been gartered at the king's charges. It was about this time that the Commons objected to public reports of hon. members' speeches. We hope to be pardoned for sometimes almost wishing that it objected now.

We need say little of the next years. The tragic seaman who kept his ear in his pocket, for exhibition when the time came to rouse up the Lion to revenge it, has told his story about Spanish wrongs, and got satisfied—at least we hope so. The French intrigues, too, and the Danish and Dutch, are over, now. The things intrigued about were rarely worth half the noise they made; and the landmarks so curiously set in those days, by battles and treaties, have been mostly washed away by the tides of later wars. Suffice it for us that Chesterfield, in 1731, gained much honour in getting the Vienna treaty signed. In 1732 he returned to England, and distinguished himself by opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. In 1734 he found time to marry. In 1737 he made his once-celebrated speech against dramatic censorship, proposed by Walpole. Fielding had produced a satire on the ministers, (Pasquin, for which Hogarth drew an illustrated bill,) which the town, as the public was then called, flocked to hear. The example was much followed, till the premier resolved to stop it, which he did in spite of opposition. After this, a quarrel between Walpole and the Prince of Wales, whose side Chesterfield took, brought about an open breach between the factions, and the so called country party was obliged to go—into the country. Bath was chosen as the place of refuge, and Beau Nash (Douglas Jerrold's hero) becomes visible in the solemnity of history, anticking and fooling for a moment, on the scene.

In 1739, however, the tide showed signs of turning. War was commenced against Spain, and Vernon was sent to Darien. The trans-Pyrenean nation had done our shipping so much

damage, and robbed us so infamously in Honduras, that the country would no longer suffer Walpole's patience of insult and shyness of fight. His popularity was sinking;—the shadow was melting from his grasp. In 1740, Sandys, the motion-maker, attacked him Anstey-wise. He failed; but in 1742, when a new parliament was convened, and the nation was sick of the war, which had been prosecuted till the Panama business brought it to an anti-climax, the opposition to his longer holding office was so great and general that he thought it well to retire. Poor Walpole! The once famous statesman found himself, now his career was wellnigh closed, the object of resentment, not of finger-pointing. He had done his best—and now his life was scarcely safe. Fond of the shows of greatness, he had but little greatness to deserve the shows. But Time has hung the curtains around him, do not let us too roughly rend them back. His premiership is over now,—and its cares and its toils, and his life, are over. He is away;—his fame, too, is away—one day the morning will break, and we shall be away.

The kaleidoscope once moved, many things shifted together. Pulteney, the 'people's friend' of those days, was naturally looked to as Walpole's successor. He was a living dissolving view. His face was said to wear a new expression every day. He was by turns a saint, a savage, and a sage. He was now, like Mulligan in the ball-room, all hilarity; and now, like Mulligan on the door-step, after supper, in tears. His cry was liberty, and his aim was power. Such an one, invaluable for opposition, could not govern. Such talents are as opposed to those needed by a statesman as abilities for criticism are from those for authorship. He failed, of course, in time of need. He was made Earl of Bath, and so sailed comfortably away—to oblivion.

Of the ensuing parliamentary history and war-work we are too sick to make notes here. Ministers came short, as usual, and speeches were made, and applauded, and forgotten, as usual. There was another Stuart landing, and droves of victims were led to and offered at Saint George's altar, *not* in Hanover-square. We can, however, recollect or imagine these, and pass to 1745, when Chesterfield, after another successful embassy to Holland, was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. This was the best part of his life. He gave himself to the melioration of that blessed island, which was then, as now, boisterous as the surrounding element. He was liberal, but firm. He would not, like others, hunt the Catholics to please the Protestants. He saw the crow's feet round the Scarlet Lady's eyes; he saw that decay was at work, and he would not help her to fictitious

life by the tonic of persecution. Indeed, he early showed his spirit in that matter when an eager Protestant told him that his coachman was a Roman and often went to mass. 'Does he?' said the Earl, 'then he shall never—drive me there.' Yet he did not trust or favour them. Once, when he heard of a projected rising, he took one of their chief men aside, and said, 'If your persuasion behave like faithful subjects, I will treat them as such; but if not, I shall be worse to them than Cromwell.' This was quite sufficient to prevent any insurrection while he was king's vicar; might we not suppose that if such a course were pursued in our times, such a result would follow? The Irish might have believed in Mumbo-Jumbo, like the Cingalese, or in the Moon, like Chinamen, but Chesterfield would not have stretched out a state arm to molest them, if they kept the peace.

Unfortunately, in 1746, he left this post, and took the seals with Newcastle. His good sense was swamped in other people's nonsense. They made a bad business of it on the whole, and in 1748 he retired. His only other appearance in history as a notable man was in 1751, when he proposed in the Lords, the change of style, as it was called, from the Julian to the Gregorian year, the latter being used by most European nations. The matter was a good deal debated; but the necessity of some standard for computation being evident, both with a view to history and commerce, it was at last carried. It is most inconvenient to all Russian merchants that the great Autocracy has not yet sanctioned the change. Here, however, the calendar was put forward eleven days in September; the to-morrow of the 2nd inst. being the 14th.

We skip the next few years as our fathers skipped the eleven days, and now we are in 'a time of experiments.' All sorts of parties had power. They came like the phantasms on the mirror in the *Henriade*; they stayed a moment, and departed. The Rockingham ministry, which must be recollected as the nurse of our great Burke, reigned a little, and then resigned its places to Grafton. He, in turn, was pushed aside by Pitt; who was displaced ere long by the extraordinary mixture, the ingredients of which were mainly Bedford and Grafton. With *their* followers we luckily shall not at this time have to do.

It was in the second year of the reign of these people—viz., in 1769, that Junius, the most extraordinary writer that perhaps ever addressed a community, burst on the world. This Myth-like being set himself to restore Whig principles and to preach liberty; to reform abuses and watch place-holders; and he applied his lash to all members of the government, up to the

king. He evidently brought personal hostility, as well as hatred on public grounds, to the task. His secrecy was impenetrable, and his knowledge on private matters far more extensive, while it was also more correct, than that of our indefatigable correspondent, Joseph Ady. His power over the language, too, was gigantic; and every man whose public or private character had holes in it, lived in terror of this undiscoverable genius, who might, in a moment, turn the lightning of his satire on him and show all those flaws.

We naturally look with curiosity at this 'mighty boar of the forest,' as Burke called him, when we go back on the trail of our country to the times in which he broke through the 'cobwebs of the law,' and foiled or trampled down the hunters. And that curiosity is heightened when we see him stalking, uncontrollable, about the stage of history for his own time,—and with unparalleled audacity confronting and rebuking his king;—especially as he never dropped his mask and never claimed reward. His shifts and disguises, too, laid bare now;—his identity with so many people proved to demonstration; his mysterious knowledge both of government and private matters,—all help to swell our interest in him, and we toil through oceans (or marshes) of note-work and folly to get at his splendid tirades against statesmen and individuals, for the daring, fury, and even ferocity of which his letters stand in English literature without a parallel.

But it is not so with his contemporary, Chesterfield. We have no such curiosity awakened for him. We know his life; while we know nothing of the life of Junius. There is no romance, like a gauze curtain, round the Earl, removing him from our immediate inspection, and making him half sublime, because half obscure. He was a perfect gentleman. He lived and adhered to the Proprieties, as firmly as Addison in Cato to the Unities. He was part, like ourselves, of the 'common world,' which, according to Schiller and Coleridge, or Coleridge alone, 'is all too narrow for the stricken heart of love,' though, as we think, full enough of broad sympathies for a living heart. We feel that his flesh and blood were like ours. But it is not so with Junius. There is something cold and fiendish about him. He has no humanity;—he seems to delight to punish. Chesterfield, we admit, had no genius; while Junius had. The Earl had taste, and tact, and talent; he could admire the beautiful, but we doubt if he had any notion of the sublime. He was thankful that he was not a poet, neither the father of one. He would most probably, if present, have gathered his cloak round him and galloped to the nearest inn,—in the

thunderstorm when Burns on horseback composed his "Scots wha hae." But if he had no genius, he had not an evil spirit. The great genius of Junius is undeniable, but it is also undeniable that he did not use it, like Brama, to create and cherish, but like Seeva, to destroy. The sun that might have shone out bright and genial in the midst of heaven, to comfort and make glad, descended basely to the things of earth, and scorched and blasted all it touched.

We will look for a moment at each of them, and then hurry on. It is now too late in the intellectual existence of the world to run a-muck among authors, especially foreign ones,—like the offensive Privy Councillor Schlosser. This crabbed body, who speaks of Dr. Johnson as one 'who with the enemies of all 'toleration and improvement, strove as madly as a monk against 'all progress,' darts for an instant on Lord Chesterfield, and gets rid of his claims to notice by saying, 'his morality is that of a highly-polished sharper.' Such expedition in the despatch of his victims may show well in a German executioner, and command German applause; an English mob, however, would cry 'shame.' He is of course wrong. Chesterfield had many faults and so, we doubt not, had the immaculate Schlosser, though he throws so many stones; but we like that man best who states what he thinks right, and not the man who only knows to run against what he thinks wrong. Chesterfield had learned the world, and seen its hollowness and falseness;—few could teach that learning to his boy, and so he tried to teach it. He might surely have gone farther, and counselled his son rather how to turn and reform the world, than to profit by its depravity. But what has the Privy Councillor to do with this? Had the Earl published any letters himself, the case would have been different. The most wooden-headed of Germans might have then had some excuse;—as it is, he has none. Chesterfield did not publish his letters; he never authorized their publication; had he been asked, he probably would have refused permission. It was with him, as with the works of some modern royal authors;—a stranger published them. His son's wife, who had never the virtue to declare herself during her husband's life, and probably only did so after his death, on cash accounts, printed them after the old gentleman had left the scene. He was no party to it. He had watched over his son's education with the greatest care. He had supplied him with religious tutors, and linguist tutors, tutors *en tous genres*, and with natural anxiety for a clumsy boy, whose masters were defective in the Graces, he had chosen to write him letters upon Men and Manners, which were afterwards

dishonourably (we think) published. Why should a foggy foreigner, ignorant most likely of all these facts, run against that father and style him 'sharper'? Even an enemy\* who might wish that the Earl had written a book, would not have profited by such an one as this. That would be as unjust as to judge the brilliant parliament-man by his parlour sayings, when he is in undress, away from his stilts, and among his children. We sometimes fervently wish that our literary hack-neys would spare us their versions of the critic-labours of our difficult German neighbours. They abound in words, and delight in generalities; but being naturally slow and heavy, they become ridiculous,—like dancing elephants, when they make a show of briskness. The following is a passage containing, we think, the essence of Chesterfield's writing:

'It may be objected,' he says to his son, 'that I am now recommending dissimulation to you. I both own and justify it. It has been long said, *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*: I go still farther, and say, that without some dissimulation no business can be carried on at all. It is *simulation* that is false, mean, and criminal; that is the cunning which Lord Bacon calls crooked or left-handed wisdom, and which is never made of use but by those who have not true wisdom. And the same great man says that dissimulation is only to hide our own cards, whereas simulation is to put on in order to look into other people's. Lord Bolingbroke says that simulation is a stiletto, not only an unjust but an unlawful weapon, whereas dissimulation is a shield, as secrecy is armour, and it is no more possible to preserve secrecy in business without some degree of dissimulation than it is to succeed without secrecy.

If this is sharper's morality, all men of business, and all statesmen too, are sharpeners. *Volto sciolto; pensieri stretti* may not be the precept, but it is the practice, of the world, and all who live in it must find the secret of its practice out, or fail in getting on. We do not wish our readers to suppose we recommend dissimulation; but a man who paints the world must paint it as it is, and not as he could wish it to be.

Had Chesterfield issued his letters in the form of a book, he would have excised with a more liberal hand than even the present judicious and talented editor. While, however, it would be most unjust to judge him as an ordinary author, we must be suffered to say of his letters as those of a man, that they are not such as should have been written by a Christian man. It was well and praiseworthy in him to engage professors and teachers for his son, but he should have assisted them himself in the matter of religion. It is no excuse for the heathenism of London that we pay tithes and rates enough to buy instructors for all

its inhabitants. It is necessary to give something more than money. Religion is not like cotton, or indigo, or stock, that can be bought, and sold, and transferred. The father should have spoken often of it, with the other things. His letters would not have been of less value in this respect, because of more value in that. But this, we must remember, was an error of judgment, as regarded his son's education, not of authorship with regard to us. For his own personal religion, we believe it to have been of that genteel sort of which his whole walk and conversation and writing was an example. He never went to a chapel where there was a church, but we do not find him, as the fashion was in his days, openly scoffing at either. There was none of the tomfoolery of atheism about him, though we doubt if there was much belief; neither did he incline to those who, with poor modern Fox, 'look to Nature, not the God of Nature,' as George Herbert sings it, and who, when they worship, attend the ministry of Dr. Greenfield, in the universal sky-built temple.

On turning to Junius, we come, as said before, to quite a different thing. Chesterfield was always under restraint, though, like our ladies with their chatelaines, he gave his chains an air of grace. Junius acknowledged none. He was a literary Arab—his hand against every one. He assailed whom he pleased, and if his victims turned on him, he either silenced them by invective, or when they answered back too sharply (as Horne Tooke did), took no notice of his defeat, but set on some one else. His look, however, for the most part, like the look of Lorrinite, 'had crippling in it.' He rarely spared a foe. His object was the ruin of the coalition government, and almost reversing Portia's recommendation to the Bankruptcy Court in Venice, to do a little right, he did great wrong. He had no notion of justice. The opposition was always criminal. He did not know worth if it did not agree with him—in a word, he was a bigot preaching liberty—and a mighty genius degraded to the taskwork fitted only for a hack.

The Dukes of Grafton and Bedford were probably talented men. No doubt they merited as much finger-pointing as most statesmen; more than the majority of us, their judges, would deserve, if we were called to fill such seats as they did. But their fame in their own days was little to be wished; they have none now to be envied. What place-holding, or hurrahing through the streets could compensate the Duke of Grafton if he had had his fill of them, when, desiring to be applauded by posterity, he knew that he was handed down by such a pen as this:

'Relinquishing, therefore, all idle views of amendment to your Grace, or of benefit to the public, let me be permitted to consider your

character and conduct merely as a subject of curious speculation. There is something in both which distinguishes you, not only from all other ministers, but all other men. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first principle, or if I may call it the genius, of your life should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct, without the momentary imputation or colour of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never have betrayed you into a wise or honourable action.

‘The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace (Charles II.) left no distressing examples of virtue even to their legitimate posterity, and you may look back to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality on record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proof of your descent, my Lord, than \* \* \* or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite. Charles II. was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live, like Charles II., without being an amiable companion, and, for aught I know, may die, as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.’

Or what triumphs in policy could satisfy the Duke of Bedford, when the hand of this fiery pen, outliving them all, could pass him to the eyes of successive generations in such ‘words that breathe, and thoughts that burn,’ as these :

‘Let us consider you then as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness. Let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified, in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can grey hairs make folly venerable? And is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my Lord! let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that although you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility after you have lost the vigour of the passions.

‘Your friends will ask, perhaps, Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? . . . . Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him. . . . It is in vain to shift the scene. You can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but



reproaches and despair. But, my Lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now, they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last, and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.'

While there is nothing that can be excused in such writing as this, there is nothing which can be envied (and this is more to our present purpose) in the position of him at whom it is launched. Better that he had remained a quiet country gentleman, and hunted deer, and not ambition. This observation recalls us to our subject, and to our last observation about politics with reference to fame.

A statesman is never rightly judged. He is at a bar where justice is unknown; before a court from whose decisions it is vain to make appeal. Like a national debt, he is never estimated. During his life, the bench is filled with either friends or enemies; the jury, too vast to pack—in any case, as Hood said, are alike divided, and an honest verdict cannot be obtained. He may have spent himself in public slavery; he may have given up his private happiness, and perhaps public and private virtue, that he may decree laws to nations, or carry his *own* to the pitch of glory, yet he will always find some entry to the debit side of the account, the world divided, and the finger-pointing part condemnatory. Some approve him for virtues he never practised, and some condemn him for errors he never committed. It is worse if, hungering for fame, he appeals from an ungrateful present to the future. Besides that he cannot hear the verdict of posterity, there often is no verdict to be heard. When he dies, the question of his merits mostly falls sick, and ere long dies too. The world goes on regularly without *him*; the sun rises, though a king dies; the mill still clatters round, although the miller is chopped up. Few people vex their heads about the dead; if they remember him at all, it is generally as a poor fellow that after all had some good points; but if he should excite more notice, and friends bray and enemies bray about him, the great world, which is eager about other things, listens to the loudest, or neglects both. New

great men rise; the present and the future are the theme of anxiety; the past is left to chance, and the appellant drifts away into history, with eulogium, if a friend writes, and with condemnation, if an enemy.

It is not so with a writer. He can take his own part, and, the braying over, although dead, speak for himself. Chateaubriand made not a little noise at one time in the world of politics, but long before he died the finger-pointing veered away from him; his fame is only got now by his books. A man, however, who would thus live after death, must write upon a general, and not a momentary theme. He must touch humanity, and not its accidents. Politics do not supply an enduring subject. They are so variable, that the most conservative measures may be suddenly yielded, or the most radical and so-called glorious reforms reversed for ever—when the writing is tossed by. This makes us reflect for a moment on the constitution of books, and how some of the most promising die young, while others that looked dull and heavy from childhood, reach a green old age, and threaten, like the well-known aunt whose nieces were valetudinarians of fourscore, but hoped for health when they were married on the fortunes she would leave—to live for ever.

Satire, read by all, and praised by all on its appearance, is but short lived. It shoots follies as they fly, but follies, after being shot, die, and are soon forgotten. Who now, of the quoting hundreds, reads *Hudibras* or *Tristram Shandy*; and Colman and poor Hook, not to speak of living satirists—where will they stand in the future history of literature? Not high up, we fear. Fiction, too, that thousands read, but tens of thousands write, has very little life in it. Some innovator is always at work. Cervantes displaces the knights errant in Spain, and Scott displaces Minerva in England. The transformations are constantly in progress—to the chrysalis, the butterfly, or—the corpse. Poetry, of course, which scans the heavens and earth, and moulds all nature into one great and glorious whole, has longest life of all. It is allied to music, which we know to be eternal. But in prose, a book to live should have a very strong backbone and healthy sinews; so that when it is among future generations it may not look old and rickety. There should be nothing false about it; no stuffing or quilting; no stay-work or crutches. If it hobbles now, it will soon halt. If accidental circumstances keep it on its legs now, when they are removed it will fall flat. If, to alter the figure, it has only waxen show wings, they will melt in the sun-heat of trial, and, like Icarus, it will some day come down from its eminence with a run.

Looking to these letters of Junius and Chesterfield—which we

should have said were like each other in one respect,—viz., that neither were intended for posterity when written,—and asking which is worthiest to survive, we cannot hesitate. It is the modern fashion to judge style before sentiment, sound before sense; even our congregations criticise our manner rather than our matter; if we fall into this fashion, therefore, we must allow that for style Chesterfield cannot be compared with Junius. But then, it is his style only which keeps Junius before us. His letters would have been dead long since but for their style. He had no message for humanity, or if he had he did not deliver it; while Chesterfield has brought truths to us, and lessons, that will affect our children. Who cares now if Bedford was a knave or a fool; or if Grafton was a sensualist and a scoundrel; what is Sir William Draper to us, or Bute, or Granby? Junius's letters have done their work, though they did not do his, for he put down his pen in despair, and left the country. The abuses which he attacked are for the most part done away; and as for the Preliminary Essays, windy notes, disputes concerning authorship, (which are only worthy of Coventry,—except when a man of genius like Macaulay gives additional interest to the life of Hastings by a few conclusive paragraphs on Francis,) private common places to Wilkes and Woodfall—and those other puffs which art has bestowed upon them hitherto—these things will get dismissed ere long; the bags will be struck and burst, and the wind let loose into space. Had not the style of this Mysterious Myth been splendid, and his sarcasm unequalled, he would not have reached us at all; had he produced nothing but political fireworks, the sting of his squibs and the report of his crackers would have died away long since, and his volumes would have been deposited in our butter-shops beside those of Wilkes, or in our lumber rooms by those of B-nth-m.

But it is not so with Chesterfield. Disapproving, as we must, of much that he has written, but regretting more what he has not written, we yet see a principle of life in his letters. All those to Dayrolles and about politics, and also those two on his father's death, which have no claim whatever to be preserved, might as well have been omitted, for they will be but little read, and even *when* read but little relished. But his letters to his son, now that Lord Mahon has revised them, will be more read than ever. They should not, however, be perused by any one whose moral and religious principles are unformed. Their highest merit is, that they contain vivid pictures of life, and to those who look on them with the right light, they show how the world lies in wait to deceive. They do nothing

towards the encouragement of men to set their thoughts on things above, but they should prevent men from fixing them on things below. They do not point towards the glories of Eternity, but they tell of the emptiness of Time.

And now a new breeze blows: and we suddenly put up helm. We gladly stretch the sails, and leave the worldly-wise behind; our hearts grow glad in us as we speed on, for this new breeze is fresh, and seems to breathe of heaven. For a little while, though, waves and breakers are about us; we go painfully among them, tossing and perplexed, but we are sure that there is safety near, and so sail on.

Contemporary both with Chesterfield and Junius, yet as different from them as light from twilight, William Cowper lived sixty-nine years in the most eventful century the world had seen—without mixing in its excitements. We have hinted at some incidents in the first half of it; to do more, and compress a history of it in a short article, would need powers such as Houdin's, who can roll an orange in his hands till it is smaller than a pea. A paragraph or two will tell enough about the life of this most worthy man to bring it to remembrance; this done, we must close.

His father was one of George the Second's chaplains; his mother descended by four ways from royalty. He lost the latter parent in his sixth year, from which to his eighteenth, he passed his time like other boys, in buffeting through various schools, though physically unequal to his boisterous troubles. He, was then apprenticed to law, and became an idler, not, however, a vicious one, as is the modern fashion among law and medical students. In his bitterest moments of self-reproach, we hear nothing of saloons. He spent his time in 'giggling and making giggle' with Thurlow, the embryo chancellor. At twenty-three he was called to the bar, and among his lighter amusements fell, for the only time in his life, in love. The object of his affection, however, never became his, her father objecting on the score of his lack,—of rupees, and also of consanguinity, they being cousins, for which we esteem the old gentleman, despite of Southey. His madness has been sometimes supposed to have originated in this disappointment—it had, however, indicated itself some years before. After this time he became a semi-literary man; belonged to the Nonsense Club, translated the *Henriade*, compared Pope and Homer, and contributed to the 'Connoisseur' and 'St. James's Chronicle, till in 1763, in his thirty-second year, the most frightful disease that can seize a man, seized him. Some clerkships in the House of Lords fell vacant through deaths or resignation. They were in the

gift of a kinsman ; his monetary circumstances were bad, and this relative offered them to him. He accepted the highest, but suddenly took fright on learning that his duties would occasionally be public. He resigned the place, and took a lower one. This made a noise, for the higher situation being given to a stranger, the public naturally supposed his kinsman had sold it. An investigation was ordered, and Cowper was bid to prepare for examination at the bar of the House, touching his sufficiency for the post he had undertaken. A thunderbolt, he said, would have been as welcome as this intelligence ; for in fact he was quite ignorant of the business. ‘I knew,’ he wrote, ‘that upon these terms the clerkship of the journals was no place for me. To require my attendance at the bar of the House, that I might there publicly entitle myself to the office, was in fact to exclude me from it.’ But in the meantime his relative’s honour, and his own circumstances, urged him to an attempt. ‘Those,’ he says, ‘whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves, on any occasion, is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation ; others can have none.’ In this state of mind he attended the office regularly ; and to add to his torments, all the clerks there were against him. He could get no assistance from them ; neither, what would have been of more use, a kind or cheering word. What a paradise ! Oh, tribe of Jones and Smith, you can indeed make great minds wretched when they are compelled into companionship with you ! Here was a spirit that dwarfed your vulgar natures—could you not abstain from wounding it because it did ? Alas ! the tribe of Jones and Smith cannot refrain from taking rank *against* the great. The journal-books were thrown open to poor Cowper, but, unused to business, he could make little of them. He attended daily for months, but at the end of them was little wiser than at the beginning. Meanwhile his brain was suffering ; and as the day for his trial approached, his excitement became horrible. It at last reached such a pitch, that when his kinsman visited him the day before it was to take place, he found that he had tried four or five means to commit suicide, and had nearly succeeded in hanging himself. This discovery of course put a period to the clerk business, and he was removed to a madhouse. His madness, which he had for some time felt creeping on him, developed itself after he had attempted self-destruction ; he believed that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that God had shut the gates of heaven against him for ever. . His description of the very destruction of sanity in him is one of the most remarkable passages he has penned :—

'While I was traversing the apartment in the most horrible dismay of soul, expecting every moment that the earth would open and swallow me; my conscience scaring me, the avenger of blood pursuing me, and the city of refuge out of reach, and out of sight; a strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light on the brain without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and cried aloud through the pain it gave me. At every stroke my thoughts and expressions became more wild and indistinct; all that remained clear was the sense of sin, and the expectation of punishment.'

In short, his madness took the most hideous form—the religious one. The agonies he suffered while it lasted were too horrible for description; at the end of nineteen months, however, thanks to Dr. Cotton, his disease subsided; and though his religion was ever afterwards melancholy, it continued, with few exceptions, sound and strong. He left the asylum, but would not return to London. An invincible disgust at the world possessed him. His friends subscribed for his support; the beautiful Unwin family took him under their care, and for about ten years he lived in retirement with them, undisturbed by the dreadful malady. It then, however, returned. Whether it may fairly be attributed to his constant communications with that sincere and zealous Christian, the Rev. Mr. Newton, as many have broadly asserted that it was, or not, we think very questionable. It might be quite true, as Mr. Newton acknowledges, when writing Mr. Thornton on the subject, 'my name is up about the country for preaching people mad,' but it was also true, as he adds, 'the women live sedentary lives here, poring over their pillows ten or twelve hours a day, and breathing confined air in their crowded little rooms;' and people in such health as this overworking must engender, being ill fed also, are not likely to have very sane (or sound) minds, or bodies either. Besides, Cowper's third severe attack, which occurred fourteen years after, seized its victim when Mr. Newton resided far from him, and their communications were quite occasional. It is true, nevertheless, that Cowper's letters to Newton are in a more sombre style than those to his other friends; though this would hardly warrant the assertion that the influence of the clergyman over the mind of his friend was such as to make Cowper fear him. Indeed, we know that once, when Mr. Newton, hearing some reports from Olney of Mrs. Unwin and Cowper's connexion with the Throckmortons,—reports fabricated and circulated by some enemy,—wrote what the gentle poet described as a letter of 'wormwood' to Mrs. Unwin, in which he accused her and her charge of becoming gay and worldly. Cowper

responded with a firm spirit, and showed him that, however much he revered him as a pastor, and loved him as a friend, it was not his intention to bow before him as a priest. We do not believe that Mr. Newton ever desired to seem such a being; but believing, from the reports that reached him, that his old friends were relapsing from the strict paths of religion, he felt it his duty to warn them. On being assured that it was not so, he dropped the subject, and the correspondence resumed its wonted tone. Altogether, we consider that the stress laid on his influence over the more delicate mind of the poet, though his influence was doubtless considerable, has been far more than facts warrant.

These occasional recurrences of his disease excepted, and those few nervous feelings, which, from the want of subjects, he recorded in his letters, and of which we should not otherwise have heard,—such as his dread of spring, of the east winds, and of the full moon, together with his visits of religious despondency—the placid picture of his life had but few darkenings and shades. He had much happiness—especially after he had assumed the pen. He found no need of revisiting the world for the study of it, and his absence from the busier scenes of life gave no abstraction to his works. He had a few congenial friends who remained constant to him, and his own heart had more experience in itself than it could have got by intercourse with others. By these friends he was honoured and loved; and save for Lady Austen's little jealousies, and her final separation from his society, and young Mr. Unwin's death, he had few annoyances and no troubles from the outward world. His life, when he was sane, was peaceful and calm. The vessel had weathered the storm, and though once nearly foundering on the reef, it now lay safe, and anchored on the inner side; the winds and thunders still sometimes raged round it, but the waves and the swellings of the outside ocean were shut out for ever.

It is not our province, now, to speak of his poems. To do that we should need all our space. We should require to go back to the dawn of English poetry, and trace its course through the times when it was obscured by the clouds of Pope's school, after having shone out at its brightest with Shakespeare's and Milton's; until at last Cowper tore aside the veil which affectation had hung around it, and opened the way for its new splendour in these later years. We must be content with a few remarks on his letters—the best in our language.

It will be well to commence by noting that, in 1751, Dr. Johnson wrote thus: ‘Among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal, perhaps, always in force and

‘genius, and of late in eloquence and accuracy, to those of any other country, very few have endeavoured to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in discharge of public trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs, which, though they afford precedents to the minister and memorials to the historian, are of no use as examples of the familiar style or models of private correspondence.’ He did not remember, or perhaps admit, the claim of Richardson, whose ‘Pamela’ was then ten years of age; but after the lapse of a very short time longer, such a sentence would have been untrue, independently of him. For in the purity of Melmoth, the wit of Chesterfield, the vigour of Junius, and the simplicity, humour, and piety of Cowper, the long-winded Doctor might have found as much in letter-writing as he desired.

We have classed Cowper’s letters under the heads of simplicity, humour, and religion. They contain, indeed, all these characteristics, and more; but for the sake of order, and to economize our space, now becoming small, we shall adhere to these only, and give one or two extracts illustrating each. We are aware that the whole of the qualities named are often blended in one letter. The following, however, standing alone in one of his epistles to the Rev. W. Unwin, will serve as an especial specimen of his delightful and naive simplicity:

‘I have two goldfinches, which in the summer occupy the greenhouse. A few days since, being employed in cleaning out their cages, I placed that which I had in hand upon the table, while the other hung against the wall; *the windows and doors stood wide open*. I went to fill the fountain at the pump, and on my return was not a little surprised to find a goldfinch sitting on the top of the cage I had been cleaning, and singing to and kissing the goldfinch within. I approached him, and he discovered no fear; still nearer, and he discovered none. I advanced my hand towards him, and he took no notice of it. I seized him, and supposed I had caught a new bird; but casting my eye upon the other cage, perceived my mistake. Its inhabitant, during my absence, had contrived to find an opening where the wire had been a little bent, and made no other use of the escape it afforded him than to salute his friend, and to converse with him more intimately than he had done before. I returned him to his proper mansion, but in vain. In less than a minute he had thrust his little person through the aperture again, and again perched upon his neighbour’s cage, kissing him as at first, and singing as if transported with the fortunate adventure. I could not but respect such friendship, as for the sake of its gratification had twice declined an opportunity to be free; and consenting to their union, resolved that for the future one cage should hold them both.’



\* Of his admirable talents for humorous writing, we might say much ; we will, however, let some specimens of it speak for us.

‘On the evening of the feast, Bob Archer’s house, I suppose, affording the best room for the purpose, all the lads and lasses who felt themselves disposed to dance assembled there. Long time they danced, at least, long time they did something a little like it, when at last, the company having retired, the fiddler asked Bob for a lodging. Bob replied ‘that his beds were all full of his own family, but if he chose it, he would show him a haycock where he might sleep as sound as in any bed whatsoever.’ So forth they went together, and when they reached the place, the fiddler knocked down Bob and demanded his money. But happily for Bob, though he might be knocked down, and actually was so, yet he could not possibly be robbed, having nothing. The fiddler, therefore, having amused himself with kicking him and beating him as he lay, as long as he saw good, left him, and has never been heard of since, nor inquired after indeed, being no doubt the last man in the world whom Bob wishes to see again.’

A fire had occurred at Olney, during which some robberies had taken place. Two women and a boy were sent to the hands of justice.

‘The young gentleman who accompanied these fair ones is the junior son of Molly Boswell. He had stolen some iron work, the property of Griggs the butcher. Being convicted, he was ordered to be whipped, which operation he underwent at the cart’s tail, from the stonehouse to the high arch and back again. He seemed to show great fortitude, but it was all an imposition on the public. The beadle, who performed it, had filled his left hand with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound on the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Mr. Constable H——, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management or precaution, to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner. The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be induced to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder, till a lass of Silver End, pitying the pitiful beadle thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapped his face with a most Amazonian fury. This concatenation of events has taken up more of my paper than I intended it should, but I could not forbear to inform you how the beadle threshed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing. Mr. Teedon has been here, and is gone again. He came to thank me for some left-off clothes. In answer to our inquiries after his health, he replied that

he had a slow fever, which made him take all possible care not to inflame his blood. I admired his prudence, but in his particular instance could not very clearly discern the need of it. Pump water will not heat him much, and to speak a little in his own style, more inebriating fluids are to him, I fancy, not very attainable.'

In writing to Mr. Unwin on the subject of prosecuting a swindler—

'But I would disappoint him, and show him, that although a Christian is not to be quarrelsome, he is not to be crushed; and that, though he is a worm before God, he is not such a worm as every selfish unprincipled wretch may tread on at his pleasure.

'I lately heard a story from a lady, who has spent many years of her life in France, somewhat to the present purpose. An abbé, universally esteemed for his piety, and especially for the meekness of his manners, had yet, undesignedly, given offence to a shabby fellow in his parish. The man, concluding he might do as he liked with so gentle and forgiving a character, struck him on one cheek, and bade him turn the other. The good man did so, and when he had received the two slaps, which he thought himself bound to submit to, turned again and beat him soundly. I do not wish to see you follow the French gentleman's example, but I believe nobody that has heard the story condemns him much for the spirit he showed on the occasion.'

The tenderness of his mind was such that no object was excluded from it. Unhappy, and sometimes despairing himself, he overflowed with love and affection for others. No lapse of time could deaden his friendship; he had suffered much, and, therefore, knew to love much. Instances of this compassion are abundant; they break on the reader where he least expects them; and they seem almost like the breathings of a seraph, who forgets all selfishness as he pours out his heavenly music.

'Let me add,' he says to Mr. Bull, in one of his desponding letters, 'there is no encouragement in the Scriptures so comprehensive as to include my case, nor any consolation so effectual as to reach it. I do not relate it to you because you could not believe it; you would agree with me if you could. And yet the sin by which I am excluded from the privileges I once enjoyed you would account no sin—you would even tell me it was a duty. This is strange; you will think me mad; but I am not mad, most noble Festus; I am only in despair; and those powers of mind which I possess are only permitted to me for my amusement at some times, and to enhance my misery at others. I have not even asked a blessing on my food these ten years, nor do I expect that I shall ever ask it again. Yet I love you, and such as you, and determine to enjoy your friendship while I can; it will not be long—we must soon part for ever.'

Is not this burst of tenderness wonderfully touching, flashing like a sunbeam through the clouds and shadows of his despair?

'I have, indeed, been lately more dejected and more distressed than usual,' he says to Mr. Newton; 'more harassed by dreams in the night, and more keenly poisoned by them in the following day. . . . I now see a long winter before me, and must get through it as I can. I know the ground before I tread upon it; it is hollow—it is agitated—it suffers shocks in every direction—it is like the soil of Calabria, all whirlpool and undulation; but I must reel through it—at least, if I be not swallowed up by the way. . . . Be pleased to remember us both with much affection to Mrs. Newton, and to her and your Eliza; to Miss Catlett likewise, if she is with you. Poor Eliza droops and languishes, but in the land to which she is going she will hold up her head and droop no more. A sickness that leads the way to everlasting life is better than the health of an antediluvian. Accept our united love.'

'In the land to which she is going she will hold up her head, and droop no more.' Oh, what a tender heart was here, to pour such comfort into the hearts of parents as they sorrowed over their drooping child. To look away from the anguish sitting heavy on his own heart, and remember that his friends too had a bitter anguish to endure.

But, though he was ever tender, he was not always in despair. His despondency, at times, came heavily upon him; but he had many seasons of true religious joy. We cannot, of course, expect to find these chronicled in his letters. When a man meets with such seasons, he communes with his own heart, and is still; he does not rush to the house-top, trumpet in hand, to tell it to the world. But occasional glimpses into the depths of his belief are vouchsafed to us: among those best suited to us, in this place, are the following:

'I am not so dim-sighted, sad as my spirit is at times, but that I can see God's providence going before me in the way. Unforeseen, un hoped-for advantages have sprung up at his bidding, and a prospect, at first cloudy indeed and discouraging enough, has been continually brightening.'

'He who has preserved me hitherto will still preserve me. All the dangers that I have escaped are so many pillars of remembrance, to which I shall hereafter look back with comfort, and be able, as I well hope, to inscribe on every one of them a grateful memorial of God's singular protection of me. Mine has been a life of wonders for many years, and a life of wonders I in my heart believe it will be to the end. Wonders I have seen in the great deeps, and wonders I shall see in the paths of mercy also. This is my creed.'

'Oh!' he exclaims elsewhere, 'I could spend whole days and moonlight nights in feeding upon a lovely prospect. My eyes drink the rivers as they flow. If every human being could think for one quarter of an hour as I have done for many years, there might per-

haps be many miserable men among them, but not an unawakened one could be found from the arctic to the antarctic circle. At present, the difference between them and me is greatly to their advantage. I delight in baubles, and know them to be such, for rested in and viewed without a reference to their Author, what is the earth, what are the planets, what is the sun itself but a bauble? . . . Their eyes have never been opened to see that they are trifles; mine have been and will be, till they are closed for ever. They think a fine estate, a large conservatory, a hothouse with a West-India garden, things of consequence, visit them with pleasure, and muse upon them with ten times more. I am pleased with a frame of four lights, doubtful whether the few pines it contains will ever be worth a farthing; amuse myself with a green-house that Lord Bute's gardener could take upon his back and walk away with; and when I have paid it the accustomed visit, and watered it, and given it air, I say to myself, 'This is not mine; it is a plaything lent me for the present. I must leave it soon.'

Who would not wish to be of a mind like this? There is no passion here, nor wrangling for renown. Are we not triflers in the pleasure-grounds of Time, if we are looking *there* for our happiness—if the conservatories and the flowers are more than toys and baubles to us, which we play with, knowing we must leave them soon?

With regard to the literary character of Cowper's 'Letters,' we have little to say. Few compositions are without faults; but these are among the few. We know of no heedless commonplaces in them; no liberties taken either with his correspondents or his subjects. He wrote in perfect seriousness, even when most humorous; for it was his nature to be serious and in earnest. He did not mount stilts when he paid his written visits to his friends, neither did he amble or tumble for their amusement. He lived retired from the world, and therefore dared to be natural. The literature of these letters is not, however, their chief recommendation. Some books depend for their livelihood upon their garniture and outside show, but this does not. The garb of Cowper's thoughts was always simple without meanness, elegant without being gaudy. Their chief charm is the unaffected love for others which they breathe; the constant wish, that if their writer could not himself be happy, others might. He had a large soul, the ventage of which was worth all the laboured compositions it could compass. It was like a river, which is purest and sweetest when flowing unrestrained by dykes, and uninterrupted by locks, and waterfalls, and mills, and which bears verdure, and health, and beauty, to all things it approaches.

We would extend our extracts, but must not linger to cull

any more flowers even in this pleasant place. We will cast one look, like the Parthians, behind us, while we speed on, and then have done; we will set these three contemporaries side by side, and see what their work has been and also what it is. Junius found a corrupt ministry, a corrupt commons, and a corrupt bench. He set upon them like a wild beast. He demolished many abuses, and cleared the ground for more legitimate reforms. Like a desperate oculist, he cut deep into the thick crust which had overgrown the public eye, to let in light. He was the cause of the downfall of many tyrannies, and for this deserves applause; but, now that the tyrannies are fallen, he comes before us an example of much wrong, and for this deserves our censure. He championed the freedom of the press; but if his example were much followed, that freedom would become a curse. No man's character was safe from him; true or false, all accusations found a like currency through him. He revelled in being a terror to men, and with an assassin's exultation gloried in the engine which, while it dealt destruction, shielded him from punishment. He had his fame ever about him, though himself invisible. He sought only to touch men as mortals—he cared nothing for them as immortals. So with Chesterfield. Himself a gentleman, among an unpolished, and in some respects a rude age, he attempted to raise and reform manners. He loved the assembling of men together—he was only happy in society. He would have been *ennuyé* among sublime solitudes; his concern was to live decently, respecting, first and foremost, his neighbour's opinion of him, not his Maker's. He tried to smoothe the passage through this difficult world, but paid no heed to smoothing that more difficult passage from it to another; he also lives, in his writings, for the mortal part of us, and not for the immortal. But the gentle Cowper has done, is doing, other work than this. He knew that the planets, and the earth, and the sun, were but baubles apart from the Author of them all; and his life and all his writings tell us so. Junius and Chesterfield are guides, in some sense, to the restless and unfaithful citizenship of the world; but he is our companion and encourager to aim at the more worthy citizenship of another and a better place to dwell in.

**ART. IV. *Northern Antiquities; or, an Historical Account of the Manners, Customs, Religion, and Laws, Maritime Expeditions and Discoveries, Language and Literature of the Ancient Scandinavians; with Incidental Notes respecting our Saxon Ancestors.*** Translated from the French of M. MALLET, by BISHOP PERCY. New Edition, with a Translation of the Prose Edda, edited by J. A. BLACKWELL, Esq. London: H. S. Bohn.

M. MALLET is an accredited scholar, who in his lifetime devoted much attention to the study of northern antiquities. Bishop Percy, who in 1770 translated Mallet into English, is also well known to the learned world for his critical acumen; and his preface to the '*Antiquities*' very clearly testifies in his favour. Moreover, the present edition of the book, as it now stands with Mallet's text and Percy's strictures, is worthy of attention from the boldness of the remarks inserted by the editor, and the light which he attempts to throw on the origin of the various races of mankind, through the new-born sciences of anthropology and glossology.

This subject, however, of the origin of races, which involves the question of the unity of mankind, is still so far bent with difficulty, and the sciences alluded to are at present so far imperfect, that it behoves us to receive with caution the deductions attempted to be drawn from them. We are, nevertheless, indebted to them in various ways; for much has been done by their means to correct and systematize our old knowledge of the subjects of which they treat, and many new and important facts have thus been collected, as a foundation for further inquiry. It is not our intention to give anything like an exposition of these sciences; we shall content ourselves with a simple definition of their functions, and refer those who are curious in this kind of scholarship to the editor's remarks on Bishop Percy's preface, with other and more trustworthy sources of information. Anthropology, then,

'Shows the organic distinction that constitutes the varieties of the human species; inquires how these varieties have originated; whether they be reducible to one common type, or to several distinct types; strives to trace the affinities that connect them, and form a systematic classification of the various races that have hitherto appeared on the face of the globe. Glossology, on the other hand, investigates the construction and affinities of the various languages spoken by mankind, from the earliest that have left any vestiges of their existence down to those of the present day; assumes that a certain number may be regarded as primitive, from which all the others are derived; points

out clearly this derivation, and then strives to connect the primitive languages themselves by tracing any philological affinities that may exist between them, with a view both of co-ordinating them into a systematic arrangement, and of ascertaining whether they have all sprang from a common source, from a primordial tongue, or constitute a number of glottic groups totally unconnected.'

Such, then, are the functions of the sciences included under the general name of ethnology; and we can scarcely over-rate their importance as studies bearing on the investigation of the origin and dispersion of the human race. As believers in the divine origin of the Hebrew Scriptures, we have no fear for the issue of ethnological research. It is, indeed, a singular and notable fact, that all the modern phenomena of science which, when they were first announced, startled the watchmen of the Christian world by their strange and foreign aspect, and by their apparent antagonism to the statements of Scripture, have invariably confirmed, in their subsequent unfoldings, the authority and integrity of the sacred record. It must be confessed, however, that independently of revelation, this question as to the origin of the races is still fairly open to inquisition from the scholar, and that, in all probability, it will long so remain.

For, supposing the ultimate triumph of ethnologists when they shall have arranged and classified every branch of the human family under its generic head—supposing their establishment of distinct races and distinct linguistic families, with their physiological and psychological agreements and differences, this triumph, however splendid it might be as a scientific achievement, would by no means settle the question against the unity of the species. To effect this, it would be necessary to prove that each so-called primordial tongue, under which the different branches of the kindred linguistic families are arranged, were really and truly such, aboriginal and underived; and that the physical and mental characteristics which mark these various families were *inborn*, and natural to them, originally and exclusively as distinct races. The impossibility of bringing this proof before the court of Critical Assize must always, in our opinion, be sufficient to cause a suspension of judgment upon the question at issue. No doubt there are various tongues which must be regarded as the parent source of linguistic families, and that some of these have little affinity with each other; but who shall say that there was no original affinity between them? or that they were not the offspring of a common primordial tongue? This grand difficulty would still be left to perplex and confound the opponents of the scriptural account as to the origin of man. Besides, is not the difference between some of the

Indo-European languages, the Sanskrit and the Celtic, for example, (considering that these belong to the same tribe,) as striking as that which exists between the Teutonic and Semitic families, which are said to possess no further analogy than 'all forms of human speech must necessarily possess'?

It is as difficult to account for the linguistic differences between members of the same glott, or family, as for those between them and others with whom they have no linguistic relationship. To conclude, therefore, from any known ethnological premises, that there were originally as many Adams as we now find tongues and types of men, or anything like it, would be to expose ethnology to contempt with all intelligent persons.

It was an old opinion adopted by Cluverius, and diffused throughout Europe in the later writings of Keysler and Pelloutier, that the ancient Gauls and Germans, Britons and Saxons, were originally one and the same people, confounding, as Bishop Percy remarks, the antiquities of the Gothic and Celtic nations. The Celts and Sarmatians, according to them, were the two aboriginal races of Europe; the latter being the 'ancestors of the Slavonic tribes—viz., 'the Poles, Russians, Bohemians, &c.,' and the former those of the Gauls, of Germany, Scandinavia, Britain, and Spain, and these opinions were supported by quotations from the ancient Greek and Roman writers, and by etymologies of the names of persons, places, &c. Both the hypothesis, and the reasoning upon which it is attempted to be established, in the instance of these writers, are dismissed, as we think, in a very conclusive manner by the learned Bishop, who afterwards enters into an elaborate dissertation on the various languages, manners, customs, and religion of the European nations, and classifying them under the separate heads of Teutonic and Celtic, affirms that there is not the slightest resemblance between these great families in any respect. The revelations of glossological science, however, show the Bishop to have been wrong in this statement; for although there is no longer any question about the Celtic and Teutonic languages 'forming two distinct linguistic families,' yet they are proved to be 'remotely cognate,' and to flow from one common source.' For the convenience of our readers, we present them with the following classification of the Teutonic and Celtic languages. **TEUTONIC.**—*Germanic branch*: German, Low German, Dutch, Frisic, English: *Scandinavian branch*: Icelandic, Færæic, (language of the Færøe islanders,) Norwegian, Swedish, Danish. **CELTIC.**—*Gaelic branch*: Erse, spoken in Ireland, Gaelic, in the Highlands, Maiks, in the Isle of Man. *Kymric branch*: Welsh, Armorican, (Breyzad,) spoken in Bas-



Bretagne. This arrangement of the languages of Europe may contribute to render the meaning of Teutonic and Celtic more distinct, and will serve to indicate the distinction of the races.

The following passage, respecting the origin of the Celts and Teutons, will complete the extracts we shall make on this subject:

‘From the high lands of Central Asia, races of men seem to have been propelled, like waves, one after another, from the remotest period, comparatively speaking, down to the present time, and we may take for granted that the Celtic race preceded the Slavonic, and the latter the Teutonic; for we find at the earliest periods in which even conjectural reasoning can safely ascend, that the Celts occupied the greater part of western and south-western Europe, the northern and north-eastern parts being in possession of the Tshuds—a race belonging to the Arctic variety of the human species—and the south-eastern parts, comprising the present countries of Turkey in Europe, Greece, and southern Italy, peopled by various tribes whose origin it is impossible to ascertain. Amongst these were the Thracians and Pelasgi—or we should perhaps rather say the Thracians *or* Pelasgi—for whether these people were of the same race, and whether this was a mixed or a pure race, &c., it is impossible to decide. All that can be said with any degree of historical certainty is, that the people, who at a somewhat later period spoke the Greek language, were a mixed race, and those we find established in ancient Latium, and speaking the Latin language, a race still more mixed. But as these languages have the greatest affinity with Sanskrit, it is evident that the mixed races in question, which we have denominated the Hellenic and Romanic, were chiefly composed of tribes from Central Asia, and the former, as well as the latter, may probably have had for its nucleus a Thracian or Pelasgian tribe, which by amalgamating with Semitic (Phœnician) and other tribes, formed the Hellenic, and with Celtic and various Italic tribes of an unknown origin, the Romanic race. At a still later period, the Slavonic and Teutonic races entered Europe. The Slavonians, after driving the Tschuds farther north, occupying the parts now known under the names of Russia, Poland, Hungary, Bohemia, &c., and the whole of North Germany. The hardy Teutons drove Tshuds, Slavonians and Celts before them; the Scandinavian branch of this race expelling the Tshuds from the southern parts of Sweden and Norway, and the Germanic branch conquering and amalgamating with the Slavonic tribes settled in Germany, traces of this fusion being still perceptible in the dark eyes and hair, and comparatively darker complexions of several of the northern Germans.’

In this passage will be found the germs of European history, and the variety of the races and languages of the Continent is accounted for historically. It is stated, as a remarkable fact, by the editor of the ‘Antiquities,’ (p. 42,) and transcribed by us as worthy of further ethnological investigation, that one branch

or other of these closely related linguistic families—viz., the Hindostanic, Iranic, Hellenic, Romanic, and Teutonic—has from the beginning of human society, ruled, in a great measure, the fortunes of the world. And it is further corroborative of this striking fact, that at the dismemberment of the Roman empire, the hardy Teutons—

‘Issued from the forests of Germania, and after a long period of desolation and slaughter, regenerated the Romanized nations of Europe, by infusing into them, along with their Teutonic blood, a portion of that spirit of personal independence which appears to be the peculiar characteristic of the Teutonic race. The meridional European nations were thus blended into a mixed Teuto-Romano-Celtic race, speaking various languages derived from the Latin, which, as the language of superior intellectual development, had predominated over the unpolished idioms of the barbarous Teutons and Celts. Since this eventful epoch, one or other of the nations belonging either to this mixed race, or to the pure Teutonic race located in Germany, Holland, England, and Scandinavia, has swayed, singly or conjointly, with a cognate nation, the destinies of mankind.’—p. 44.

It is sufficiently attested, that long before the date of our common era, a people called Cimbri inhabited the peninsula of Denmark, and no doubt spread over the neighbouring islands, and colonized Sweden and Norway. But whether they were the original inhabitants, and whether they were a Celtic or a Gothic people, are questions upon which the learned are at issue. We are inclined to think, notwithstanding the authority of some ancient and modern authors, and especially of Appian, who calls them *Cimbri Celts*, that they were a Gothic or German people. It is, at all events, certain that the Roman and other historians, who record the irruption of these rude tribes into the Roman empire in the time of Marius, (one hundred and eleven years before Christ,) call them a branch of the Germans; and it is well known that the word *Cimbri*, or *Cimber*, is derived from a German root, signifying warlike. It is probable that they were not a pure, but a mixed race. The first historical account we have of them is the irruption just alluded to; and from that time, to the arrival of Odin in the year seventy, before Christ, there is no record of their history; and even this era of Odin must be regarded for the most part as a fabulous or mythic event.

An entire chapter in the book before us is devoted to an examination of the historical existence of Odin, his supposed arrival in the north, and the changes which he is said to have effected there.

The subsequent pages embrace a period of deep interest to

the student of history. They carry us back to the old men and times of the north, during those long ages of Pagan darkness which intervened between the alleged conquest of Sweden by Odih, and the conversion of Scandinavia to the religion of the Cross. The religion and religious ceremonies, the maritime expeditions, ancient government, literature, customs, and manners of the people, are set forth in a lucid and graphic style, and are well worthy of a careful reading. For nearly a thousand years after the Christian era, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Iceland, which constituted the chief countries of Scandinavia, were separated from the rest of Europe by their religion, laws, customs, and government; and whilst Christianity was establishing its civilizations in the east, and in the remote lands and islands of the west, Odinism had already triumphed in the north, producing its wild myths, and perpetuating its gigantic rudeness. It would be impossible to imagine a contrast more strongly marked than that which existed between Christianity and Odinism, not only in the essential attributes of these religions, but in their developments and historic results. This contrast shows to what an extent the sacred idea, or the religion of a nation, operates in fashioning the national character.

Religion, and the traditions to which it gives rise, are often far safer guides in inquiries as to the origin and affinities of races than the dry facts of science. In its religion, we have the real spirit of the past, speaking from its silences to the future. The historical period of Scandinavian history we date from the time of Odin, in the century before the commencement of the Christian era. Concerning the religion of Europeans in the remote and fabulous ages preceding the appearance of that hero, we are not left wholly without knowledge, although the accounts which the classical writers of antiquity have given us upon this subject are, on the whole, vague and unsatisfactory. The Greek and Roman authors, for example, who regarded as barbarians all the people that lay beyond the pale of their civilization, had in general a very imperfect knowledge of the aborigines of Europe, with whom indeed, for many ages, they had no intercourse, and of whose very language they were ignorant. It was not until a comparatively modern period, that the European nations were known to those classic historians; and although the Phœnicians, hundreds of years before the Christian era, had not only discovered the western coast and islands of Europe, but, according to some authorities, carried on an extensive traffic with the ancient Britons in tin and copper, monopolizing all the marts of the Mediterranean in

this metallic merchandize, for a period of nearly six hundred years; and although the Greeks, discovering afterwards the source from whence the Phœnicians derived these commodities, sent their own merchants thither to import them direct into Greece—still they troubled themselves little further about the inhabitants, and had at the best an imperfect acquaintance with their institutions and worship. It was the physical condition of the island which mainly attracted the attention of these polished traders; and of this they spoke with the old Greek enthusiasm, calling it—according to Sammes, in his ‘Antiquities of Ancient Britain, derived from the Phœnicians’—the ‘Land of Ceres.’ The other parts of Europe, and especially the north—‘The Forge of Mankind’—lay, during those ages, in impenetrable obscurity; and it was not until about the dawn of the Christian era, that any true light was thrown upon their history.

By comparing, however, the accounts which various Greek and Roman writers—from Cæsar, Cicero, and Tacitus, to Strabo, Plutarch, and Diogenes Laertius—have given of such records of the primitive religion of Europe, as existed in their day, we shall not fail to discover, amidst its various manifestations and defacements, the indubitable marks of that common primeval revelation, which was preserved by the patriarchs in times and regions much more remote.

Tacitus informs us that the glottic tribes comprehended under the German branch of the great Teutonic family, believed in the existence of a Supreme God, ruler of the universe, to whom all things were submissive and obedient. The ancient Icelanders, a Scandinavian branch of the same family, who were originally, as we shall show hereafter, a colony of Norwegians, and preserved the old faith of their forefathers, in their sacred traditions and sagas, believed in the same God, whom they regarded as the Author of everything that existed; the eternal, the ancient, the living and awful Being; the Searcher into concealed things; the Being that never changeth. They represented him, likewise, as a God of infinite power, boundless knowledge, and incorruptible justice; and recognised him as the primal life and motion of the universe. The same antique and sublime faith lay at the bottom of the Celtic religion in the west of Europe. The priests, indeed, of these primitive ages, seem not only to have been a secret order, possessed of the lore of an ancient and forgotten world, but to have kept up a sort of fellowship among themselves, and to have made each other the depositaries of their science and discoveries. This, at all events, appears to have been the case between the priests of Britain and those of Gaul. The Cimbric tribes of Britain,

Whom Herodotus includes under the general style of *Kenneyte*, were not only the freest of all the European nations of which we have any record, from superstition and idolatry, but were likewise the best governed, and probably the wisest of them all. They had their sternly-adjusted system of instruction for the bards; who sang the deeds of their warriors, preserved all their traditions and histories, in oral verses (*oral*, at least until a late period of their history); exhorted the people to virtue, peace, order, and chastity; administered the laws, and were the physicians, as well as the secular and religious teachers of the nation. Cæsar tells us that the education of a bard was not complete until he had studied twenty years; and it is well known to those who are acquainted with the Druidical records, that the Druids of Gaul sent their candidates for the priesthood to be educated in Britain; and long after the religion of Gaul had fallen into a kind of magical superstition, and had sacrificed its hecatombs of human beings to appease the wrath of their dead, traditional god, a comparatively pure religion prevailed in Britain.

There is abundant proof that these European nations believed in a future state of rewards and punishments as awaiting the good and evil. At what time this primitive religion became corrupted, there are no means of determining. It is certain that in their latest history, they degenerated into polytheism, and had their gods representing the thunder and lightning, the storm, hail, winds, forests, and rivers. It is worthy of remark, however, that underneath their fantastic inventions, lay the indestructible idea of a supreme god, who was the sovereign and controller of the rest.

In the 'Critical Examination of the Leading Doctrines of the Scandinavian System of Mythology,' the editor of the publication before us says—'We will not enter into the question whether the so-called primitive religion of mankind was monotheism or polytheism, such questions merely giving rise to idle speculations that cannot possibly lead to any satisfactory result. For,' he asks, 'how can we ascertain the primitive worship of mankind, without knowing how mankind originated?' From this statement we must suppose that, in the esteem of the writer, the authority of the Pentateuch, even as a document of history, is valueless. Mr. Bohn—will it not behove you to look after the matter you cater for the purchasers of your cheap wares? Those who believe their Bibles can have no doubt as to the origin or primitive religion of our race. The editor refers, indeed, to the Vedas of the Bramins, and to the Zendavasta of the Persians, as containing various

accounts on these topics ; but the religion of both these nations was one of great comparative purity, and their sacred books point to a period long anterior to the civilization with which these books themselves are connected, wherein men are described as holding intelligent communion with their Måker. The Indians, as well as the Egyptians and the Persians, reached their highest state of culture at a very early age in the world's history ; and from them were diffused all over the east and west those more spiritual ideas which afterwards blossomed in the religion and philosophy of Greece and Rome, and which so largely influence our literature and thinking at the present day. And although we do not by any means intend to assert that the entire people of the east were, at this early time, guided by the high truths which pervaded the Indian and Persian religions, yet it is probable that they preserved far more of the old revelation at first given to man than their most ancient records after their migrations into Europe present to us.

But that their religion after these migrations, when they had settled into a kind of semi-barbarous societies, was, as we have said, the remnant of a primeval revelation, there could be little question, even if there were no other foundation for this belief than the records already cited. We are not left, however, entirely to the classic writers in this matter ; but have original sources of information of which they were ignorant. These sources are the '*Myfyrrian Archaiology*,' as the translator, Owen Jones, has called the Triads of the ancient Britons. We are quite aware of the extravagance of the pretensions that have been founded on documents of this nature by our British and Irish antiquarians. Nevertheless, it is to us very clear that these antique sayings contain the religious ideas of the whole Cimbric tribes. These tribes, likewise, came from the east, and the Celts and Teutons are known to be remotely allied. The question is, therefore, whether we shall not, through these Triads of the ancient Britons, get an insight also into the *primitive religion of Europe* ? We have no records of this religion, except of the sorts we have cited ; but we have tolerably full records of the ancient religion of Britain, and by an examination of these something may be gained in our present investigation. . The detached position of the Britons rendered them less liable to invasion and conquest than the nations occupying the countries of the continent ; and we may, therefore, reasonably expect to find not only a purer race, but a purer preservation of the old traditions and worship in Britain, than among any other European people.

The Triads thus point to a time in the history of the race

When the head of each family was the ruler and spiritual teacher of all who were dependent on him. These persons were collectively denominated *Gwyddon*, or wise men, religious teachers, for religion and wisdom were, in very early times, synonymous terms, as appears in the Book of Job, and still later in the Psalms of David. The faith of the people had respect to the existence of one supreme being; and it is remarkable that they represented him under a variety of names, which indicate that they had themselves descended from an old and meditative people. Thus he is called the Good, the Distributor, the Governor, the Mysterious One, the Eternal, He that pervadeth all Things, the Author of Existence, the Ancient of Days. There is, indeed, evidence enough to show that the priests of the ancient Britons were of a subtle and metaphysical cast of mind, and that they had pondered the great questions of matter and spirit, of morals, and of divine government. Their 'Theological Triads' contain many true and beautiful affirmations. They sometimes remind us of the old Hindoo philosophy, which represents God as the only reality, and the external universe as mere form and phantasm. The *fundamental* resemblance, indeed, between the Druidical religion, and that of various Eastern nations, is such as clearly to attest their common origin. Take the following as a sample of these ancient sayings—these utterances from an age certainly far more remote than the origin of Christianity.

'There are three primary unities, and more than one of each cannot exist: one God, one Truth, and one point of Liberty; and this is where all opposites equiponderate.

'Three things of which God necessarily consists: the greatest Life, the greatest Knowledge, and the greatest Power; and of which is greatest there can be no more than *one* of anything.

'Three things it is impossible God should not be: whatever perfect goodness should be; whatever perfect goodness would desire to be; and whatever perfect goodness is able to perform.

'Three things evince what God has done and will do: infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite love; for there is nothing which these attributes want of power or will to perform.

'Three things it is impossible God should not perform: what is most beneficial; what is most wanted; what is most beautiful in all things.

'Three things that none but God can do: to endure the eternities of the cycle of infinity; to participate in every state of existence without changing; and to reform and renovate everything without causing the loss of it.

'Three causes that have produced rational beings: Divine Love, possessed of perfect knowledge; Divine Wisdom, knowing all possible means; and Divine Power, possessed of the joint will of Divine Love and Divine Wisdom.'

Such fragments seem to warrant the conclusion that a common and comparatively pure faith was long and widely retained among men after the Deluge; although it may have been, and undoubtedly was, much purer in some nations than in others.

The general theological belief of the Druids is thus summed up by the Welsh antiquarian, William Owen; and in these views he is, we think, borne out by the Triads:

‘God is benevolence in all his laws of nature; for he has so ordained, that the arrival of every being at a state of bliss, is by all possible means accelerated. Thus, the vortex of universal warfare, in which the whole creation is involved, contributes to forward the victim of its rage to a higher state of existence. Even the malignancy of man is rendered subservient to the general and ultimate end of Divine Providence, which is to bring all things to happiness and perfection.’

The Druids, as is well known, taught the doctrine of transmigration; which gives to their creed identity with that of ancient India, Egypt, and Persia. So far as the ancient Druids were concerned, however, this state of transmigration was not regarded as the final condition of the human soul, (and in this respect, as well as in other important matters connected with the doctrine, they agree with the Brahmins,) but as a kind of purgatorial state, through which both the good and the bad must pass before they reach their final destiny. They said: ‘That rewards and punishments are so secured by the eternal laws of creation, that they take place necessarily and unavoidably:’ a truth of great depth. Every good man, they added, will preserve his liberty in the hereafter life, and exercise it in the benignities of love; and with a wisdom and insight which, as in the earlier Sanscrit literature, point strongly towards the remote influence of Divine revelation, they declared, ‘That love is the principle which rules everything in those states of existence which are above humanity.’

With respect to their religious ceremonies and observances, they set apart one day in seven as a Sabbath, as a season sacred to the ‘silence of religious adoration.’ And this division of time into weeks of seven days—into six days for labour, and *one* for rest, or worship, is remarkable. For, as Mr. James, in his ‘Patriarchal Religion of Europe,’ observes:

‘No reason can be assigned for this division, except that time had been so measured from the creation of the world. It is not ascribable to any law in nature, like that of the month, which depends on the revolution of the moon; or that of the year, which depends on the revolution of the earth; but is evidently founded in the appoint-



ment of the seventh day, as a day of rest. And as the first week of the creation had eight nights, which properly belonged to it;—the eternal night of darkness which preceded the first day, and the night of the seventh, which followed it—the Ancient Britons called their week, as do their descendants at this day in the Principality—*Wyth-nos*, eight nights; and their fortnight, *Py-thew-nos*, fifteen nights. This,' continues Mr. James, 'is a remarkable circumstance, and shows how closely the aborigines of Britain adhered to the customs that had been handed down to them by Noah and his sons.'

The 'triads of progression' state that there are three kinds of possession belonging to every man which must not be shared with another—'a wife, children, and property.' Such maxims indicate that the moral code of the Britons was not lower than their religious doctrines; and Tacitus informs us that the Germans, and other European nations—comprehended by him under the name of Scythians—held views very similar to these, in the ante-historical period of which we are now speaking. He compared the Roman manners with the manners of these barbarian nations, as he called them, and by this means, with that force of sarcasm in which he was so great a master, tried to shame the Romans out of their licentiousness. The old Scandinavian laws were likewise stringent in the highest degree upon marriage, although the Icelanders had, in the ninth century, outlived the spirit of them, and were as dissolute as the Romans before the fall of the Commonwealth.

It is an old error, which has passed current in history and tradition, on the authority of Cæsar's Commentaries, that the Druids sacrificed human victims to their 'gods.' But it should be remembered that the Druids were not polytheists, and as one part of this statement is certainly false, the remainder becomes doubtful. They did not believe in 'gods,' but in one supreme god. We have no authority in their *own records*, nor is there any law in their Triads, to justify such a belief concerning them. In the laws of Dynwal Moelmud—who is supposed to have lived five hundred years before the Christian era—in the 20th Triad it is said: 'There are three ways in which correction by the loss of life may be inflicted: decapitation, hanging, and burning; the lord of the territory shall declare which of these shall be inflicted.' There is no allusion in any of the Triads, to human sacrifices as an offering to the Supreme Being. It is evident, however, from the Triad we have just quoted, that criminals could be burned, when they had forfeited their lives to the state, as Joshua burned Achan, and as a man, according to the Levitical law, who took a mother and a daughter to wife, was burned *with* the mother and

daughter. The custom was Oriental, and has no necessary relation to sacrifice.

We have been thus minute in this inquiry, because it gives us intimations of the religion of a people at an era not greatly removed from the vulgar era of the Deluge. It may be taken as some counterbalance to the gross materialism of the present Editor of the 'Northern Antiquities.' In spite of the universal testimony of the classic writers, as to the primitive worship of Europe, the said Editor avows his belief that all nations were originally *polytheists*. The primal dignity of man as the image of his Maker is lost by this theory; and man himself is degraded into a savage, who according as he belonged to one or other of the five families that have successively swayed the destinies of the world—that is, according to the physical conformation, and perhaps also his cerebral development—had more or less chance of emerging from barbarism. Man, it seems, has not fallen *from* his heritage but is rising *to* it—that is, should he chance to possess the fortunate qualifications! And yet it is singular enough, that savage nations themselves have a dim remembrance of an elder religion, an Eastern ancestry, and of a higher condition of existence; and in some cases—those of the North American Indians and the Mexicans, for example—there are remarkable remnants of Eastern customs, traditions, thinkings, and monumental inscriptions. We account this evidence sufficient to warrant the conclusion that all these various and widely-scattered peoples, had a common country and origin; and the universal voice of tradition and history points to central Asia as the seat of the old fathers of the world.

We have already spoken of the difficulties which ethnological science is supposed to present to the idea of the simple origin of our race, set forth by the Editor of this volume. But without attempting any formal discussion of this abstruse topic, we may say that this difficulty does not seem to us very formidable.

In the early period of man's history, amongst the prodigious physical revolutions of that period, there may have been special causes in operation, which, during the lapse of ages, effected the most striking changes, as between the Caucasian race, for example, and the Hottentots of the Cape. We know how easy it is in our own days for men to sink into brutality when they are abandoned to their passions and vices. And there are physiological considerations, weighty enough in our estimation, to enforce the belief that a race of such men, perpetuated through hundreds of years, would not only degenerate deeper and deeper into barbarism, but that by disease and its

‘accompanying deformities it would lose even the type of its origin. The highest type of man is confessed by all physiologists to be the Caucasian; and there seems to be evidence enough to warrant the supposition that the Caucasian was the original primary race; and as we have said before, that the other varieties of the human family are but degenerate branches of this great parent stock. From the observations of M. Serres upon the animal transmigrations of the human brain, it appears that this wonderful and complex organ not only passes in its progressive stages of development through those states which are permanent in the fish, reptile, and mammalia, but ‘successively represents the characters with which it is found in the Negro, ‘Malay, American, and Mongolian nations,’ before it arrives to the ‘perfect brain of the Caucasian.’

It is well known, likewise, that Nature always asserts the superiority of the Caucasian man in his intermarriages with the coloured tribes; the white blood of the Saxon washes out the taint of the negro, or Indian blood, in three generations. The physical fall of man seems to us, therefore, quite as certain as his moral fall, although the limits of this paper prevent us from substantiating the fact by further proofs.

We have, however, so far exceeded our intended limits, that we shall not be able to follow out our original design with respect to these ‘Northern Antiquities.’ If our readers agree with us so far, they can hardly fail to account these relations of the primitive religion of northern Europe, and especially of the Britons, as curious and important. We confess, for our own part, that no similar religious records of any people have interested us so much (if we except those contained in the Bhagavat Geeta of the Indians) as these Druidical Triads, nor furnished us with so much matter for reflection. Let us now inquire, as briefly as possible, in what respects the elder religion of the Druids in the extreme west, differs from the more modern one of the Scandinavians in the extreme north of this quarter of the globe.

And here it will be necessary to say, that the early religion of the Scandinavians, which was at first monotheistic, and inculcated, like that of all the Teutonic nations, a belief in future rewards and punishments, degenerated in later times into a strange and wild system of polytheism. It is to this latter form of the old Norse religion that we have now to direct our attention, and of which we have to give an analysis.

It is remarkable that Iceland—a small island of ice and fire in the Northern Ocean—was the originator of all the literature of Scandinavia. This literature may be divided into three great

branches—viz., the Eddaic, which is the highest and most ancient of all, including the poem of the ‘Voluspa,’ wherein the mythology of Scandinavia is set forth; the Skaldic, which is of a similar character to the minstrel effusions of the middle ages, describing great events, and celebrating the deeds of warriors and chiefs; and the Saga literature, which records the public and private doings, the feuds and trading transactions of the inhabitants. It is with the religious portion of this literature—viz., the prose ‘Edda,’ that we have to concern ourselves at present; not, however, to criticise it as a work of art, but to draw from it the religious meaning hidden under the mythic events and personages which it describes.

The ‘Edda’ itself is attributed to Snorri Starlason, an Icelandic, who lived in the latter part of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century. It is founded upon the Voluspa, and was probably written in the narrative form long before the time of Snorri, who seems, indeed, merely to have collected and arranged the chapters, as Veias did those of the Indian Vedas. It is instructive to observe how the original and simple belief in the existence of one supreme being had degenerated, giving place at length to such a fantastic mythology as that exhibited in the pages of the ‘Edda.’ It would be interesting to inquire how far the country and climate, the everlasting ice and snow, the mountains and forests, with their bold, grim aspects, and the strange, unearthly sounds and shadows that haunted the glens and ravines, operated in exciting the imaginations of the people and bringing about this change in their religious faith. In such wild and frozen countries, the character of the inhabitants must be, for the most part, a reflection of the savage hardihood of nature. Hence we find the Scandinavians partaking of all these characteristics of their country. Their religion is purely sensuous; their chief gods the embodiment of the idea of force and power; their Valhalla, or heaven, is a huge tavern, where the faithful followers of Odin, who have been slain gloriously in battle, drink for ever of the mead which drops from the teats of the she-goat Heidran.

Odin is represented as the chief God, (‘Allfather,’) and his son Thor as the second. The former is the originator and preserver of all things; the latter a monstrous giant, symbolical of war, who, in his good-humoured moments—and there is always *humour* in his sternest and fiercest deeds—is no bad companion. The entire mythology of the Scandinavians is symbolical of the elements and powers of nature. Astronomical meanings look out of it, we fancy, here and there; and traditions

of the creation, of a good and evil spirit, of the final conflagration of the universe, and its resurrection to a more glorious life, as well as the doctrine of rewards and punishments. All these are set forth in a highly figurative manner in the mythological 'Edda.' The *Ragnarok*, or burning up of all the worlds, is one of the most wonderful and graphic picturings to be found in literature; as gigantic in its machinery as anything in Homer or Hesiod, and quite as grand and powerful in its delineation.

According to the 'Edda,' there were twelve gods and goddesses, to whom divine worship was due. The most powerful, however, were always those who were most adored, as in the instance of Njord, god of the winds and waves.

'Baldur,' says M. Mallet, 'was another son of Odin—wise, eloquent, and endowed with such great majesty, that his very glances were bright and shining. Tyr, who must be distinguished from Thor, was also a warrior deity, and the protector of champions and brave men. Bragi presided over eloquence and poetry. His wife, named Iduna, had the care of certain apples, which the gods tasted when they found themselves grow old, and which had the power of instantly restoring them to youth. Heimdall was their porter. The gods had made a bridge between heaven and earth; this bridge is the rainbow. Heimdall was employed to watch at one of the extremities of this bridge, for fear the giants should make use of it to get into heaven. It was a difficult matter to surprise him, for the gods had given him the faculty of sleeping more lightly than a bird, and of discovering objects, by day or night, farther than the distance of a hundred leagues. He had also an ear so fine that he could hear the very grass grow in the meadows, and the wool on the backs of the sheep. He carried in the one hand a sword, and in the other a trumpet, the sound of which could be heard through all the worlds. . . . I ought to bestow a word upon Loki, whom the ancient Scandinavians seem to have regarded as their evil principle, and whom, notwithstanding, they ranked among the gods.

'The Edda calls him 'The calumniator of the gods,' the grand contriver of deceit and frauds, the reproach of gods and men. He is beautiful in his figure, but his mind is evil, and his inclination inconstant. Nobody renders him divine honours. He surpasses all mortals in the arts of perfidy and craft. He has had many children, besides three monsters, who owe their birth to him—the wolf Fenrir, the Midgard serpent, and Hela, or Death. All three are enemies to the gods, who after various struggles have chained this wolf till the last day, when he shall break loose and rush against them. The serpent has been cast into the sea, where he shall remain until he is conquered by the god Thor. Hela, or Death, has been banished into the lower regions, where she has the government of nine worlds, into which she distributes those who are sent to her. We find here and there in the Edda several other strokes concerning Loki, his stratagems

against the gods, their resentment, and the vengeance they took of him when he was seized and shut up in a cavern, formed of three keen-edged stones, where he rages with such violence that he causes all the earthquakes that happen. He will remain there captive, adds the same mythology, till the end of the ages; but then he shall be slain by Heimdall, the doorkeeper of the gods.'—p. 96.

Then follows an account of the Valkyrior, or Virgins that wait upon the departed heroes, in the halls of Valhalla—

'Odin also employs them to choose in battles those who are to perish, and to make the victory incline to whatever side he pleases. The court of the gods is ordinarily kept under a great ash-tree, and there they distribute justice. This ash is the greatest of all trees (symbolic of universal nature); its branches cover the surface of the earth; its top reaches to the highest heaven; it is supported by three vast roots, one of which extends to the ninth world. An eagle, whose piercing eye discovers all things, perches upon its branches. A squirrel is continually running up and down it to bring news, while a parcel of serpents, fastened to the trunk, endeavour to destroy him. From under one of the roots runs a fountain, wherein wisdom lies concealed. From a neighbouring spring (the fountain of past things) three virgins are continually drawing a precious water, with which they water the ash-tree. This water keeps up the beauty of its foliage, and after having refreshed its leaves, falls back again to the earth, where it forms the dew of which the bees make their honey. These three virgins always keep under the ash; and it is they who dispense the days and ages of men. Every man hath a destiny apportioned to himself who determines the duration and events of his life. But the three destinies of more especial note are Urd (the Past), Verdandi (the Present), and Skuld (the Future).'

Such is a brief summary of the myths and symbols of this religion, as developed in the prose Edda. Fatalism lies at the bottom of it, and although it contains glimpses of deep insight, it must be regarded, on the whole, as the crude attempt of a people, making their way through a state of barbarism towards a state of civilization, to solve the problem of the universe. We find in it none of those moral teachings and metaphysical speculations which characterize the Druidical Triads. It is full of wild, bold, and gigantic figures and impersonations; full of a kind of vitality and robust health; but it is objective and material, it does not touch the highest hopes, nor allude to the highest empires of humanity, but is altogether a frozen religion, stained with the most sensuous colours of poetry. There is a great contrast between it and Druidism. In the latter, peace is the greatest blessing of society; in the former, war. The one offers beautiful virgins and a whole 'Mediterranean Sea of brewis,' to the brave departed; the other insists on purity and the practice of

all moral virtues and graces, before any one can attain to that lofty spiritual condition which unites the creature to the Creator. Fatalism, as we said, is the foundation of the first, and free-will of the last. Both acknowledge the existence of Providence; but the former attributed every over-ruling influence to its 'lords many' and 'gods many;' the latter, to the supreme power alone. Both had similar ideas of hell, as a place of punishment, and both seem to agree that the punishment is limited and not eternal. The Scandinavians had a tradition of the creation and the deluge, the ancient Britons of the deluge alone. The *Things*, or courts of judicature of the former, were similar to those of the latter; both were held in the open air, and both within the circle of a doom-ring, made of upright stones. Both had local district courts, and one national court; the latter was held in retired places on immense plains; that of the Scandinavians, which they called All Thing, on a volcanic platform north of the lake Reykjavik; and that of the Britons on Salisbury Plain. And it is singular enough that the *Logberg*, or law mount, of the one, corresponds to the *Carreg Lafar*, or speaking stone, of the other. Trial by jury, or an institute nearly resembling it, was likewise common to both peoples, and both enacted laws punishing those who should unsheathe their swords in the legal assemblies. The priests always opened these courts with sacrifices, in the presence of the lords of the districts, the people standing outside the sacred circle. A certain portion of land, also, was allotted to the free born among the Scandinavians and the Britons alike. Both worshipped in groves and had temples of stones; both slew their victims at the foot of the altar, drew auguries from their entrails, and finally buried their remains within the sacred precincts.

We might extend this parallel much further, if the space were at our disposal. We think there is proof enough shown that both these nations derived their customs and traditions from a common source, and that both of them had an eastern origin, although they differ so materially in many important particulars. We have already alluded to the traditions of the deluge which are found amongst them both. The best Welsh antiquarians agree in the opinion that the *Cromlech* is symbolical of the ark. Let us now look at the Scandinavian tradition of the Deluge as it is recorded in the *Voluspa*—

'In the day-spring of the ages, there was neither sea, nor shore, nor refreshing breezes. There was neither earth below nor heaven above to be distinguished. The whole was only one vast abyss, without herb and without seeds. The sun had then no palace; the stars knew not their dwelling-places; the moon was ignorant of her power. . . .

Then there was a luminous, burning, flaming world towards the south; and another, nebulous and dark, towards the north. From the latter world flowed out incessantly into the abyss that lay between the two, torrents of venom, which, in proportion as they removed far away from their source, congealed in their falling into the abyss, and so filled it with scum and ice. Thus was the abyss, by little and little, filled quite full; but there remained within it a light immovable air, and thence exhaled icy vapours. Then a warm breath coming from the south melted those vapours, and formed of them living drops, whence was born the giant Ymir. It is reported that whilst he slept, an extraordinary sweat under his armpits produced a male and female, whence is sprung the race of the giants—a race evil and corrupt, as well as Ymir their author. Another race was brought forth, which formed alliances with that of the giant Ymir; this was called the family of Bor, so named from the second of that family, who was the father of Odin. The sons of Bor slew the giant Ymir, and the blood ran from his wounds in such abundance, that it caused a general inundation, wherein perished all the giants, except only one, who, saving himself in a bark, escaped with all his family. Then a new world was formed. The sons of Bor, or the gods, dragged the body of the giant in the abyss, and of it made the earth; the sea and rivers were composed of his blood, the earth of his flesh, the great mountains of his bones, the rocks of his teeth, and of splinters of his broken bones. They made of his skull the vault of heaven, which is supported by four dwarfs, named North, South, East, and West. They fixed there tapers to enlighten it, and assigned to other fires certain spaces which they were to run through—some of them in heaven, others under heaven. The days were distinguished, and the years were numbered. They made the earth round, and surrounded it with the deep ocean, upon the outward banks of which they placed the giants. One day, as the sons of Bor, or the gods, were taking a walk, they found two pieces of wood floating upon the water; these they took, and out of them made a man and woman. The eldest of the gods gave them life and souls; the second, motion and knowledge; the third, the gift of speech, hearing, and sight, to which he added beauty and raiment. From this man and this woman, named Ask and Embla, is descended the race of men who are permitted to inhabit the earth.'

We are aware that this brief incursion into the shadowy domains of the remote past has been, somewhat like that past, loose and irregular, but there is a large class of our readers to whom it will not, perhaps, be the less acceptable on that account.



**ART. V.** *Coningsby ; or, the New Generation.* By B. D'ISRAELI, Esq., M.P. Fifth Edition. London, 1849.

CONINGSBY has reached a fifth edition, and its author has *almost* achieved the ambition of his life, and secured his position as the leader of a party and a place in the Cabinet.

Is it the disgrace of our literature, or the disgrace of our Parliament, that the only man who has risen into political eminence through literary ability is that clever, sarcastic, extravagant, reckless, disrespectful and disrespected person who formerly styled himself D'Israeli the Younger? In France, men point with some degree of pride to a Guizot, a Thiers, a Lamartine, a Villemain—not to mention numerous lesser names—as men in whom the aristocracy of intelligence has achieved its due political recognition. In England we must be content to point to the author of ‘Coningsby’—a fact which the present writer contents himself with stating, leaving to others the task of moralizing on it.

There is, we believe, a point of view from which D'Israeli's career may be examined with considerable interest. As a man of letters or as a statesman, he has small if any intrinsic value ; but the combination is curious, and his success is a lesson. His position in the political world is analogous to his position in the literary world, with this enormous difference—that in the House of Commons he is in competition with a set of men for the most part greatly his inferiors in ability, and hampered by all sorts of routininary prejudices ; whereas in the world of literature he has rivals in the Past and in the Present, and is deficient in every quality which could sustain that rivalry with effect. The genesis of a statesman from an author is, however, here rendered doubly piquant as a subject of study, no less from his deficiencies than from the serious defects in our political world which his success implies.

As an author, in spite of a certain notoriety and undeniable talents, his value is null. He has written books, and these books have been immensely successful ; but they have no place in our literature—they are indubitable failures or fleeting ephemerides. He has taken many leaps, but has gained no footing. He has written a quarto epic ; he has written a tragedy ; he has written novels, pamphlets, and a political treatise on the Constitution ; but all these works are as dead as the last week's newspaper. The most insignificant niche in the temple is denied them. If anybody looks at them, it is not on

their account, but on his account. The noise they made has passed away like the vacuous enthusiasm of after-dinner friendships. They have achieved notoriety for their author, oblivion for themselves. Let him write a novel, and 'all the world' will read it, quote it, laugh over it, talk about it; and among its hundreds of readers not one will have felt his heart stirred, his soul expanded, his experience deepened, his hopes exalted, his moral nature strengthened, or his taste refined; for not one single passage will have gone direct to any serious purpose. Personalities, sarcasms, and the piquancy of political scandal, will create a 'sensation;' but other qualities are needed to create a work. 'Coningsby' may reach a fifth edition, but 'Coningsby' has no place in our literature, for it has no enduring qualities. Place Mrs. Gore's or Mrs. Trollope's name upon the title page, and the factitious value of the book vanishes at once. Looked at calmly, what is all this display of wit and cleverness which glitters through the many novels of the author of 'Vivian Grey'? what is all their oriental gorgeousness of diction, their ambitious rhythm, sonorous with weighty words, which elsewhere have meanings in them? Verbiage—nothing else. There is no heart pulsing beneath that eloquence; there is no earnest soul looking through those grand words. It is all a show 'got up' for the occasion; and the showman, having no belief in his marionnettes, you have no belief in them. The bitter satirist of Grecian infidelity—Lucian—makes Timon the Misanthropist tell Jupiter that all the godlike epithets with which the poets dignify him, are not the utterances of reverent belief but the necessities of rhythm, not what their souls pour forth, but what the halting verse requires—*τότε γὰρ αὐτοῖς πολύννημος γινόμενος ὑπερείδεις τὸ πίπτον τοῦ μέτρου, καὶ ἀναπληροῖς τὸ κεχρηγὸς τοῦ ῥυθμοῦ*. Just the same lip-worship of great principles covering practical disregard of all principles, do we meet with in D'Israeli's writings. This renders them null. He writes solely for effect, and no man who writes for effect can be permanently effective.

Earnestness always commands respect. No qualities will compensate for its absence. Without it, nothing can be done well, nothing can gain the tribute of mankind. Believe in a lie, and if you *believe* it you will be respected; but repeat a Gospel truth, if you only repeat it, and pretend to believe in it, no honest man will open his heart to you. For we all feel that in this life it is not the *rightness* but the *uprightness* of our views which distinguishes the honest man. *Humanum est errare*.

Now, in D'Israeli's works, we note as a decided characteristic the absence of all earnestness—a want of truthfulness. There

is no gratitude in our admiration. An invincible feeling of distrust poisons our enjoyment. Knowing nothing of the author, you nevertheless pronounce him to be a charlatan, and one who has not even the grace to believe in his own charlatanerie. This it is which has damaged Benjamin D'Israeli; this feeling accompanies us in our estimate of him as a public man, and makes us all regard him as an adventurer in politics, no less than as an acrobat in literature. This and only this. Many persons suppose that it was his sudden conversion from radicalism to toryism which made his public career equivocal. But other men have changed, and yet survived the suspicion excited by the change. There is nothing really equivocal in a change of party; it may be very sudden and perfectly honest, and the world, which loves fair play and tolerably well discriminates honesty of purpose, is willing enough to credit such things. Moreover, in D'Israeli's case, we believe there never was a change, for he never was a radical. All that can fairly be brought against him is, that he allowed himself to be mistaken for a radical; allowed the false appearance of his enmity to the Whigs to be interpreted as radicalism. The dandy adventurer, Vivian Grey, never was or could have been a radical. He would if he could have entered Parliament through the radical interest, for he wanted a seat, and was unscrupulous *how* he attained it. Burning with the desire of political distinction, and firmly convinced that he had only to take his seat, to astonish Europe with his eloquence, all means were good which secured so great an end. There was a want of straightforwardness in this; but political morality is not *collet monté*, and he might easily have lived that down, if his whole career, the whole tone of his mind, had not confirmed the impression. That impression indelibly is, that D'Israeli is an adventurer. It is not very easy to define the varied minutiae which go to form the impression which men make upon us; but we may, perhaps, convey our meaning by an illustration.

We all know what is meant by the 'look of a gentleman;' yet who shall define it? The man before us is far from handsome, nothing less than graceful, and is dressed so as to drive tailors to despair; yet he impresses every one, high and low, with the indisputable fact that he is a 'gentleman.' Compare such a man with one of those 'striking' specimens of modern society, who, with radiant waistcoat, resplendent jewellery, and well-oiled whiskers, lounges through the public promenades 'the observed of all observers;' *him* you do not mistake for a gentleman. The waistcoat may be of the newest fashion, the jewellery genuine, and the whiskers perfectly oiled; nevertheless,

the impression created is not, perhaps, one of great sympathy and respect.

There are minds of analogous contrast. Some there are which, even in their negligence and awkwardness, have still this 'look of a gentleman.' They produce works, sinning, it may be, against the rules of the craft—heavy, digressive, pedantic, perhaps, or feebly vivacious—works which act but slightly as levers towards helping the world forwards, and yet they impress you as being the products of manly, truthful minds; preferring to be dull rather than to be false; if they cannot be brilliant, not choosing to be flashy. There are others of the opposite kind; minds without grace or dignity in their splendour, without heartiness in their mirth, without charm in their familiarity. These produce works of beggarly magnificence, in which the jewelled ring sparkles on a dirty finger; here glitter is mistaken for light, paradox and mysticism for philosophy, rant for passion, sarcasm for humour. As a critic you cannot but admit the brilliancy of the glitter, the cleverness of the paradox, or the pungency of the sarcasm; but what is the sum total of the impression made upon you? do you sympathize with or greatly respect those works? No: they may amuse you, they may arrest you for a moment, but they want the substantial excellence of truth.

D'Israeli's mind has not this indefinable something which we have been trying to describe. He has not the 'look of a gentleman.' His talents fail to win respect. His coxcombry is without grace; his seriousness without conviction. He has an active fancy, surprising command of language, no inconsiderable knowledge, especially of history, powers of massing facts into a symmetrical appearance of generalization, and a keen sense of the ludicrous and humbug in others; he is a shrewd observer of men and things, but he has neither the eye to see nor the soul to comprehend anything much below the surface. There is little depth in him of any kind—thought or feeling. Hence the want of vitality in all he does. He cannot paint, for he cannot grasp a character; his sole power in that line consists in hitting off the obtrusive peculiarities, the juttings out of an individuality. In his books you meet with nothing noble, nothing generous, nothing tender, nothing impassioned. His passion is mere sensuality, as his eloquence is mere diction; the splendour of words, not the lustre of thoughts. Imagination, in the large and noble sense, he has none, for his sensibility is sustained by no warmth. Humour he has none, for humour is deep.

It is something to say for him that he has realized the ideal

of his youth. By dint of indomitable perseverance and confidence in himself, unshaken by failure, he has trodden with considerable success the path which his imagination sketched. He early conceived the idea of a political adventurer rising into eminence through literary ability, and leading a party by means of dashing rhetoric and polished sarcasms. Vivian Grey was the hero of his youthful soul; the ideal to attain which his life has been given. What a hero, and what an ideal! If there is anything in his career which touches us with a feeling of pitiful sadness, it is to think that here was a young man, richly gifted, who at a time when, if ever, the soul is stung with resistless longings for high and noble things; at a time when, if ever, the soul is caressed by dreams which, even in their extravagance, have the redeeming grace of purity, and that exaltation which the love of the True and Noble inspires; at a time when conceptions err in their unworldliness, and our ideals are only extravagant because *above* the exigences of practical life; at such a time this man forms no other ideal of human nature, than that of a clever, sarcastic, unscrupulous adventurer, using men as tools wherewith to construct the miserable edifice of his notoriety! *That*, we say, is a sadder spectacle than any subsequent part of his career. If this be the youthful ideal, what will be the worked-out manhood? There is a problem for the moralist to solve; with Vivian Grey as an ideal, how may a man work out this life of ours?

We return to our old position, and say that it is the absence of earnestness which lies at the root of all D'Israeli's failures, positive and comparative, and which has destroyed the impression his talents would otherwise have made. People talk much of his coxcombry and conceit; but his conceit, though colossal, is injurious to him, not through its greatness, but through its want of basis. It is not because he has an *over* estimate of himself, but because he has an entirely *false* estimate. We believe, that without intense self-confidence no man would achieve greatness. It seems clear that all great men, from Shakspeare to Napoleon, were perfectly aware of their superiority, and could speak of it at times with unhesitating laudation. It is also true that very small men have fancied and proclaimed themselves to be Shakspeares and Napoleons. In the one case, we accept even a boast as the indication of conscious power; in the other, we laugh at the strange hallucination of fatuity. The origin of our laughter is in the recognition of the discrepancy between the pretensions and the performance; the origin of the hallucination is in the confusion of a *desire* for distinction with the *power* of distinguishing oneself. When a

man judges himself with some degree of accuracy, we allow him to use a liberal measure; we admit his *over* estimate of himself as natural, inevitable. But we are pitiless towards every *false* estimate he makes of himself. Now D'Israeli is in this case. His notion of his own powers is not simply inordinate, it is preposterous. He lives in an eternal Fool's Paradise. One great weakness of his—the inability of so adjusting the focus of mental vision as to distinguish the real proportions of things—arises, we believe, from his fundamental deficiency, the want of truthfulness. He cannot appreciate the truth. He neither rightly sees what is within him, nor what is around him. He fancies that the world can be made plastic to his wishes; that he has only to wish to do something great, and to do it. To write epics, to revive a fallen drama, to rule states—these may be accomplished *at once*, and by a mere exertion of the will to do it! This is laughably shown in his early attempts. An inhabitant of Bedlam never had less misgivings respecting his right to the throne of England, than D'Israeli had to his power of assuming the position of *the* great English poet. No one remembers, because no one ever read, his 'Revolutionary Epick;' but many remember with a smile, the magniloquence of its Preface. He who has laughed so much at others, has there afforded a more than equivalent return; he has never made others half so ridiculous by his satire, as he has made himself by his seriousness.

Open this epic: it is worth the trouble. The very title-page of this quarto volume has such an exquisite disregard of the 'eternal fitness of things'—such a compound of puppyism and pomposity, that it deserves a place among the facetiæ of literature:—

THE REVOLUTIONARY EPICK.

THE WORK OF

D'ISRAELI THE YOUNGER.

No wonder it was received with a shout of derision; especially when the Preface heralded the poem in this magnificent style:—

- 'It was on the plains of Troy that I first conceived the idea of this work. Wandering over that illustrious scene, surrounded by the tombs of heroes and by the confluence of poetic streams, my musing thoughts clustered round the memory of that immortal song to which all creeds and countries alike respond, which has vanquished Chance and defies Time.

'Deeming myself, perchance too rashly, in that excited hour, a Poet, I cursed the destiny that had placed me in an age that boasted of being antipoetical. And while my Fancy thus struggled with my Reason,

*it flashed across my mind like the lightning which was then playing over Ida*, that in those great poems which rise the pyramids of poetic art, amid the falling and the fading splendour of less creations, the Poet hath ever embodied the spirit of his Time. Thus the most heroic incident of an heroic age produced in the 'Iliad' an Heroic Epick; thus the consolidation of the most superb of Empires produced in the *Æneid* a Political Epick; the revival of Learning and the birth of vernacular genius presented us in the Divine Comedy with a National Epick; and the Reformation and its consequences called from the rapt Lyre of Milton a Religious Epick;

'And the spirit of my Time, shall it alone be uncelebrated?'

This home-thrust of a question has all the force of an epigram. What! shall Greece boast of a Homer, Rome of a Virgil, Italy of a Dante, and shall England, in her nineteenth century, big with events more glorious than any by-gone era, be uncelebrated while D'Israeli the Younger lives, who can embody the spirit of his Time? The age, indeed, is unpoetical—as all ages are to unpoetical minds; but the spirit of the Time demands embodiment, and when the lightning plays round Mount Ida, and a D'Israeli the Younger is watching it, something considerable *must* result.

'*Standing upon Asia*,' continues the inspired rhapsodist, '*and gazing upon Europe*, with the broad Hellespont alone between us, and the Shadow of Night descending on the mountains, these mighty continents appeared to me as it were the Rival Principles of Government that at present contend for the mastery of the world. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'is the Revolution of France a less important event than the siege of Troy? Is Napoleon a less interesting character than Achilles?'

'*For me remains the Revolutionary Epick!*'

It was quite supererogatory to read a dozen lines of a poem thus prefaced; the man whose taste and judgment could have written, printed, and corrected proofs of such prose as that without any misgivings as to its exquisite absurdity, was assuredly the last man to write a poem of any worth whatever, much less a poem which was to rank beside Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton. Accordingly, this 'Dardanian reverie,' as he styles it, which proposed to 'teach wisdom both to monarchs and multitudes,' was received by the ungrateful age which it was to render illustrious, with such contempt and derision, that the poet broke his lyre, and forbore to sing again. It is, indeed, a pitiable performance; it is worthy of its Preface! Convinced that there was but little chance of his taking his place as the epic poet of his age, he made one gallant dash at the dramatic laurel wreath, feeling himself called upon to 'revive English tragedy.' 'Count Alarcos' is many degrees better

than the 'Revolutionary Epick,' because less fatuous and presumptuous; but it is in nowise better than the hundreds of unreadable, unactable tragedies which fatigue the press every season, as if to demonstrate the dearth of our dramatic genius. The preface to 'Alarcos' is also in better taste, though there are reminiscences of the old puppyism, as when he tells us:

'Years have flown away since, rambling in the sierras of Andalusia, beneath the clear light of a Spanish moon, and freshened by the sea-breeze that had wandered up a river from the coast, I first listened to the chaunt of that terrible tale, (the ballad of 'Alarcos.') It seemed to me rife with all the materials of the tragic drama; and I planned, as I rode along, the scenes and characters of which it appeared to me susceptible.

'That was the season of life, when the heart is quick with emotion and the brain with creative fire; when the eye is haunted with beautiful sights and the ear with sweet sounds; when we live in reveries of magnificent performance, and the future seems only a perennial flow of poetic invention—[the season in which we write 'Vivian Greys!']

'Dreams of fantastic youth! Amid the stern realities of existence, I have unexpectedly achieved a long lost purpose.'

All this was very unpromising in a dramatic poet; and again an ungrateful age refused to be delighted. D'Israeli does the age the justice, however, of saying that it is 'full of poetry, for it is full of passion.' Indeed, the common cry about the time being unpoetical, is only the cry of incapacity, and forces one to remember Gibbon's strange assertion, that the age of history was past—an assertion uttered on the eve of the French Revolution!

These two attempts are, we believe, the only attempts D'Israeli has made to win for himself a name amongst our poets; they are evidences of that want of self-knowledge, and of due estimate of his powers, which meet us at every turn in his career. The man who could so easily delude himself into the idea that he was a Homer might very easily persuade himself he was a Pericles, or, at the least, a Canning. And as he thought to reach the heights of Parnassus at one bound, and make himself immortal without toil, so did he fancy that he had only to get a seat in Parliament to sway with his impassioned oratory the destinies of the nation. He had always hankered after political distinction. During the political excitement of the Reform agitation, he was wandering over the plains of Troy, watching the lightning playing over Ida, standing upon Asia, and gazing upon Europe, and being looked down upon by forty centuries from the heights of the pyramids. But he came back in 1832, prepared to astonish Europe as a poet and



a statesman. The want of the age was a Great Man, and lo! from the Pyramids came D'Israeli the Younger. Historians will note with surprise that his return did not perceptibly affect the funds.

Readers would not read the 'Revolutionary Epick,' constituents would not elect the great statesman. He was forced to bide his time. Novels, pamphlets, and newspaper squabbles, kept him before the public. At last, he did secure a seat. Now, assuredly, Europe will be astonished; now, if ever, the house will shake. The great orator has taken his seat. The Tories have their Orlando; a tottering cause has its Mirabeau. He rose, he spoke, and the house *did* shake—but it was with laughter. The failure was as signal as that of his 'Epick;' and from a similar cause. The utter want of discrimination which prevented his seeing the mistake he committed in his poetic grandiloquence, prevented him from estimating aright the means by which an audience could be moved. He meant to be eloquent, and was ludicrous; his ornate periods only made men titter; instead of being warned, he proceeded in the same strain, until the laughter was so uproarious, that, breaking through all the courtesies which usually surround a maiden speech, it forced him to sit down, uttering an energetic prophecy, that the time would come when they should listen to him! We remember one passage which created great mirth at the time: he was alluding to Mr. Hudson's having gone to Rome, to bring back Sir Robert Peel, and that simple matter was spoken of as 'when the *hurried Hudson swept into the chambers of the Vatican.*' This was the 'Revolutionary Epick' over again.

He has fulfilled his prophecy, however: they *have* listened to him, and now they listen to few men with more attention. He has learned to adapt himself to the tastes and temper of the house. He indulges in little of that oriental magnificence of style which amused them before. He knows his power lies in sarcasm, and he is sarcastic. Homer has broken his lyre, and changed places with Thersites. People yawn or sneer when he begins to unroll the panorama of his political philosophy; but they brighten up when they see by the twinkle of his eye that he is preparing one of his 'hits.'

D'Israeli conceives himself to be a man of genius; in truth he is only the *prospectus of a genius*. He has magnificent plans, but he writes prefaces instead of books. All the promise which allures in a prospectus arrests attention in him; but he does not perform what he promises. He has aspiration, but no inspiration; ambition, but no creative power. In his poems, in his novels, and in his speeches you see that he means something

great, but has not the force to originate it. If epics could spring up out of the mere desire to embody the spirit of the time, then would he be the great national poet; if grandiloquence were eloquence, then would he stir the hearts of thousands and 'teach-wisdom to monarchs and to multitudes.' So if statesmanship were only the perception of the incapacity of others, and the recognition of the necessity for a statesman to have large and distinct views, then would he be the 'Coming Man' whose advent he proclaims. But it is not so. Prospectuses will not do the work of books. They may serve to gull a list of subscribers and gain a fleeting notoriety: that is the utmost they can do. They have done that for D'Israeli.

We before remarked that his position in literature was analogous to his position in politics, modified by the enormous difference of the arena, and his combatants in that arena. Now in literature this prospectus-brilliance counts for really very little; accordingly those works in which he has trusted to his intrinsic value have been lamentable failures. No one would accept his 'Revolutionary Epick;' no one would act his 'Alarcos.' The prose run mad of 'Alroy' was too extravagant even for the Minerva press. The philosophico-poetico-'psychological Romance' of 'Contarini Fleming' was unendurable to men and boys. 'Henrietta Temple' and 'Venetia' could not stand even beside Mrs. Gore and Mr. James. We all saw what was *meant* in these works; but we also saw what was *done*. 'Vivian Grey' and the 'Young Duke' amused by their portraits of public men, and by a certain dashing coxcomby and vivacity. 'Coningsby,' 'Sybil,' and 'Tancred' were political manifestoes spiced with personalities, and had the facile success such things achieve. But if you look into any of these works you will be struck with their utter worthlessness, which no cleverness of the author can disguise. They are adroitly 'got up' for effect; but they remain prospectuses. Examine them, and you will see a complete absence of all sterling excellence. They are written with astonishing command of language, and yet the style is ungrammatical, inelegant, inaccurate. In descriptions splendid words are made to stand for distinct pictures. In characterization the mere outside is presented: insight into character, analysis of motives, the dynamic operation of passions, are not to be met with. The development of a plot is unattempted. Sketchy chapters changing from discussion to satire, from idle dialogues to grandiloquent rhapsodies, fill up the three volumes through which they have hurried the reader.

Whoever is at all conversant with our lighter literature will

understand how, with the majority of readers, this prospectus-prodigality succeeds for a time. People see a sketch of social life, and accept it as true. They see the author means to be eloquent and witty, and they take the will for the deed. They see he means to be profound and sagacious, and they believe in him. Who stops to think during a hand gallop through three volumes? It all *looks* very brilliant, and very solid. Whether it be gilt or gold, troubles them not. It is only readers of another class who see through the pretension.

In politics is it otherwise? Is he not the prospectus of a statesman? He sees clearly enough the necessity for ideas, and pretends to have them, though he has only the idea that there *ought* to be ideas. This is something; nay, in opposition, it is considerable. Owing to the state of political knowledge, any man who only *seems* to have ideas has power. There are two classes of politicians. One accepts the traditional policy handed down by predecessors, 'the wisdom of our ancestors,' or the policy painfully shaped out by the irresistible progress of events. These are men without political ideas, working upon established formulas. They cannot, even in theory, construct a policy which shall in any way embrace the life of a nation; but shroud their incapacity under delusive metaphors, such as—'The institutions of a country must *grow*:' as if, because a man must grow, his career must also be one, not of *intelligent action*, but of derived *vegetation*. The aphorism may be set aside by a continuation of the metaphor: if they must grow, they must also decay, and thus the 'wisdom of our ancestors' becomes the decrepitude of our times! These men, the best of them, seem incapable of looking beyond the step they are to take next. Instead of viewing political life as a whole, they read only pages of history, and propose *measures* in place of comprehensive schemes. They are not leaders, but subalterns; the captains, not the generals of the army. Take, as a striking example, our present ruler, and our present terrible problem—Lord John Russell and Ireland. The Whig minister over and over again declares that Ireland *cannot* be treated by any scheme, but only by measures from time to time applicable to the occasion. This is a confession of incapacity. Specific application is the philosophy of quacks: general treatment, the practice of physicians. Lord John is a man who has read history, written history, and lived history; but he has not understood history. He can pick out authorities and precedents, and apply them with admirable ingenuity, but with what effect? He will quote a passage from Burke to settle a question of our day, not discriminating between eternal principles

and the transient plans and incidents of an age. Burke is a great writer, and his page is luminous; but there has been a *context* added to it since the French Revolution, which *strangely* alters its significance. Quote Burke by all means: but to overlook the context! . . .

There is another class, which looks upon history as the life of a nation, which regards polity as the dynamics of national progression, which takes into view the action of one nation upon another, and which, *inducting* the future, attempts to construct large schemes that are national in their scope, and historic in their basis. This class is small in numbers—at least, in the House—and D'Israeli is of them. But here also he is only a prospectus. He is aware of the necessity for such views, but has himself only figments. Realities are reflected in a mirage to him. If ever he attempted to execute his prospectus, he would doubtless make a failure as egregious as the 'Revolutionary Epick.' Meanwhile, he has this much of strength—he does see beyond *Bills*. His prospectus is not humdrum. As an antagonist to the humdrum spirit, he is decidedly powerful; but we have no desire to see him placed in a position where he may experiment. His great notion of reviving a paternal aristocracy, with a cherished peasantry dancing round Maypoles—this Young-Englandism, about which so much discussion and pleasantry arose, to be forgotten so quickly—was pretty enough as a white-waistcoat philosophy to adorn novels and historic fancies, but as a political idea, it partook of D'Israeli's besetting sin, the fantastic. It was worse than an anachronism. It overlooked, as D'Israeli is apt to overlook, the influence of surrounding conditions.

He reasons with his imagination. Thus also in his interpretation of Venetian polity, which is ingenious, and quite in the spirit of Venetian history and its most characteristic statesmen, even back to Dandolo, we see the same oversight of determining influences. Content with grouping and classifying the facts of history, assigning to each group or class its *function*, he neglects to inquire into its origin. He does not see how the strict aristocracy of Venice was aided by the lackland condition of its nobles, the absence of primogeniture, and other things which repaid the proud nobles for merging the individual in the class: a condition that could scarcely exist beyond the Lagoons.

Fanciful or sound, he has larger views of statesmanship than the vast majority of the Commons, and this gives him a position of superiority. It is the bitterest sarcasm on the House and its efficiency, that D'Israeli should have succeeded more by

its viciousness than by his own powers. For no one will deny that he owes his success partly to this semblance of statesmanship, but principally to his satirical recklessness and pungency. He has always been attacking somebody, but Peel was the antagonist who elevated him. He began by a tilt against the Whigs in general, but he showed more animus than power. He attacked O'Connell, but was scornfully told by the arch-agitator that he was descended from the *impenitent* thief who died upon the cross—an elegance of invective in which O'Connell alone could indulge. But his attack on Peel was so timed as to raise him into instant importance.

Let us glance at his political history. After his splendid failure as an orator, he saw that the House was not to be swayed by picturesque sentences, and set himself to work at a specific object. He paid great attention to foreign affairs, to which his disposition to view things in broad masses naturally inclined him, and at this period he bestowed great pains on displaying a minute knowledge of social and personal matters abroad. It was manifest that he was aiming at a diplomatic appointment of some sort. It is generally understood that he applied to Peel for official employment, which was refused. Peel was not the man to tolerate what he probably considered as the aping emptiness of D'Israeli; but in his refusal he turned a very useful ally into a formidable, because bitter enemy. It is but right to state that D'Israeli in one of his attacks, asserted that he had never made any application to Peel for official employment; and this assertion Peel left uncontradicted. This would seem to be conclusive, were it not known that Peel can, if he choose, preserve unbroken silence against any amount of temptation or exasperation; so that the general impression still is that the cause of the sudden rupture was this refusal. But whatever the motive, the attacks upon Peel were exquisitely relished by the House, and those who despised the assailant cheered him on, for some of them disliked the minister, and all enjoyed seeing him baited. There is an ignoble tendency in the mass of men, which causes them to rejoice at every degradation of one who has proved himself their superior; and whoever panders to this tendency is sure of a disgraceful success. Hence the success of 'slashing' articles. The 'Quarterly Review' owed its prodigious influence to its reckless disregard of all the decencies of honour coupled with the high religious and moral tone which it assumed. In the great 'Rigby' days, it was a moot point whether a political adversary were better crushed by the accusation of atheistical principles, or of having pimples on his

face; and no logic seemed so conclusive as that which, insinuating that a man lived unhappily with his wife, or that a woman wore a wig, proved triumphantly that a poem must be worthless, and that an argument was false. This evil has happily cured itself. We have revolted against such literature as worthy only of the kennel. Those critics are shamed into silence. But the coarse, ungenerous feeling which permitted such an evil, is not extinct. We still love to see a man baited, as our forefathers loved to bait a bear. The astonishing effect of D'Israeli's attacks on Peel sprang from this feeling. Not that he ever outraged the sense of decency. We will do him the justice to say that his sarcasm was exquisitely polished: there was no virulence, no coarseness, no Billingsgate. The point of his sarcasm, like the sting of the wasp, was never seen, never suspected, till the writhings of the victim betrayed its presence.

It is still a question whether this quarrel has not been unfortunate for both. It certainly damaged Peel; it assuredly damaged D'Israeli. Had Peel been less supercilious, had he managed himself so as to have overcome his personal distaste for the author of 'Coningsby,' he might have attached a valuable partisan. Had D'Israeli been to him what he was to Lord George Bentinck, he would have facilitated and adorned with gaiety Peel's course. His own brilliant qualities would have shone with increased splendour attached to the solidity of Peel; and might have been as the gilding on the long enduring walls of some fine cathedral, instead of being thrown away upon some transitory pageant. This is one view; but there is another. Perhaps the quarrel gave D'Israeli an eminence which he never could otherwise have attained. It is the adventurer's old trick, that of attacking an eminent man, who is feared and hated by a powerful body; and the fact that D'Israeli's position was enormously increased by his assault on Peel, is beyond a question.

For one thing it threw him into the protectionist party; which he had never heartily espoused before. Free Trade became an entity when Peel adopted it; and because Peel adopted it, D'Israeli attacked it. Left to himself, he doubtless would have taken the enlightened Conservative view of Free Trade. But he had to reconcile his own tendencies that way with his antagonism to Peel, and his mode of doing it was adroit. Free Trade, he said, was the policy of the Tories as paternal rulers of the people—those great families who had always cared more for the humble, the poor, &c., than Whigs or middle-class Liberals ever did. Peel was a deserter from the Tories to the hard-hearted Liberals of Manchester—those cotton lords who

are supercilious without being magnanimous. Therefore, Peel was not the man who had the *right* to decree Free Trade. He was doing it badly, inopportunist, and ineffectively; and therefore his proposition was altogether bad, dishonest, unwarranted, and untimely.

The Protectionists are a compact band brought out by Peel's Free Trade policy, which they refused to follow. But, though compact, the band is feeble. For what do the Rutlands, Richmonds, Buckinghams, and their followers count? Really for very little. The party wants *men*. They have Lord Ashley, but he has more honesty than ability, and George Smyth, who has more ability than honesty; Augustus Stafford, well informed, adroit, witty, but deficient in weight, and power of sustained thought—a drawing-room statesman of the smartest and most agreeable gentlemanly kind—but more brilliant over a dessert table than in the house; Lord George Bentinck is gone; Lord Yarborough, who has grown feebler since his elevation to the peerage; Herries, and a few superannuated officials, protectionists by habit; Stanley alone remains to be named—an overrated man, but a man of power. In such a party D'Israeli really is a man of mark and likelihood. His effective powers of sarcasm, his statesmanlike sense of the necessity for large views, his historical knowledge, and his power of massing details, give him a strength which, though derivable rather from the weakness of his colleagues than from any positive greatness of his own, does nevertheless mark him out for a minister, if Stanley should come in.

Vivian Grey a minister! That would be a sight to make the most frivolous ponder; but it is a sight which we may not improbably see. Why not? Do not the Jews rule the world? Is not the unmixed Caucasian race entitled to rule it? Sidonia will demonstrate to you that the Jews are the greatest and grandest specimens of the human race, and, by prescriptive right divine, must and will rule it.

‘Do you think that the quiet, humdrum persecution of a decorous representative of an English university can crush those who have successively baffled the Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzar, Rome, and the feudal ages? The fact is, you cannot destroy a pure race of the Caucasian organization. It is a physiological fact, a simple law of nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian Kings, Roman Emperors, and Christian Inquisitors. No penal laws, no physical tortures, can effect that a superior race should be absorbed in an inferior, or be destroyed by it. The mixed persecuting races disappear; the pure persecuted race remains. And at this moment, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries, of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their

laws, which you still obey; of their literature, with which your minds are saturated; but of the living Hebrew intellect.

' You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe, is organized and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolize the professional chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same University, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic Professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German Student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place—a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet. But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten in Berlin alone.

' I told you just now that I was going up to town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of State were on the carpet. Otherwise, I never interfere. I hear of peace, of war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure, then I know that monarchs are serious. A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now, there has been no friendship between the Court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connexions which have generally supplied it, and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, have not been very agreeable to the Czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish Minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuevo Christiano, a Jew of Arragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris to consult the President of the French Council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of Hosts?

' 'And is Soult a Hebrew?

' 'Yes, and others of the French Marshals, and the most famous; Massena, for example; his real name was Manasseh: but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some Northern power should be applied to in a friendly and mediative



'capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the President of the Council made an application to the Prussian Minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages to what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes.'

"You startle, and deeply interest me."

"You must study physiology, my dear child. Pure races of Caucasus may be persecuted, but they cannot be despised, except by the brutal ignorance of some mongrel breed, that brandishes fagots and howls extermination, but is itself exterminated without persecution by that irresistible law of nature which is fatal to curs."

"But I come also from Caucasus," said Coningsby.

"Verily; and thank your Creator for such a destiny: and your race is sufficiently pure. You come from the shores of the Northern Sea, land of the blue eye, and the golden hair, and the frank brow; 'tis a famous breed, with whom we Arabs have contended long; from whom we have much suffered; but these Goths, and Saxons, and Normans, were doubtless great men."

"But so favoured by Nature, why has not your race produced great poets, great orators, great writers?"

"Favoured by Nature and by Nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel; they are our Olynthians, our Philippians. Favoured by Nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by Nature, we have been persecuted by Man. After a thousand struggles; after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled; deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage, have never excelled; we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which, every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon, and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maïmonides? and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza."

"But the passionate and creative genius, that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it; that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence, has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have

preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of Music; that science of harmonious sounds, which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past, though, were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children, under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield; Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your 'muscadins' of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel.

This *plaidoyer* in favour of his race, and, by implication, in favour of his own pretensions to be minister, has excited so much laughter, not on account of its shallowness as a theory of races, as of its amusing personal pretension. Of this we are assured, that if the Jewish race is the finest in the world, Vivian Grey is a poor specimen of his race; and if Europe is to be governed by Jews, we would rather see another specimen governing England. For although we will say in his favour that he would not govern us upon those *parish principles* which assume that 'Bills' are the things needful, we confess that such is our invincible distrust in his capacity for anything like serious, sustained thought, that we would rather submit to the 'experiments' of the Socialists than to his.

Besides his Caucasian qualification he has another, and, according to him, indispensable qualification—youth. Plato, somewhere in the 'Republic,' says that great works are only accomplished in youth: νέων δὲ πάντες οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ οἱ πολλοὶ πόνοι; but he did not write his 'Republic' or his 'Laws' in youth, and Sophocles was ninety when he produced the master-piece of Athenian tragedy. There is, however, a good deal of truth in what D'Israeli says:—

'Nay,' said the stranger; 'for life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age à regret. Do not suppose,' he added, smiling, 'that I hold that youth is genius; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. Why the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-

twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains; that wonderful Duke of Weimar; only thirty-six when he died. Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive—but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war—I do not: I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and, Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Arragon himself. He was pope, as Leo X., at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the ‘Spiritual Exercises.’ Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, the greatest of Frenchmen, and died at thirty-seven!

‘Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died, too, at thirty-seven. Richelieu was secretary of state at thirty-one. Well, then, there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was general of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America, before he was thirty-seven. What a career!’ exclaimed the stranger, rising from his chair, and walking up and down the room; ‘the secret sway of Europe! That was indeed a position! But it is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth.’

Youth is then a great qualification for a political leader. True, ‘Vivian Grey’ is no longer at that divine period; but if not youthful himself he has youthful followers—he leads the New Generation! Besides, Genius is always young. Let the ‘old fogies’ sneer at me, and call me an adventurer if they will; I am of an unmixed race, I am a genius, I am the leader of youthful ardent spirits who believe me to be a profound and imaginative (oh! above all imaginative!) statesman; I will show the humdrums that it is not Reason but Imagination which rules the world!

We have been speaking hitherto in general terms because it is rather embarrassing to descend to particulars in a case where the particulars do not in any way seem to bear out the general result. Notoriety has been gained—a position has been gained. The general causes of this are not recondite; but if you look closely to examine the basis of this success you are astonished at its apparent discrepancy. If there is one quality which everyone would at once award D'Israeli, it is, perhaps, wit; yet we defy the most ardent admirer to bring good specimens. In his writings and in his speeches there is great vivacity, occasional felicity of expression, and some happy illustrations; but wit there is scarcely any. In the house it is notorious that his 'hits' produce an effect which no one who reads the speech can form an idea of; and this because there is more *manner* than wit. The wittiest thing, to our apprehension, he ever uttered, was his speaking of the 'American language.' His famous joke about Peel having caught the whigs bathing, and stolen their clothes, is really a very feeble effort; though it amused the house more perhaps than a better joke would have amused it. From his forgotten pamphlet, 'The Crisis Examined,' we extract an illustration which created great mirth at the time, and is really humorous:—

'The truth is, that this famous reform ministry, this great 'united' cabinet had degenerated into a grotesque and Hudibrastic faction, the very lees of ministerial existence, the offal of official life. They were a ragged regiment compared with which Falstaff's crew was a band of regulars. The king would not march with them through Coventry—that was flat. *The* reform ministry, indeed! Why scarcely an original member of that celebrated cabinet remained. I dare say now some of you have heard of Mr. Ducrow, that celebrated gentleman who rides upon six horses. What a prodigious achievement! It seems impossible, but you have confidence in Ducrow! You fly to witness it. Unfortunately one of the horses is ill, and a donkey is substituted in its place. But Ducrow is still admirable; there he is, bounding along in a spangled jacket and cork slippers. The whole town is mad to see Ducrow riding at the same time on six horses. But now two more of the steeds are seized with the staggers, and lo! three jackasses in their stead! Still Ducrow persists, and still announces to the public that he will ride round his circus every night on six horses.' At last all the horses are knocked up, and now there are half a dozen donkeys, while Mr. Merryman, who like the Chancellor (Brougham), was once the very life of the ring, now lies in despairing length in the middle of the stage with his jokes exhausted and his bottle empty.'

As to his literary pretensions we have before intimated that we think them frivolous. He has a certain artistic tendency,

which makes him give to everything he handles whether literary or political, a symmetry and artistic effect; but he has none of the deeper qualities of an artist. We express his deficiency in one phrase when we say that his eloquence is grandiloquence. He does not work from *inwards*, but contents himself with externals; and as splendid words are the externals of eloquence, they suffice him. This gives a disagreeable hollowness to all his serious and more particularly to his impassioned passages; and it not unfrequently leads him into bathos. Of this bathos the reader may see samples in the passages previously quoted from his two prefaces. We have just opened 'Coningsby,' and this strikes our eye:—

'At school, friendship is a passion. *It entrances the being; it tears the soul.* All loves of after-life can never bring its rapture, or its wretchedness; *no bliss so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy or despair so crushing and so keen!* What tenderness and what devotion; what illimitable confidence; *infinite revelations of inmost thoughts;* what ecstatic present and romantic future; what bitter estrangements and what melting reconciliations; what scenes of wild recrimination, agitating explanations, passionate correspondence; *what insane sensitiveness and what frantic sensibility; what earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul* are confined in that simple phrase—a school-boy's friendship!

Does the Minerva Press groan under the weight of trash more intolerable than these 'earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul'? Is this the sort of language which we are to hear from a minister, the serious reflections which are to adorn a work? The man who could write such sentences, not staggering under two bottles of champagne, must be pronounced either dead to all sense of the true meaning of words, or reckless and shameless in his use of them; either he has no just sense of expression, or he thinks that any fine words will serve his turn if they gull the indolent reader. Nor is this by any means an exceptional passage. His writings abound with similar instances of tawdry falsehood. They are thrown in probably out of that love of ornament, which is characteristic of his race: they are the mosaic chains and rings with which the young 'gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion' adorn their persons, to give a *faux air de gentilhomme* to that which no adornment can disguise. We may seem to insist upon a trifle in thus insisting on such false eloquence; but trifles like these reveal a trivial mind, and when characteristic of a serious defect should not escape criticism. It shows that his eloquence like his imagination, like his poetry, like his philosophy, like his statesmanship, is the Prospectus, not the Work!

- ART. VI. (1.) *The Philosophy of Religion*. By J. D. MORELL, A.M. 8vo, pp. 427. Longmans, 1849.
- (2.) *The Soul, her Sorrows and Aspirations*. By FRANCIS NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Fcap., pp. 202. Chapman: London, 1849.
- (3.) *The Nemesis of Faith*. By G. A. FROUDE, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Fcap., pp. 227. Chapman: London, 1849.

WE learn from Mr. Morell that Professor Tholuck has ‘distinctly and advisedly declared,’ that the sort of discussion attempted in this volume is ‘*absolutely necessary*, ere a new vigour can be diffused into the religious literature of our country.’\* Among all our author’s critics, it seems, no one has known how to regard ‘the whole subject of Religion and Philosophy from a truly elevated point of view.’ To make plain to us the new course of thinking on this subject which is necessary—absolutely necessary, if we would not remain in our present feeble state, compared with our German neighbours, is the object of the present publication. We have heard and read much to this effect from various quarters, and we are not a little gratified to find at length that the things deemed so necessary in our case, if our reproach in this particular is to be wiped away, are fully and clearly before us, in a substantial and elaborately-prepared treatise. It is fair to presume that the improvements to be expected in our English modes of thought are well stated in this volume, and that the merely English theologian may now form his own judgment on this somewhat vexed question. We feel much indebted to Mr. Morell for bringing matters to this issue. We promise him, also, that the question as to whence he has derived his speculations, shall not at all affect our judgment in relation to them. How much he may have learnt from Kant, how much from Hegel or Schelling, or how much more from Schleiermacher—not to mention our own Coleridge—than from any one or all of these, are questions with which we shall not meddle. Here is a book in the English language, addressed to English thinkers, and our business shall be to test it by such homely English intelligence as our readers generally may be fully competent to appreciate.

Our judgment will not be favourable. But we know not of anything that should have given us a shade of prejudice against

\* In our extracts from Mr. Morell, the italics are his own.

the author. We have no doubt of his good intentions, and no man can read what he has written without thinking highly of his learning and general culture. But though philosophy, and especially philosophy as connected with religion, be the subject with which he has long been much fascinated, we feel assured that in this department he is not destined to produce any deep or abiding impression. The ground on which this opinion rests will appear as we proceed.

We have felt much surprise in observing Mr. Morell's want of perspicacity and distinctness in handling subjects to which he has given so much attention, and with which he is evidently so much interested. His style, with a great appearance of clearness, is singularly wanting in that quality. His method, with much that looks like philosophical exactness, has little pretension to discrimination or comprehensiveness. If his pages be read with the degree of attention which his subject demands, his apparent definiteness is found to end in obscurity, his apparent order in confusion. What is even worse, such statements as are certainly explicit, if words are to be taken in their ordinary meaning, afford you no safe guidance, inasmuch as the language of our author in one page is not unfrequently strictly the reverse of that employed by him in another. Principles are laid down very plainly, which you see at a glance are unsound; but you presently find that the author is not to be understood as meaning to say what he has really said. He has some material exceptions and hesitations in reserve. Of these you are expected to be mindful even before he has stated them; and once stated, it is left to yourself, for the most part, to apply them in the subsequent stages of the investigation—if you would not be misled by the loose and general terms in which the author is so often content to express himself. Not unfrequently, these exceptions are wholly fatal to the principle supposed to be merely modified by them. Of all the faults of authorship, especially on philosophical subjects, this want of precision is to us, and we suppose to most persons, one of the most vexatious. The amount of labour devolved in this way upon the reader, by the indolence or unskilfulness of the writer, is of itself sufficient to restrict the usefulness of an author to a very narrow circle. We remember questioning several intelligent persons who read this book soon after its appearance, as to its drift, and we were somewhat amused by the shyness of one and another to express any positive judgment concerning it. It was clear, that though the parties had read the book, they were by no means sure that they understood it. Its hazy language, especially on points where a scientific exactness

was so much needed, and its apparent contradictions, had evidently left a very confused impression on their mind—an impression to the effect that to understand Mr. Morell,\* it is necessary, not only to read, but to collate him. Nor is it of this volume only that we have to make this complaint. Everything Mr. Morell has written is charged with the same fault. It is not one of the characteristics of our author's mind, that he should separate, in a summary and vigorous manner, between the wheat and the chaff, so as to cause you to feel that this piece of good service has been really done for you. He is more skilled in accumulating difficulties from either side, than in bringing order into the chaos so presented. Too often he is before us as one whom much speculation has bewildered, rather than enlightened—as one more mastered by philosophy than mastering it, his place being commonly, we regret to say, much less in the sunshine than in the cloud. We feel it due to ourselves to make this general statement, because though we have taken some pains to guard against any misconception of Mr. Morell's meaning, we are by no means sure that we have been in every instance successful.

Mr. Morell, it seems, has laid his account with some misapprehension, and some ill-treatment. The preface to the treatise gives a sound lecture to various parties from whom wrong in this shape is anticipated. There is a class of persons among us, we are told, who, the moment any new idea in theology is broached, at once cry out—*Germanism—Neology*; and who fix their brand of Neologism on men who differ as widely from each other as Kant and Neander, Hegel and Rothe. No doubt, there is in some minds an excessive dread of what is German, as in some other minds there is an excessive fondness of what proceeds from that quarter; and excess in the latter shape has had something to do, we suspect, with producing excess in the former. We, of the *British Quarterly*, are very moderate people, careful to avoid extremes of all kinds; but if we found Neander adopting error from Kant, or Rothe adopting it from Hegel, we should, in our simplicity, think ourselves justified in describing such error as neological, meaning thereby to designate it as being both new and not true.\* This, we submit, would be some-

\* Mr. Morell mentions Rothe as a divine singularly after his own mode of thinking as to the relation of philosophy to religion, and has given us some twenty pages of translation from the professor's 'Theologische Ethik,' but the following may be taken as a specimen of the speculations in which some of Mr. Morell's favourites can indulge, and which, it seems, we must not on any account describe as 'Neologism' as 'Germanism,' &c. 'The soul, according to Rothe, decends at death into Hades, where it remains in a state of consciousness till the resurrection, or the second coming of Christ. In this separate state, those who have died in irreligion enter



thing very different from describing Kant and Neander as being *alike* neologists. If men adopt errors from a certain school, we see not that they have a right to complain of injury if the said errors should be described as being errors from that school. In such case, the words are simply honest, and no rhetoric from our author can prevent their being spoken. If the terms—Germanism—Neology—are ever used among us with less discrimination than this, all we can say is, that we much regret it, and shall be careful ourselves not to follow the example.

But the term, *Rationalism*, we are assured, is often applied in the same loose manner. To require from any man a reason for the hope that is in him is enough, we are told, to incur the reproach of Rationalism. Where the people are to be found to whom this censure may be applied, we know not. Unhappily for Mr. Morell, in his next page he has supplied a direct refutation of this charge by describing these same parties as being so much bent on bringing everything in their religion to the test of reason, as to be much more Rationalistic in their tendencies than the men whom they brand with the charge of Rationalism. When an author confutes himself in this manner, he is not in the way to be very convincing for good or evil.

Again, some persons, it is said, oppose themselves to all philosophical inquiry in religious matters on the plea of attachment to '*the simplicity of the Gospel*.' On which our author says—

'Now of all the set phrases that roll thoughtlessly out of the lips of the most thoughtless in the present age, I do not believe there is any one more delusive than this. It is one of those favourite positions on which a self-assured infallibility imagines itself competent to plant itself, and thence to repudiate every religious idea upon which its own seal of authority is not estampé.'

on a new state of probation, have a new day of grace, and may still be reconciled to God through Christ. But the redemption attainable in this second state of probation is only partial. Those who there repent never find a place *within* the spiritualized world, they become attached to it only *externally*—the Gibeonites of the triumphant church. Those who do not there repent become 'demonized,' and at the resurrection they will be shut out for ever from the spiritualized earth. Henceforth the 'potentiating' agency of the Spirit of God cannot reach them. In the absence of this agency, they escape eternal torture only by a process of self-decomposition—a putrefying change which reduces them to the primary material elements of being. In this great change, to take place 'at the coming of Christ,' professor Rothe assures us 'the triumph of chemistry will be complete.' We scarcely need say, that if this doctrine be not the Romish doctrine of purgatory, it so nearly resembles it as to be pregnant with all its mischiefs; and that the mind which can call such dreamy extravagance philosophy, and profess to find it in harmony with the Christian Scriptures, must be a guide to be followed with a slight degree of distrust. These speculations occur in the book cited, and so much praised by Mr. Morell—the '*Theologische Ethik*;' and the author, formerly Professor of Theology, and Director of the Protestant Seminary in Heidelberg, is now promoted to the chair of Theology in Bonn. '*Theologische Ethik*.' Three vols. Wittenberg, 1845—1848; and Cottrell's '*Religious Movements in Germany*,' pp. 48, 49.

So does our author rate through several pages, at these lovers of the simple, and not wholly without reason. But what in this respect is reasonable in itself, is not reasonable from Mr. Morell; for if it be true, as stated in this preface, that in Christianity 'the logic of the understanding' is nothing, and 'the immediate revelation within' is everything, these good people are really in a state of singular agreement with our author. It is true, Mr. Morell speaks, with one breath, of—'close thinking—impressive learning—the work of criticism,' as tests of religious certitude, but with the next he declares religion to be wholly independent of such mere implements of the understanding. But of this we shall see more presently.

The fourth form of objection which this preface is intended to dispose of, consists in the assertion that we have the truth *determined for us in the Gospel*, and that all philosophizing in relation to it must therefore be a *superfluous* labour. In reply, it is urged that all systems of philosophy are merely *methods* designed to realize truth—they do not consist of truth, they are merely helps in the way to it. Hence the folly of railing at transcendentalism, as though it were some system of doctrines designed to be thrust into the place of the doctrines of the Gospel. But Mr. Morell cannot need to be reminded that every method in investigation and reasoning must rest on certain great principles, and that as are the principles at the beginning, so will be the process and the end. The systems of Spinoza and Hegel may be described as mere methods, but the conclusions to which these methods legitimately and necessarily conduct the men who adopt them are world-wide in notoriety. It may be true, the road before the traveller is simply a road, but if nearly every man who has walked in it has fallen among thieves, can it be an innocent matter to counsel your traveller to journey along it without fear? It is *merely* a road—who would think of urging men to avoid it for such trivial reasons as the probability—the all but certainty of their being robbed and murdered? The comparison attempted by our author between Baconianism and Transcendentalism in this respect is not sound. Consistent Baconianism guarantees the revelation a fair hearing; consistent Transcendentalism shuts it out as an impertinence. The former is open to instruction from all objective sources; the latter subordinates everything external to the light within, utterly extruding the supernatural from revelation, by accounting it as a branch of philosophy, and nothing more. The Christianity of Britain contrasted with the Pantheism of Germany, may be fairly taken as the different results following naturally from these different methods.

But we must not allow ourselves to be detained longer by

the preface. The treatise itself may be said to consist of three parts. The first part exhibits the author's philosophy; the remainder shows the manner in which this philosophy is applied both to natural and revealed religion. The first chapter is on 'the Faculties of the Mind.' These are divided into the Intellectual and the Emotional—our power of thought and our power of feeling. The stages of our intellectual development are described as the Sensational, the Perceptive, the Logical, and the Intuitive—and these four stages have their corresponding influences on the Emotions. Sensational consciousness has its influence on Instinct; Perceptive consciousness on Animal Passion; Logical consciousness on Relational emotions; and Intuitive consciousness on Esthetic, Moral, and Religious emotions. The sensational state, as in early infancy, is defined as that in which we are merely acted upon by external objects, and in which all is subjective. The perceptive state is that in which there is a consciousness of the distinction between our *self*, and the things *outward* to self—a state in which the objective is realized. The logical consciousness, says Mr. Morell, 'gives us clear and reflective conceptions of things, which enables us to generalize the particular objects around us—in a word, which performs the threefold process of simple apprehension, judgment, and reasoning.'—(p. 14.) Having proceeded thus far, our author adds:—

'Now a little consideration soon begins to reveal to us the working of another state of consciousness higher than those we have yet mentioned—one which takes a broader sweep, and seeks to unravel vaster problems. This higher state of consciousness constitutes a kind of *intellectual sensibility*—an immediate intuition of certain objects, which are in no respect cognisable simply by the senses and the understanding. The faculty of which we now speak, and which may be termed *pure reason*, or *intuition*, holds in fact a similar relation to the understanding that perception holds to sensation. As sensation reveals only *subjective* facts, while perception involves a direct intuition of the *objective* world around us; so, with regard to higher truths and laws, the understanding furnishes *merely* the subjective forms, in which they may be logically stated, while intuition brings us face to face with the actual matter, or reality of truth itself.'—pp. 18, 19.

This is Mr. Morell's theory concerning the faculties of the human mind, and the order of their development. To the representation as to our sensational consciousness and its relation to instinct, we make no exception. We admit, also, that our perceptions of an external world are, in the sense intended by Mr. Morell, immediate—a seeing of the object as it were face to face—not mediate, by the intervention of images, phantasms, or

the like. But only to this extent do we travel along the same road with our author. The attempt to part off the Logical consciousness from the Perceptive consciousness on the one hand, and from the Intuitive consciousness on the other, is unwarranted, and the source of confusion and mischief which spread themselves through the whole of our author's reasoning. The powers which render us sensible to the qualities of matter would be wholly valueless, apart from the aids of memory, and of other faculties of the understanding. So, also, the mental perceptions which give us access to high supersensual truth would be valueless—in fact, would never have been exercised at all, apart from the particular forms of experience which depend on the understanding. We find ourselves especially at issue with Mr. Morell as regards the separateness, independence, and efficiency claimed by him in behalf of our Intuitional consciousness; and as the consequence of being at issue with him on this point, we find ourselves shut up to the necessity of being at issue with him on nearly all points. On this distinction mainly his philosophy rests, and nearly the whole of his argument as to the relation of philosophy to religion. Mr. Morell is himself fully aware of this fact, and the whole of his second chapter is accordingly given to an exposition of his views on this topic. This must be our excuse for bestowing upon it a much closer degree of attention than might otherwise have been claimed for it. It belongs to intuition, we are told, to 'bring us face to face with the actual matter, or reality of truth itself;' while the sole province of the understanding is to enable us to reduce the truth when so discovered, to the form of logical statement.

But the reasoning of our author will be more clearly before us if we proceed at once to his second chapter. This chapter consists of a series of distinctions drawn between the Logical and the Intuitional consciousness. Knowledge with the former is said to be *Representative* and *Indirect*, with the latter *Presentative* and *Immediate*. Perception and Intuition are viewed by Mr. Morell as the strict counterpart of each other. As children, we have only to open our eyes and we see an outward world. So, as men, we have only to look out with a simple gaze of the mind, and we see all supersensual truth. Even the Infinite—the Absolute, may be thus seen—seen 'face to face,' if the faculty be only duly exercised to that end. We do not need logic to enable us to see the form and colour of the rose; as little do we need it to enable us to see that God is, and that he is All and in All. True, there are obscuring causes in this imperfect world which may at times prevent the Intuitive faculty from

seeing all this, but if ever seen it must be by that faculty, by that faculty unaided and alone. By reasoning, its action is marred—not assisted.

‘The perception of the external world through the senses,’ says Mr. Morell, ‘is *perfectly analogous* to that higher intuition, by which we are brought into contact with what we may term supersensual Truth. And not only this, but the scepticism which results from denying the immediacy of our perceptive knowledge in regard to the outward world, applies with exactly the same force against all spiritual truth, where the higher intuitional consciousness is lost sight of, or rejected.’—pp. 36, 37. ‘Reason up to a God, and the best you can do is to hypostatize and deify the final product of your own faculties; but admit the reality of an intellectual intuition, and the absolute stands before us in all its living reality.’—p. 39.

Now we feel constrained to take some exception to the theory of perception thus laid down, great as may be the authorities available in support of it. We admit, as we have said, that our knowledge of an external world is not dependent on those obsolete fictions designated ‘images, species, or phantasms.’ But it does not follow because the mind perceives the external without the aid of media of that kind, that it perceives such objects without the aid of media of any kind. We feel constrained to ask, is it not a fact beyond question, that the mind does not perceive the external world without a medium, or in the strictly face to face manner, but that for all the knowledge of this kind which it possesses it is indebted to the medium of the senses, and to the representations which these have made to it? This is so, or it is not. To admit that it is so, is to give up the ‘face to face’ theory of perception; to deny that it is so, is of necessity to merge the soul in the senses, and to allow philosophy to sink into one of the lowest forms of materialism. Mr. Morell may not see it, but to this issue his theory must conduct him if carried out. It is manifest that Sir William Hamilton has not been wholly insensible to this difficulty; and to dispose of it, so as to retain his *immediate* and *representative* theory of perceptive intact he has not scrupled to express himself as follows. Reid is introduced as stating sensation proper, to be ‘an affection *purely of the mind*.’ ‘On the contrary,’ says Sir William, ‘I hold that sensation is an affection neither of the ‘body alone nor of the mind alone, but of the composite of ‘which each is a constituent, and that the subject of sensation ‘may be indifferently said to be our organism (as animated), or ‘the soul (as united with an organism.)’—(Reid’s Works, p. 884.) Here we are obliged to ask, what can be the meaning of an ‘organism’ which may become the seat of sensation without being united with the soul? But putting this mysterious

intimation aside, the language even of this passage presents the soul as perceiving external objects, not immediately and representatively, but only as united with and aided by this 'organism.' It is thus manifest that even in this connexion, the mind depends from first to last on media for its knowledge, and these media are the senses and experience.

But we are prevented by reasons still more weighty, if possible, from regarding the intuitive faculty as being 'perfectly analogous' to the perceptive, in Mr. Morell's view of it. We are far from thinking it strictly necessary to the sound exercise of the Intuitive consciousness, that it should act in absolute independence of the Logical consciousness—the 'reason.' On the contrary, we feel assured that no men ever attained to this supposed seeing of the 'absolute,' and of the 'living reality,' of which our author speaks, who had not made his way upwards to that place of vision by the direct and indirect aid of the reason, the understanding, or, if the phrase be preferred, the logical consciousness. The man may never have placed his reasoning upon paper, it may never have assumed a logical shape even to his own mind, but so surely as he has a tolerably clear idea of a First Cause, he has been a thoughtful observer of second causes. If he has learnt to ascribe 'absolute' qualities to that higher cause, it has been as the result of his familiarity with the sort of qualities which characterize lower causes. Education may have done much towards this end, but it has been by acting through such experiences. True, the mind which ascends in this manner by the aid of experience, will be sure to find that the nature which presents itself to his view as the source of all other natures, is of an elevation so mysterious that logical names and definitions fail of adequateness to describe the 'living reality.' But if the 'reason' of the man fails him now, it has been of unspeakable service to him until now—and even now, his faith would falter and become extinct, if the understanding did not assure him that great as may be the mystery of the Divine existence, that existence must be a reality, the consequence of rejecting this truth being such as to render *that* course impossible. For the truth of this representation, we appeal to every man's consciousness. In place of looking on intuition and reason as distinguished from each other in the manner of separate provinces in geography, or as powers which never act but to act apart, we are conscious that the two intermingle intimately with each other in nearly all our mental processes. There is an element of intuition going along with all our reasoning, and there is an element of reason going along with all our intuitions. On this subject Dugald Stewart

thus expresses himself—‘Although I have followed the example of preceding writers, so far as to speak of intuition and reasoning as two different faculties, I am by no means satisfied that there exists between them that radical distinction which is commonly apprehended. . . . Of the indissoluble connexion between this last power (intuition) and that of reasoning, no other proof is necessary than the following consideration, that, ‘in every step which reason makes in demonstrative knowledge, there must be intuitive certainty;’ a proposition which Locke has excellently illustrated, and which since his time has been acquiesced in, so far as I know, by philosophers of all descriptions. From this proposition (which when properly interpreted appears to me perfectly just) it obviously follows that the power of reasoning presupposes the power of intuition; and, therefore, the only question about which any doubt can be entertained is, *whether the power of intuition does not also imply that of reasoning. My own opinion is decidedly that it does; at least when combined with the faculty of memory.*’\* We need not stop to designate the notion, which contemplates a mind to which memory brings no intelligence as capable of seeing the ‘absolute—face to face.’ But let us hear Mr. Morell—

‘The primary elements of knowledge, the fundamental realities of the *true*, the *beautiful*, and the *good*, all alike come to us *at once* by virtue of an intellectual sensibility, which apprehends them spontaneously and intuitively, just as in our perceptive consciousness we apprehend the outward reality of things around us. Without this perceptive consciousness we could never attain to the very elements of physical truth; inasmuch as we could never comprehend what is given us immediately in perception, by any description, definition, or idea. Yet once given *as elements*, we can reason upon them logically, and thus create what is properly termed physical science. In like manner, also, we comprehend the elements of all higher truth, whether in theology, æsthetics, or morals; but having thus got access to them by our intuitional consciousness, then at length we can reason upon them by the understanding, until we reduce them to logical or scientific terms.’—p. 40.

In this paragraph Mr. Morell means to say,—that as our understanding knows nothing of an outward world, except through the senses, so it knows nothing of ‘theology, æsthetics, or morals,’ except through intuition. Of course, as reasoning is admitted to be a faculty of the understanding, this knowledge comes wholly without the aid of reason, and is not to be tested

\* Philosophy of the Mind, Part II. c. ii.

by reason. It is not enough for our author to say, as all sensible men have ever said, that our knowledge of 'the *true*, the *beautiful*, and the *good*,' comes to us in part from our intuitions, he is peremptory in asserting that it comes to us *only* from that source—a doctrine which can never be made to harmonize with anything deserving the name of philosophy; and which must prove eminently hostile to the purity of religion. Its natural tendency is to give licence to the wildest mysticism and extravagance. As a popular philosophy, or as a popular form of religion, this we feel assured must be its result.

The second distinction instituted is, that while 'the knowledge we obtain by the logical consciousness is *Reflective*, that 'which we obtain by the intuitional consciousness is *Spontaneous*.' That we may not be liable to the charge of misrepresenting Mr. Morell, we shall allow him to speak for himself more largely than is convenient in the limits to which we are restricted. Our author is not ignorant of facts that should have prevented his putting forth this statement in anything like this absolute form. Nevertheless, the following is the exposition and defence of it:—

'The knowledge that comes to us intuitionally or presentatively, must necessarily be *spontaneous*. Just as our perception of the external world is a spontaneous process whenever the object without comes into direct contact with the subject within; in like manner, also, does our intuitional consciousness bring us *spontaneously* into sympathy with the elements of higher and spiritual truth. On this ground it is that there has so frequently been a tendency to describe the intuitional faculty by the name of an intellectual, a moral, or a religious sensibility; conveying in every case the notion that there is an *immediate* contact effected between the elemental truth in question, and the intellectual organ, similar to the contact which takes place between the sensitive apparatus and the outward object, in the process of perception. On the other hand, the knowledge which comes to us logically, or representatively, must evidently be *reflective*—that is, acquired by the conscious pursuit of truth *upon scientific principles*. Science is created when we adopt certain *terms* to signify elementary ideas.'—p. 43.

It is not easy to determine how far the most elementary ideas may come to the mind unaccompanied by terms more or less proper to express them. It is certain that we do think in language, for the most part; the doubt is, whether we ever think without it. Again, no one questions that the logical consciousness does often act in the reflective manner here ascribed to it; the question is, does it follow, because it often so acts, that it never acts otherwise? In short, is not the main difference between the acting of the two faculties in this case,



that of slowness and rapidity, rather than that of the reflective alone in the one case, and of the spontaneous alone in the other? On this point we must again cite Dugald Stewart:—

‘The idea which is commonly annexed to intuition, as opposed to reasoning, turns, I suspect, entirely on the circumstance of time. The former we conceive to be instantaneous; whereas the latter necessarily involves the notion of succession, or of progress.

‘It has been frequently remarked, that the justest and most efficient understandings are often possessed by men who are incapable of stating to others, or even to themselves, the grounds on which they proceed in forming their decisions. In some instances, I have been disposed to ascribe this to the faults of early education; but in other cases, I am persuaded, that it was the effect of active and imperious habits in quickening the evanescent processes of thought, so as to render them untraceable by the memory; and to give the appearance of intuition to what was in fact the result of a train of reasoning so rapid as to escape notice. This I conceive to be the true theory of what is generally called common sense, in opposition to book-learning; and it serves to account for the use which has been made of this phrase, by various writers, as synonymous with intuition.

‘These seemingly instantaneous judgments have always appeared to me as entitled to a greater share of our confidence than many of our more deliberate conclusions; inasmuch as they have been forced, as it were, on the mind by the lessons of long experience; and are as little liable to be biassed by temper or passion as the estimates we form of the distances of visible objects. They constitute, indeed, to those who are habitually engaged in the busy scenes of life, a sort of peculiar faculty, analogous, both in its origin and in its use, to the *coup-d’œil* of the military engineer, or to the quick and sure tact of the medical practitioner, in marking the diagnostics of disease.’\*

As it is with the less elevated truths on which the mind acts thus promptly, so it is in respect to all the truth with which it becomes conversant. The mind acts with celerity, not as being independent of experience, but because its experience has been such as to fit it for so acting. It moves thus rapidly, not as unaided by reason, but because aided by it, in so far as such assistance is available. It is not too much to say, that in every intuitive act the mind believes because it feels that it must believe; but this *must* implies a reason, giving to it its necessity. The experience, taking the shape of a reason in this case, may have come slowly, but its effect, when once acquired, may be instantaneous. It does its office, even in such instantaneous acts; but it is in a manner much too subtle and rapid to be the matter of any reflective consciousness. For these reasons, we

\* Philosophy of the Mind, Part II. c. ii.

feel bound to regard the second distinction on this point, in common with the preceding, as founded almost wholly in misconception. It is observable that in the extract preceding, Dugald Stewart has used the comparison between sight and intuition, which is so great a favourite with Mr. Morell, but with a discrimination of which we feel the want at almost every step in our author's speculations.

The third distinction in this series is—‘that the knowledge we obtain by the intuitional consciousness is *Material*, that which we obtain by the logical consciousness is *Formal*.’

This distinction might be valid if we allow Mr. Morell to confound logic, as a mere implement, with the understanding which makes that mere implement subservient to intelligent purposes. The terms in which Mr. Morell concludes this section are these—‘thus we may regard pure intuition as one extreme, and bare formal logic as the opposite. Science only exists when the two are united; its essential nature consisting in the reduction of intuitional truth into a logical, secondary, or representational form.’ Now, it is no doubt true, that ‘bare formal logic’ has to do only with the *forms* or *relations* of things; but here the term ‘logic’ is used as denoting the whole function of the understanding, and if our previous reasoning be correct, it is not true, as here asserted, that truth comes to us only by intuition, and that nothing is left to be done by the logical consciousness except to give form to the knowledge so derived. Having said thus much, we might leave this third point; but it becomes us to remind our readers that it is inconsistent with Mr. Morell’s theory to speak of knowledge, as he does in the statement of this distinction, as coming by the understanding at all, and that it is by taking this extreme ground that our author has involved himself in contradictions fatal to his general reasoning. We all admit that the understanding is the skilled agent it is said to be in the work of testing truth, in giving to it terms, and in reducing it to a scientific form. But seeing that it can do all this to the material of knowledge when obtained, we find it very difficult to suppose that it has had really nothing to do with the obtaining of it. On the theory of Mr. Morell, the understanding cannot advance a step towards the discovery of truth; but no sooner is truth discovered by the intuitive consciousness, than the understanding, in the manner of a second intuitive faculty, passes at once to the wise discharge of the very difficult function assigned to it. For it must be remembered that in this scheme, intuition in relation to truth, is not only all that sight is in relation to our knowledge of an external world, but all that the whole of our senses are in relation to

such knowledge. Until our intuitive consciousness, by its separate, independent, and instantaneous action, shall have given us truth, the mind is a perfect blank as to all knowledge of the thing itself, and of the names and forms proper to be given to it. In all this the want of a natural blending and cohesiveness is so manifest, as to warrant the conviction, on the first blush of the subject, that there must be grave misconception in this business somewhere.

The fourth distinction states that 'the logical consciousness tends to *Separation* (analysis), the intuitional consciousness to *Unity* (synthesis).' In other words, our intuitive consciousness tends to take cognizance of truth as a whole, our logical consciousness to separate the whole into the parts of which it consists. It would be easy, we think, to show, that it belongs to the logical consciousness to compare and combine, as much as to analyze; and that this definition gives us only half the office of the understanding in the place of the whole. But let this pass. What, we must ask, have we in the above statement, but another mode of saying, that, from some cause or other, the intuitions of men, when we come to analyse them, are found to be quite as logical as their proper logical consciousness. It belongs, it seems, to this consciousness, to take to pieces, with reflexion and deliberation, what the intuitive consciousness has put together as without forethought and in a moment. What is this, but to adduce this same 'formal logic' as a witness, showing how strictly logical the processes of our intuitions have been? And seeing this faculty is so skilful in taking these things to pieces, can we suppose that it has really had nothing to do with putting them together? Our intuitions, as appears, have been acting according to the laws of the logical consciousness, is not the presumption strong that they must so have acted by its assistance? In short, whence *can* this combination of parts into a whole have come, if not by means of that very faculty to which it belongs to verify the fact that the whole does really consist of the parts that constitute it? Call the logic itself, in this view, intuitive, if you please, but to what source can you trace it, if not to the logical consciousness? There is a subtle intelligence in man which contributes to the building up of all his knowledge, and logic does no more than bring out into light, and into perceptible order, the natural science by which such building is realized. It does not so much show us how men *ought* to reason, as how they *do* reason, and how they *must* reason if they would attain to intelligent results. It is admitted, then, that our understanding does act analytically, and that our intuitions do act synthetically—but our complaint is, that in this statement, we have nothing better than one of those half-

truths which are sure to lead to untruth. According to Mr. Morell's own showing, the effect of the analytical power of the understanding is to demonstrate that its laws are virtually the laws of our intuitions. Beyond a question, we believe in much as true which the understanding cannot demonstrate to be truth, but even here, as we have said, the understanding shuts us up to such faith, partly by giving its sanction to the impulsive tendencies of our nature, and by presenting insuperable contradictions and absurdities as the consequence of deciding otherwise.

The next proposition in this chapter is, that 'the logical consciousness is *Individual*, the intuitionál *Generic*;' and as a consequence it is maintained that the former is *Fixed*, the latter *Progressive*. By this language Mr. Morell means to say, 'the laws of thought, or, in other words, the logical understanding, present a *fixed element* in every individual man; so that the testimony of one sound mind in this respect is as good as a thousand;' and that what is true in this respect of one understanding, in one age, is equally true of every understanding, in all ages. Now, this might be true enough, if we were at liberty to regard the human understanding as a mere logic mill, ever grinding according to certain necessities laid upon it, and not as a consciousness which appropriates and digests the aliment necessary to its own growth. The bare forms of logic, the laws of thought by which the mind works, are no doubt the same in each man, as in all men; but to say thus much is not the same thing with saying that the understanding itself in any given case may be taken as a fixed type of the actual condition of the human understanding everywhere and through all time. The laws of thought are everywhere the same; the conclusion to which those laws naturally lead are everywhere the same; but the condition of the thinking power depends mainly upon the manner in which those laws are applied. Were our nature in a perfect state, then the action of our laws of thought might be the same in all men, and the result the same. But the fact that our state is not a perfect one, leaves the path of progress open to our understanding, as to all our other powers, and this in reference both to the individual and to the race. In this view the understanding—the logical consciousness is no more *fixed* than the intuitive consciousness. As known to us, we always find them both in a condition to have much to learn and to unlearn.

Mr. Morell, indeed, is aware of this circumstance as affecting our intuitive consciousness; and in attempting to meet the difficulty arising from this source, he makes concessions, towards the close of this second chapter which utterly destroy his foregone theory. There it is confessed that in consequence

of the generally imperfect state of our nature, our intuitive consciousness has become vitiated; that the truth which it seems to present needs to be tested and verified by some higher certainty than its own; and, strange to say, this higher certainty is found, after all, in that logical consciousness—that reflective understanding, which has been so much abused.

‘Knowing, as we do too well, that the intuitions we obtain of truth in its concrete unity are not perfect, we seek to restore and verify that truth by *analysis*, i.e. by separating it into parts, viewing each of those parts abstractedly by itself, and finding out their relative consistency, so as to put them together by a logical and reflective construction, into a systematic and formal *whole*. In the defect of gazing upon truth as it is, by virtue of the interior harmony of our whole being with God, we seek a substitute by supplying the aids of analysis, of formal reasoning, of verification, of the entire logical reconstruction of our whole knowledge.’—pp. 59, 60.

So, then, the issue of all this nicety in distinctions and contrasts is, that we have a theory before us addressed to imperfect beings, which is confessedly adapted only to the perfect. Our intuitive consciousness *would* be all that is affirmed of it, as an independent, exclusive, and complete organ for the discerning of truth, if ‘the interior harmony of our whole being with God’ were undisturbed; but as things are, if we would be sure in any case that this consciousness has not played us false, our final appeal must be to the understanding, which must come and take the work of intuition to pieces, and pronounce judgment upon it, bit by bit, and as a whole! Here we find the wheel of fortune go completely round as regards these rival processes. That which was last becomes first. For our part, we feel obliged to demur to the truth of the foregone speculations, in either view, as having reference to natures perfect or imperfect. In our judgment, such a view of mental science is radically at variance with all we know or can conceive with regard to the nature of mind.

In perfect natures, the exercise of the intuitive faculty, in common with that of every other faculty, would of course be perfect. It would do all that it is meant to do, and would do it well. But the question still remains—what is it that intuition is really meant to do? It is confessed, we see, that its condition on earth is deeply affected by the good or bad belonging to our general nature. Whence, then, have we *data* for concluding that it will be otherwise in heaven? What know we of perfect natures, except as reasoning our way up to them from the imperfect? Now the purest and highest exercises of our intuitions in this world, are blended, as we have seen, more or less, with

the general intelligence and impulse of our being. It behoves those who say it is otherwise with perfect natures to adduce authority for what they say. This they do not—cannot do. We may be sure that hereafter the intuitive consciousness will be as the man shall be—as the man shall be in respect to that general experience and habit towards the formation of which his perfected understanding will have been a large contributor. Sight is not in the eye, it is in the percipient mind. In like manner, intuition is not what it is from itself, but from its relation to the general consciousness of the mind. With the man who denies this it would be in vain to reason—and the man who admits it cannot be a disciple of Mr. Morell. It is in the following terms the author concludes this important chapter:—

‘As the distinction in question is one of vital importance, not only in comprehending the philosophy of religion, but almost all the intellectual phenomena of human existence likewise, we must entreat our readers to make themselves thoroughly masters of the subject, by testing it, not only through the medium of the illustrations here offered, but through the personal effort of their own minds. We are anxious above all things that nothing here should be taken *on trust*, but that every one at all interested in the conclusions arrived at would sift them, until he has either discovered their error, or finds that his convictions are drawn along in the sequence.’—p. 61.

We have acted on the advice thus given. We have taken nothing on trust, and our readers have the result. Our conclusion is, that ‘the distinction in question’ is real, but that it does not exist in the mode, or in anything like the degree assumed by the author. In attempting to make out his case, he has involved himself in confusion and contradiction at every step, and has given us a philosophy, which, so surely as it should become prevalent, would prove the inlet to a visionary pietism, to an unmanly dreaming—to idle or extravagant mysticism. Only at the cost of the last vestige of consistency does he provide in the slightest degree against such mischiefs. In the subsequent chapters of the volume we have the application of this philosophy to religion, and only too much confirmation of the conclusion we have stated.

The first use made of this philosophy is to determine ‘the Peculiar Essence of Religion.’ This is the title of the third chapter. Here it is shown very satisfactorily, that the religious sentiment is native to the human mind. That the province of outward things in relation to it, is not to create it. It may only be awakened or influenced from that source. But then, in strict consistency with our author’s previous speculations, it is maintained that there is no necessary connexion between

religious knowledge and religious feeling. The argument in support of this conclusion is somewhat peculiar—we do not always find religious feeling in accordance with the measure of religious knowledge, and inasmuch as the relation between them is not arithmetically perfect, it is fair to conclude that the supposed dependence of the one upon the other is wholly imaginary. We do not attempt to refute this reasoning, if such it may be called, we only observe that the question to be determined is not whether religious knowledge may be accounted religion or not, which no man, so far as we know, ever pretended, but whether the sense or feeling of religion may exist wholly without it? But Mr. Morell has no doubt on this point. He finds ‘the veritable essence of religion’ in a ‘form of emotion,’ the characteristic of which is ‘a feeling of dependence,’ which rises higher and higher, until it amounts to an absolute dependence on the Infinite. Jacobi and Schleiermacher are cited as authorities in support of this doctrine—authorities which weigh very little with us on matters of this nature.

This theory is in harmony with Mr. Morell’s philosophy, but we do not find it in agreement with fact. The ‘feeling of dependence’ is common, more or less, to all sentient beings, and cannot, therefore, include ‘the *peculiar* essence of religion.’ Nevertheless, it is ‘this peculiar mode of feeling,’ says our author, ‘which pervading all our powers, faculties, and inward phenomena, gives them a religious character; so that we may correctly say that the *essence* of religion lies exactly there.’ So that the whole man resolves itself into a ‘peculiar mode of feeling.’ It is, however, in the following terms that the writer expresses himself in the very next paragraph:—

‘The absolute sense of dependence, unaccompanied by the other elements of human nature, would give the *analogue* to religion as seen in man, but not, humanly speaking, religion itself. The faithful dog often exhibits perfect dependence on his master; and we may say, by way of comparison, that man is the dog’s deity—that his perfect confidence in man is the dog’s religion; but here the feeling of dependence cannot be religion in the human sense, because it is not developed in a human mind. The child exhibits perfect dependence on the parent, and that is the infant’s *religion*—a quality which was ever denominated *pietas* by the Romans. But it is when the earthly parent is known not to be *absolute*, and the Heavenly Parent alone occupies this place in the opening consciousness of the child, that the piety of parental confidence becomes piety, properly so called—piety towards God.’—pp. 78, 79.

Now what is this but to say that there is no form of this feeling to which the term religion may with any fitness be applied,

that is not determined as being religious, by the nature of the object to which it has reference, and *not* by the mere element of dependence. It is a perception of duty, and of relationship to Deity, that must give existence to the first feeling of real piety—of ‘piety towards God.’ Is not this fatal to all that has gone before? But so it is ever with our author. Paragraph contradicts paragraph, statement is at war with statement; we go forwards, and backwards, and round about, amidst clouds and sand, seeking some firm footing, some adequate shelter, but finding none. We should have thought that it would have been obvious at a glance, that the feeling which should embrace ‘the *peculiar essence* of religion’ must be a *moral* feeling, including a sense of *duty*, and the presence of that degree of moral intelligence which such a feeling must always imply. We do not attain to any sentiment in man that may be properly designated religious until we rise to this level. To descend lower is to lose, not to detect, the characteristics of religious emotion. Something more than mere feeling is necessary, not only to the *perfecting* of religion, which Mr. Morell admits, but to its most elementary *existence*, which he denies.

As it is with the chapter on ‘The Peculiar Essence of Religion,’ so is it with those on—The Essence of Christianity, Revelation, Inspiration, and Christian Theology. All these terms are used by our author in a sense which is not only new to English readers, but in a sense which we must pronounce to be non-natural, the effect being generally put in the place of the cause. His great aim is to give importance to everything *within* you, and to reduce whatever may come to you from *without* to the smallest possible amount of value. Nearly everything is made to depend on the subjective consciousness of the individual or of the race. In substance, you are required to become everything, as respects your inner life, which the terms Christianity, Revelation, Inspiration, Theology denote, and not until then are you to expect to understand the meaning of these terms as having reference to the Christian Scriptures. These words denote realities, but realities not so much presented *to* you, as originated *from* you. You make them—they do not make you. To you, they are not so much matters contained in a book, as the product of your own subjectiveness. It would be easy to separate from the main line of argument a great deal that is inconsistent with it, and to show that our author’s views on all the points adverted to are as little tenable as his notion about the function of our intuitive consciousness and the peculiar essence of religion. But to do this thoroughly we should need to write another volume. When we are told, for example,



that 'Christianity itself does not consist in any development of thought, but in the flow of holy affections;' that 'Revelation is a process of the *intuitional consciousness* gazing upon eternal verities;' that Inspiration 'is a higher potency of a certain form of consciousness which *every man in some degree possesses*;' and that 'Christian Theology' has its origin in 'a *religious nature*, awakened by the development of the Christian life; and in the application of logical reflexion to the elements of divine truth which that life spontaneously presents;'—there is enough in such language to indicate that the sort of exception we have taken to the fundamental principles in our author's reasoning might be extended largely to every stage in their application. But if we have made ourselves intelligible so far, the rest may be safely left to the discretion of the reader. The chapter on 'Fellowship' is as little satisfactory and as mystical as anything in the volume. The one entitled 'On the Analysis of Popular Theology' contains much truth, but disfigured by the kind of error which the author was sure to bring to such a subject. The chapters on 'Certitude,' and on 'The Significancy of the Past,' misrepresent the doctrine of private judgment to make way for a catholic authority on all matters of opinion, and for a theory of development in relation to Christianity itself, which leave to the Scriptures themselves only a very doubtful kind of authority. These are subjects to which we hope to return another day, when the views of Mr. Morell and others may again come under consideration. The last chapter is on 'The Relation of Philosophy to Theology.'

In dealing thus freely with the present publication, we have discharged a somewhat painful duty. But we have given a conscientious and honest judgment concerning it. We repeat our conviction, that learned as Mr. Morell may be in these things, it is not in this way that he will be found capable of really serving his generation. Men of thought, who read the volume before us, will easily put aside its verbiage and inconsistencies, and looking to the substratum on which it rests, will see in it a mere cloud-land, in which to seek rest must be vain. On the other hand, the men who do not think, will be so confounded by the general indefiniteness, and the say and unsay style of the author, as to become weary long before reaching the end; or should their perseverance hold out to that extent, they will then feel that, as regards the philosophy of religion, they have been much more perplexed than enlightened. Those who are impressed by the scientific air of the treatise, but incapable of looking further, will take little of good or harm from it; and those who are capable of looking beneath the

semblance of exactness, and of demanding the reality, will part from our author with expressions of disappointment. He is ever hovering as on the skirts of the territory before him—he does not penetrate it; he slides over his great subject—he does not descend into it.

But the idea that it is within the compass of a philosophy of this sort, to ‘infuse a new vigour into the religious literature of our country,’ is to us a perfect marvel. Sure we are, it will be the fault of not a few among us, if our national intellect is to become in any considerable degree ensnared by speculations so baseless. Before such a change can come, the robust common sense, which has been hitherto our characteristic, must strangely depart from us. Our received systems of theology are no doubt susceptible of much improvement, and we covet, as earnestly as Mr. Morell, a deeper vitality for the piety of our professed Christians; but of few things are we more confident, than of the folly of supposing that such ends may be promoted by the aid of the kind of philosophy presented in this volume. If what Mr. Morell has given us be really the best thing that may be imparted for this purpose, then one thing at least is clear—if ‘new vigour’ is to be imparted to our theological literature, the impetus must come from *within*, for vain will be the infusions coming to us from *without*. Nevertheless, satisfied as we are that English theology is not likely to derive any great benefit from German philosophy, we readily admit that there is much in the theology of Germany of which Britain may avail herself with advantage—provided always that our traffic in the importation of such wares be conducted with discretion.

Mr. Newman’s book is both better and worse than that of Mr. Morell. It consists of six parts, or chapters, under the following titles:—‘Sense of the Infinite without us—Sense of Sin—Sense of Personal Relation to God—Spiritual Progress—Hopes concerning Future Life—Prospects of Christianity.’ The first four sections are given, as the titles will indicate, to a development of the religious sentiment. In this part of the work we meet with many just and beautiful thoughts. Mr. Newman’s style is much more simple and intelligible than that of Mr. Morell, and his discussion of the subject evidently comes from a greater depth of feeling. The religious experience which he describes is at times richly evangelical in its substance, and even in its phrasology. But it is borrowed—borrowed we believe unconsciously, from the Christianity which the book is intended to disown and reject. In its drift the work leaves you

no creed, either from history or metaphysics. It gives you a religion consisting in sentiment, and in that only. The intuitive consciousness, as interpreted by Mr. Morell, becomes, in the case of Mr. Newman, what logical consistency requires it should become. 'It is in him as revelation, inspiration, and certitude. To seek these elsewhere is denounced, not only as erroneous, but as most mischievous. In the religion of Mr. Newman, not only is subjectivity everything, but this one element of subjectivity—sentiment is everything. Its guiding principle is, that whatever is *felt* to be true, must be true.

'That a purely *historical* is as unsatisfactory as a *metaphysical* basis, for a spiritual doctrine is obvious; indeed, Paul gives us clearly to understand that the future hopes of the soul were to be discerned by the soul itself for itself, and did not depend upon man's wisdom as a question of history does and must.'—p. 187.

Thus the testimony of history—'man's wisdom' in every form—is pronounced valueless, and the eye of the soul, discerning spiritual truth for itself, is the one thing needful. Bitter, accordingly, is the scorn cast on your orthodox divine, who is abundantly erudite, but nothing more. Here is a portraiture of such an one:—

'What do you see? A study table spread over with books, ancient and modern; a gentleman consulting dictionaries and grammars; referring to Tacitus and Pliny; engaged in establishing that Josephus is a credible and not a credulous writer; inquiring whether the Greek of the Apocalypse and of the fourth Gospel can have come from the same hand; searching through Justin Martyr and Irenæus, in order to find out whether the Gospels are a growth by accretion and modification, or were originally struck off as we now read them; comparing Philo and Plotinus with John and Paul; in short, we find him engaged (with much or little success) in praiseworthy efforts at Local History, Criticism of Texts, History of Philosophy, Logic, (or the Theory of Evidence) Physiology, Demonology, and other important but very difficult studies, all inappreciable to the unlearned, all remote from the sphere in which the Soul operates.'—pp. 202, 207.

Surely, the religion of our sentimentalists must be a very dangerous drug, seeing that it can so obscure the vision of a gentleman who subscribes himself 'formerly Fellow of Balliol,' and who *might* subscribe himself professor in a University, that he cannot see his way to distinguish between an undue reliance on ecclesiastical learning, and no reliance upon it at all—between the worldly abuse of that element, and the spiritual use of it. Surely, it does not follow because some men fail to assign to sentiment in religion its due place, or, it may be, any place at all, that some other men should make religion to consist in

that one attribute of mind, so as to spurn the thought of being in any way or degree assisted by its other attributes, dooming them all, by one merciless verdict, to practical extinction. This, however—even this, if the language of our sentimental friends has any meaning, is what they must be understood to mean.

But is it a fact, as seems to be assumed by this class of authors, that popular Christianity in this country is so little commended to the hearts of our people, as to have deteriorated very generally into a barren and lifeless orthodoxy. That this is the case in some degree, both among Conformists and Non-conformists, is unquestionable. But is it thus in a degree at all to justify this loud lament over it? We answer at once and emphatically—*no*. There are ten thousand pulpits in these nations, where all the spiritualism inculcated by Mr. Morell and Mr. Newman, and greatly more than all, is insisted on as constantly as the ministration of the Sabbath returns. That sense of sin, that new birth, that progress of the soul towards God, on which these writers dwell, they must know to be the all but constant theme of our preachers. The appeals made to the head and heart may not be always wisely apportioned, but to both the appeal is made, and if in some cases unduly to the logical, in others not less unduly, as we think, to the emotional capabilities of the mind. In multitudes of instances, the lack of our pulpits is on the side of instruction—the appeal to the devotional feeling becoming so continuous and monotonous as to be not a little wearisome and exhausting. In Scotland, the scale may turn somewhat on the other side, but it is not so in England. And as to the assumption which runs through the argument of our sentimentalists—viz., that in these days it pertains to the higher spiritualism of philosophy, to elevate the lower spiritualism of the church, we enter our strong protest against it, as a strange piece of arrogance, and an implied calumny to boot. It has not been our manner, since these pages have been at our disposal, to use flattering words towards religious bodies, whether churchmen or dissenters. We have hazarded the displeasure of not a few among them by our out-spoken tone on many subjects. We shall not, therefore, be suspected of bowing to the call of popular prejudice, when we say that we regard the evangelical pulpit of Great Britain, with all its faults, as presenting to the millions of our people, a fuller and better proportioned view of revealed truth, and of the piety which that truth should produce, than has been exhibited to any generation since the age of inspired teachers. Of Nonconformists this may be said with very little exception,

and of no portion of these with more truth, as we humbly think, than of the English Congregationalists, including, of course, under that designation, both the Baptist and Pædobaptist denominations. Destroy the 'historical and metaphysical' element in all this, or resolve the whole into mere sentiment, subjecting it to personal feeling as the ultimate standard of all truth, and what man, who has not been spoiled by a vain philosophy, can doubt, that ninety-nine-hundreds of the spiritualism now existing in this island, would become extinct before the appearance of the next generation. Verily it is no light matter—the crusade to which these gentlemen have given themselves. We cannot avoid looking with a very grave suspicion at any attempt of philosophy to *amend* our Christianity, or to give it patronage, and better place. 'Philosophy is patient,' says M. Cousin; 'happy in seeing the great bulk of mankind in the arms of Christianity, she offers, with modest kindness, to assist her in *ascending to a yet loftier elevation*!'\* Thank you, gentlemen! We have fought our way without you, often in defiance of you, for now some eighteen hundred winters, and we have little fear that, with the help promised us, we shall do so still. We know, and grieve to know, that there is a bastard Christianity among us, which may deem itself honoured by so much of your condescension; for ourselves, we beg leave to decline promotion at your hands. We do not pander to the mere sentiment of humanity, but we think the impulsive power within us is not likely to be the less healthy or resolute on that account. We are concerned to do homage to our Maker with our understandings, no less than with our affections, and our manhood will not be found to be of a weaker texture from this cause.

Mr. Newman deprecates the charge of having given up Christianity. We wish we could account him as stopping somewhere short of that extreme. But it is not possible. For it is not to be forgotten that Mr. Newman has told us that the Evidences of Christianity are naught, that even metaphysical arguments in its favour are naught, and that nothing is left to the supposed authority of the Christian Scriptures, or of Christ, except to corroborate the truthfulness of the kind of religion which in our unreasoning insight, in our mere sentiment, we feel to be true. Mr. Newman, indeed, believes in the efficacy of prayer. But so did Lord Herbert, when about to send forth a book avowedly against Christianity, and in favour of simple deism. We regard Mr. Newman as a man of highly cultivated mind; with many of his religious feelings we most cordially sympathize, and we

\* Introduction to the History of Philosophy, p. 57.

would be slow to impute to him intentional dishonesty. It is only on the ground of some strong peculiarity in mental tendencies, that we can at all account for two such men as Mr. Newman and his brother taking courses which are not only divergent, but so nearly equal in the degree of their eccentricity. Assuredly a sound judgment is very far from being the master-faculty with either of them. Imagination or impulse has the reign in both cases. But between Lord Herbert and Mr. Newman we see no shade of difference, except that the course of the former is, in our view, much the more ingenuous—the Christian pretension, and the Christian nomenclature of the latter, being such as cannot fail to convey a false impression to many readers.

We are aware that in expressing ourselves thus, we shall probably incur the charge of bigotry, sacerdotalism, and the like. For it is observable that the class of persons—persons who construct a religion for themselves out of their philosophy—attribute the conduct of old-fashioned believers like ourselves, to all sorts of base or contemptible motives, often setting us up, in very graphic fashion, to meet the broad grin of their disciples; and so surely as a few honest words are uttered in exposure of their own somewhat too clever method of proceeding, the cry of persecution is raised, and their censors are described as the not unworthy successors of men who once sent their neighbours to the rack and the stake for such offences. Were we inclined to retaliate in the way of invective and caricature, we might adduce sufficient precedent for so doing even from the pages of Mr. Morell and Mr. Newman. We are not disposed, however, to pursue this course; but we certainly do mean to be observant of publications of this class, and to give our readers a faithful report of them, without fear or favour. We see the follies, and something worse, connected with religion in our times, quite as clearly as the gentlemen in question, but we have endeavoured to bring a little patience and candour to the effort to separate between the chaff and the wheat. Something there is within us that will not allow of our describing the religion of our neighbours as wholly devoid of sentiment, because it is not all sentiment; and that prevents our regarding them as assigning no place to natural religion, because they do not so magnify its efficacy, as to extinguish Christianity, by declaring it superfluous.

If to pass from Mr. Morell to Mr. Newman is to descend to a lower deep, to pass from Mr. Newman to Mr. Froude is to descend lower still. The ‘Nemesis of Faith,’ gives the history of a mind which passes from an hereditary belief in Christianity to a rejection of it; from scepticism to Tractarianism; from Trac-

tarianism to Romanism, and, finally, from believing anything to believing nothing. With this the story ends. What it is intended to teach we scarcely know—the writer himself being, we suspect, very much in our own state of ignorance on that point. One thing at least is clear—the tendency of the book with inexperienced minds, is to disturb everything, and settle nothing. The vengeance inflicted on faith is not less extreme than that which faith is supposed to inflict on those who revolt against it, for the effect of the author's reasoning is to leave you without faith of any kind. The avenger is, in turn, annihilated.

Now we demur to the right of any man to publish a book with no higher end. We maintain that the writer who assails the existing beliefs of men should be prepared with something better. This we hold, inasmuch as all thoughtful persons admit that the religions of men, as based in the common sentiment of our nature, must all be more or less true. No man, accordingly, is at liberty to assail the less true, who is not prepared to introduce the more true in its room. On this ground we feel obliged to regard such a book as the work of a feeble moralist, or of a bad man.

Very lofty is the scorn with which Mr. Froude regards the current thinking and authorship in this country on such subjects. Nevertheless, nothing is more observable in his reasoning than the narrowness and ignorance which it betrays. The objections stated by him as warranting his scepticism are evidently new to him, and in his judgment are no doubt very formidable. But before attributing that faith in other men, which he has himself so recently surrendered, to a want of sagacity or of honesty, it behoved him to be quite sure that the ground he has so recently traversed has not been traversed long since by the men so described. It may be that the better test of a man's strength is, not that he has found his way into a quagmire, but that he has made his way out of it. Mr. Froude has performed the first part of this achievement—to the second, it seems, he is at present unequal. His difficulties are such as every thoughtful mind has passed through, only in place of sending such crude perplexities abroad in the shape of a book, such men have kept their thoughts to themselves, waiting for time and experience to do their kindly office upon them, and, in the end, these second thoughts have been commonly displaced by others, bearing a much nearer resemblance to the thoughts which preceded them. It is in the nature of patient reflection on subjects of this nature to make it appear, that such reasonings as are presented in this book are valueless, except as tending to put an end to religion of any kind, and to all

moral distinctions, by subjecting man and the universe to a blind fatalism. If it be regarded as simply absurd, for any man to attempt to reason his way towards such conclusions, then we might say that the publication of this volume has been simply an absurdity. But these terms are not adequate. • The book is full of representations which are grossly one-sided or positively false, and for all its uncorrected misrepresentations and unrefuted falsehoods its author is responsible. It matters not into whose mouth he may have put such things; if there, and left without antidote, the just inference is, that the mischief they are adapted to do is that which he intends should be done by them. It has become very common in our literature tacitly to assume, that what an author gives as the language of some fictitious personage is not to be reckoned as his own. But in all such cases, we adhere to the above principle. To lie, is to convey a false impression; and to send out a book, whatever be its texture, the decided tendency of which is to convey a false impression, is to lie in that shape.

Mr. Froude, it is evident, regards his reasoning as so cogent, that no man who is not knave or fool can fail of owing himself converted by it. We have only space to give a passage or two to show the sort of ground on which this confidence rests. Our selections are made almost at random. The following passage introduces the hero of the tale at the juncture when his faith in Tractarianism had been somewhat shaken, and describes the straw-like incident which sufficed to plunge him from that position into utter scepticism:

‘Newman talked much to us of the surrender of reason. Reason, first of everything must be swept away, so daily more and more unreasonable appeared to modern eyes so many of the doctrines to which the church was committed. As I began to look into what he said about it, the more difficult it seemed to me. What did it mean? Reason could only be surrendered by an act of reason. Even the church’s infallible judgments could only be received through the senses, and apprehended by reason. Why, if reason was a false guide, should we trust one act of it more than another? Fall back on human faculty somewhere we must; and how could a superstructure of stone be raised on a chaff foundation? While I was perplexing myself about this, there came a sermon from him in St. Mary’s, once much spoken of, containing a celebrated sentence. The sermon is that on the development of religious doctrine—the sentence is this: ‘Scripture says the earth is stationary, and the sun moves; science, that the sun is stationary, and that the earth moves.’ For a moment, it seemed as though every one present heard, in those words, the very thing they had all wished for and had long waited for—the final mesothesis for the reconciling the two great rivals, Science and Revelation; and yet it was



that sentence which at once cleared up my doubts the other way, and finally destroyed the faith I had in Newman after 'Tract 90' had shaken it. For to what conclusions will it drive us? If Scripture does not use the word 'motion,' in the sense in which common writers use it, it uses it in some transcendental sense, by hypothesis, beyond our knowledge. Therefore, Scripture tells us nothing, except what may be a metaphysical unattainable truth. But if Scripture uses one word in such sense, without giving us warning, why not more words? Why not every word and every sentence.—pp. 157, 158.

We hardly need say, that a mind which cannot conceive of a spiritual revelation made to mankind some three thousand years ago, without expecting that its references to physical science should be such as to anticipate the progress of the species on such subjects to the end of time, is not a mind likely to furnish the world with anything very edifying on matters of this nature. Following out the above style of inference, the author says :

'My eyes were opening slowly, to see for myself the strangeness of this being of ours. I had flung myself off into space, and seen this little earth-ball careering through its depths; this miserable ball, not a sand-grain in the huge universe of suns, and yet to which such a strange, mysterious destiny was said to have been attached. I had said to myself, Can it be that God, Almighty God, He, the Creator himself, went down and took the form of one of those miserable insects crawling on its surface, and died Himself to save their souls? I had asked the question. Did ever man ask it honestly, and answer *Yes*? Many men have asked it with a foregone conclusion; but that is not to ask it. I say, did ever man who doubted, find his own heart give him back the church's answer?'—p. 162.

Our answer to this last question, judging from our own experience, is, *yes*—myriads of men who have doubted on this point, have found their heart give them back this answer. But this has happened, because in contemplating it they have done something more than 'fling themselves off into space.' They have felt that nothing could be more unreasonable than to call on men to judge concerning a doctrine of this nature thus abstractedly. No man is capable of judging of it at all, who does not take something of a 'foregone conclusion' along with him. This conclusion embraces, not only the historical evidence in favour of the church's answer, but a world of existences like ours—a world the mysteries of whose evil, viewed as coming in some way from the Divine hand, are far more confounding than the mystery of this special act of the Divine nature as intended to remove them. Beside, what has the existence or non-existence of very many worlds, of very great worlds or very

little worlds, to do with this question? If we believe in the infinitude of the Divine nature, the difficulty of this conception begins and ends in that truth. We see at a glance that such a nature *could* give existence to all but an infinite number of worlds if so disposed; and thus the question whether he *has* so done or not, comes to be a mere accident or circumstance, not at all affecting the reasonableness of the tenet under consideration. But our author, it seems, must have something like a materialized infinity spread out to his senses before he can rise to any tolerable idea as to what spiritual infinity really means. In man, too, by reason of this sensualized vision, he sees only the 'crawling insect,' not the *mind*, which no space can limit, which Omnipotence only can doom to crawl. The great difficulty with our author, it appears, is, that men are not physically big enough to be much cared about by their maker. Were they but a few thousand feet taller, the doctrine might then be admissible. And this is philosophy—the philosophy which is to set the thinking of this nineteenth century of ours fully to rights!

Of the literary ability evinced in the work we might have spoken with commendation, but our business with it has been of a graver kind. We may observe of the style that it is free, vigorous, and generally good, but, at times, much too Carlylish in its tone. And it speaks significantly as to the tendency of Mr. Carlyle's writings, that to those writings, more than to any other source, Mr. Froude has to confess his obligations for assistance in finding his way, not to 'the end of all controversy,' but to that end of all believing, on the edge of which he stands at the close of this volume.

Before quitting this subject for the present, there is one topic on which we feel constrained to offer a word of caution. No one can have read books of the class now under review—from those of Mr. Carlyle downwards—without marking the special aversion of this whole school of authors to what are called the 'Evidences.' By this term they mean the external and critical evidence which determines the historical truthfulness and the just interpretation of the sacred writings. There is no end to the repugnance evinced by them towards this department of investigation. But if these same evidences be so barren, so utterly worthless, a simple-hearted bystander might well ask—Why, then, not leave them to their fate? Why be at so much pains to warn men off from them, or to run them down? The fact is, these gentlemen know full well that this kind of evidence is powerfully adapted to influence the strong natural understanding of our people, and that to bring it into disrepute is strictly

necessary, if their own refinements and abstractions are ever to produce any wide impression. There are portions of the religious press in this country that have not been wholly proof against the snare thus laid for them. With all the respect becoming us, we would entreat these parties to consider what they do. We feel no scruple in saying, that *if the sound historical verity of the sacred writings be lost, all will be lost.* We rejoice to know that these assailants must completely change the cast of our national intellect before they can be greatly successful. That what is called apostolical succession should be deemed an adequate conservator of purity in ecclesiastical orders, is difficult enough to understand; but that mere sentiment—the loose and ever-fluctuating feelings of the human mind, should be deemed sufficient to transmit Christianity itself to the unborn races of men,—this is to us a far deeper mystery. God forbid that the greatest boon conferred by heaven upon humanity should ever be entrusted to such keeping!

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- ART. VII. (1.) *Histoire des Girondins.* Par A. DE LAMARTINE. 8 tom. 8vo. Paris: Furne and Coquebert, 1847.
- (2.) *History of the Girondists.* Translated by H. T. RYDE. 3 vols. Small 8vo. London: Bohn, 1847-48.
- (3.) *Histoire de la Révolution Française.* Par M. MICHELET. Tom. 1, 2. 8vo. Paris: Chamerd, 1847.
- (4.) *History of the French Revolution.* By J. MICHELET. Translated by C. COCKS. [Vols. 1, 2.] Small 8vo. London: Bohn, 1847-48.
- (5.) *Histoire de la Révolution Française.* Par M. LOUIS BLANC. Tom. 1, 2. 8vo. Paris: Langlois and Leclercq, 1847-48.
- (6.) *History of the French Revolution.* By MIGNET. Translated from the last Paris edition. Small 8vo. London: Bogue, 1846.
- (7.) *History of the French Revolution.* By A. THIERS. Translated from the last Paris edition; with Notes. 8vo. London: Whittaker, 1846.
- (8.) *The French Revolution: a History.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. A new edition. Small 8vo. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 1847.
- (9.) *Histoire des Journaux et des Journalistes de la Révolution Française, précédée d'une introduction générale.* Par M. LEONARD GALLOIS. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris: 1845-46.

THE last twenty or twenty-five years have witnessed a striking change in the appreciation, throughout nearly the whole of continental Europe, of the men and the events of the first

French Revolution. Almost every work, purporting to narrate the history of that memorable epoch, which was current in France a quarter of a century ago, may be described as, either a bill of indictment, an act of personal or family vengeance, or the rejoinder to such. And it might well be inferred that works written in other countries, on the same subject, and at the same time, should have been for the most part mere reproductions of the passions and prejudices of the French authors, with a sufficient admixture of international jealousies and antipathies to suit the market for which they were especially destined.

Now, however, we see amongst the foremost defenders, in France itself, of what was just and true in the Revolution, men whose earliest recollections are of furtive visits to the prisons which contained their dearest relatives, or whose family annals are overshadowed by the awful image of the revolutionary guillotine. And elsewhere, in countries which once poured out their armies to trample down 'French principles' in blood, we find those principles enthusiastically vindicated in books, and adopted as a political creed by legislative assemblies. Truly—

‘Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than War.’

This rehabilitation of the Revolution may be said to have begun with the work of Mignet, remarkable alike for its symmetry of form, its lucid narrative, its dignified candour, its terse and elegant diction. It has many pages which, for copiousness of thought and conciseness of expression, might be placed beside those of Tacitus. But, perhaps, its greatest merit lies in its *date*. Written, as our neighbours say, ‘in full restoration,’ it was the first brave yet temperate utterance respecting the thoughts and deeds, the strength and weakness, the crimes and the virtues of the men of the Revolution; and it fell on the public ear at a time when the union of manliness with calmness was a very rare thing.

Unhappily, by way of off-set to these great merits, it must be acknowledged that M. Mignet's work is pervaded by a strong undercurrent of fatalism. The writer is too honest to disguise the atrocities which degraded the Revolution, but, whilst holding up the criminal to reprobation, he is too much inclined to view the crime as inevitable. He does not express, but he seems to imply, some such formula as this:—the Revolution was opposed within, *therefore* it became sanguinary; it was leagued against without, *therefore* it came to delight in war.

The exceeding brevity of the work, compared with the vast

extent of its subject, although serving to display its author's vigour of thought and command over language, is also, we think, a diminution of its real value. Within the compass of two small volumes, it travels over the whole period from the opening of the States General to the first abdication of Napoleon. Necessarily, therefore, it is rather a rapid summary of the history than the history itself.

In regarding the Consulate and the Empire as properly within the scope of the historian of the Revolution, M. Mignet, however, does not stand alone. The work of M. Thiers, now in course of publication, is avowedly a continuation of his former work, to be eventually incorporated with it.

Napoleon has been called the 'testamentary executor of the Revolution.' Be that as it may, it is very certain that he vigorously enforced one, at least, of its most characteristic doctrines. A free career to every talent, 'the tools to the man that can work with them,' became the principle of his government. No splendour of ancestry hastened, and no meanness of origin retarded the promotion of soldier or of civilian who could render good service to France. The descendants of the proud nobles, who bore for their device, '*Roi ne puis, prince ne daigne, Rohan je suis*,' served as private soldiers in his armies, and the sons of a poor peasant became marshals and princes of the empire. This principle the Restoration naturally put under its ban as recalling odious recollections and establishing evil precedents.

But, in most other respects, Napoleon's rule is rather in contrast to the Revolution than in continuation of it:

'By exercising on his own account the power he had received; by attacking with despotic institutions the liberty of the people, and with his armies the independence of states, he excited against himself both the opinions and the interests of the human race, and provoked universal hostility. The nation withdrew from him; and, after having been long victorious, after having raised his standard over every capital of Europe, after having, during ten years, augmented his power and gained a kingdom with every battle, a single reverse combined the world against him, and he showed by his fall how impossible in our day is a durable despotism. . . . The year 1814 was the term of the great movement of the preceding twenty-five years. At first, the reaction destroyed only the empire, forming a coalition in Europe, a representative system in France; but soon, setting itself to withstand the Revolution, it created, in Europe, a holy alliance of kings against nations; and in France, the government of a party against the charter.\*

\* Mignet, (1st edition,) ii. 364—366.

The fall of Napoleon may, therefore, not inappropriately be viewed as the termination of the first act of a mighty drama, of the subsequent scenes of which we are still the spectators. •

In respect, then, to the boundaries assigned to their subject, the works of Mignet and of Thiers will eventually agree. The resemblance is far from extending to the limits of the works themselves.

Whilst Mignet aims at extreme conciseness, Thiers delights in the utmost attainable prolixity. He seldom expresses an idea in one sentence if he can possibly attenuate it into six. He seems to have laid it down as a rule, especially in his latest volumes, that almost every fact must be stated twice over; and, if he desire to be peculiarly impressive, he repeats it for the third time, with a slight variation in the phraseology. In treating questions of finance, for which he has a marked predilection, his copiousness is merciless. But these faults, by no means the gravest with which M. Thiers' is chargeable, are redeemed by many beauties. His work has great animation, despite its diffuseness. His descriptions are glowing, and his delineations of character, whatever their truthfulness or depth, are at least vivid. His narratives of the campaigns of the French armies, and, above all, that of Napoleon's Italian campaigns, are masterpieces after their kind. The account of the *Concordat* of 1801, in one of the volumes lately published, is also an admirable specimen of his powers.

In his preface, M. Thiers has remarked, that 'perhaps the fittest moment to write a history is that in which the chief actors in it are about to quit the scene; we may gather their testimony, without participating in all their passions.' This, undoubtedly, is no mean advantage; but M. Thiers, we think, has only half profited by it. His work has derived much of its attraction from its author's familiarity with men who played prominent parts in the great drama, and from the ability with which he has turned their revelations to account. But it is very far, indeed, from evincing its author's freedom either from their passions or their mistakes. The chief impartiality he has shown has been in his readiness to assume the passions and to apologise for the mistakes of each party in its turn. Success is the god of his idolatry. He adulates every faction so long as it is prosperous, and burns incense before the car of every conqueror up to the moment when victory forsakes him. He has a wreath for every man's triumph, but no dirge for any man's fall.

Amidst all the fluctuating fortunes of leaders and of factions in the later stages of the Revolution, one party contrived to

obtain and to keep the ascendancy, although occasionally compelled to shroud itself in strange disguises. This was the party of the Mammon-worshippers; and it is at their shrine that M. Thiers' devotions are least intermittent. What this party lost at one crisis, it usually contrived to regain at another. The political enfranchisement, which the Constituent Assembly had won for the entire people, was, under the Directory, made the exclusive possession of a favoured class. The 'Rights of Man' became the Rights of Money.

Hence the Revolution, which had given so powerful an impulse to social equality by what it had destroyed, cramped the free development of political liberty by what it created. It became at once incomplete and incoherent. It relieved France from an old effete, but still oppressive aristocracy, which had outlived its function. It burdened France with a new representative body, which was never in harmony with what it professed to represent. It thus gave up to secret and surreptitious agitation questions of vital importance to society, and, instead of affording them free vent in the legitimate channels of public opinion, pent them up until they should acquire in darkness an energy only to be manifested by the destructive violence of their ultimate outbreak.

Of this there is in M. Thiers' History no appreciation. He altogether fails to deduce the chief significance of the events which he narrates. His generalizations are meagre and feeble in the extreme; and nowhere is this feebleness more apparent than in his account of the labours of the Constituent Assembly.

It can, therefore, we think, be matter of small marvel that, in spite of the great popularity and immense circulation (on the Continent) of the works both of Mignet and of Thiers, the subject should still be an attractive one, even to writers of established fame; though it may, perhaps, be deemed a curious coincidence that, at precisely the same moment, it should have occupied three men of celebrity so great, but so diversified, as Lamartine, Michelet, and Louis Blanc.

Probably not one of these writers imagined that changes so startling as those which almost every continental post brought to our knowledge, during the memorable months of 1848, would so quickly lend a new and keen interest to the story of that former crisis, with which passing events were to present such close parallels. But, assuredly, if any apology were needed for naturalizing in this country the new versions of the oft-told story, a better could not be found than that afforded by the eager revival we have all witnessed of the old calumnies and

misrepresentations of the struggle of '89. Even the very gaudy but very flimsy sophisms of Mr. Burke have been furbished up for the occasion, although no amount of rubbing could prevent them from looking very much the worse for wear.

To keep out of view the frightful state of France before 1789, and to bring into bold relief the horrors and sufferings which followed that date; to overlook the resistance with which the most moderate demands for reform were obstinately met by a great majority of the privileged classes, and to exaggerate every indiscretion and every impatient outburst of anger on the part of those who urged such demands in the face of such resistance; to chronicle every crime committed by those who were, or who pretended to be, on the popular side, and to consign to oblivion their every act of heroism or virtue; to cover, in short, with like opprobrium the men who resisted, and those who countenanced, deeds of atrocity and terror, if they happened to profess the same political creed; these have ever been the common tactics of certain writers and politicians who boast themselves the friends of order, while pursuing, or applauding, the very courses which most imperil it.

The genius which had already won for M. Michelet so distinguished a place among his country's historians would, under any circumstances, have made his new volumes the objects of much curiosity. But the peculiar position which he has recently occupied in his professorial capacity, and the polemical character of his later publications, have necessarily tended to increase this curiosity, whatever may be their effect upon his ultimate reputation.

Endowed by nature with acute sensibility and a brilliant imagination, M. Michelet was just about to start in active life at the period when the terrible reverses of Napoleon, swiftly following his most extraordinary displays of genius and energy, made Frenchmen learn by experience the horrors which attend the progress of an invading army, and he seems never to have out-grown the feelings of bitter resentment which he then conceived with all the vigour of first impressions. To him 'a Prussian is still a Prussian—an Englishman, an Englishman.' This thorough nationality, colours all his writings. He throws himself into the spirit of the age he delineates, adopts both its love and its hatred, its acute sense of suffering, its impatient desire for revenge. The *Histoire de France* of Michelet is mainly characterized by this power of vivifying the past both in its forms and its ideas—of raising from the dead 'the very age and body of the time,'—just as that of Sismondi is characterized by



the co-ordination and grouping of events in lucid and equable narrative, or that of Guizot by the profound analysis of the origin and growth of institutions. The thrilling chapters at the commencement of the fifth volume, (the last published,) which describe the career and death of Joan of Arc, might almost make an imaginative reader fancy them to have been ages ago dictated by some contemporary of the Maid of Orleans, who had mingled with the crowd in the gloomy square of Old Rouen, and looked on that sad martyrdom, with a scowl on his brow, and his hand clutching at his sword hilt.

The early admiration for Vico, the precursor of Niebuhr, which led Michelet to begin his literary career with a translation of the *Scienza Nuova*, seems, unlike most first loves in literature, to have been an abiding passion. That paradoxical theory of Vico's, which systematically dwarfs great men to magnify the masses, which represents 'hero-worship' as both an idolatry and a heresy, and recognises even in the most strongly marked individualities only the intensified expression of the conceptions and the aims of a generation, receives a new development in the *Histoire de la Revolution Française*.

M. Michelet grudges to the Mirabeaus, the Vergniauds, the Robespierres, and the Dantons, those lofty pedestals, or conspicuous pillories, on which history has heretofore lifted them above the crowd. He is too apt to forget that for want of leaders able to embody and personify the thoughts and aspirations of multitudes, whole generations have gone to their graves, with their wrongs unredressed and even unuttered. And too often he loses sight of the undeniable truth, that the noblest movements which have ever linked a people in united effort, were first *ideas* in the brain of some solitary thinker.

In the earlier part of his present history, M. Michelet has thrown new light upon the circumstances under which the States General were assembled. He has made himself familiar with those most instructive 'cahiers' of grievances to be redressed, with which most of the Electoral Assemblies furnished their deputies. He has pretty effectually disposed of the fanciful representations which many writers have been pleased to make of the progress of voluntary reform, under the amiable and paternal government of Louis XVI., prior to the Revolution. His display of the condition of the State Prisons, and of that system of 'sealed warrants' (*lettres de cachet*) which the Revolution found in full vigour, is graphic and suggestive enough, despite the somewhat grotesque phraseology in which it is clothed:—

'One family or dynasty—Chateauneuf, his son, La Vaillière, and his grandson, Saint Florentin (who died in 1777)—possessed, for a century, the department of the State prisons and sealed warrants. For this dynasty to subsist, it was necessary to have prisoners. . . . The minister used generally to give blank warrants to the bishops, the intendants, and persons in office. Saint Florentin, alone, gave away as many as 50,000. Never had man's dearest treasure, liberty, been more lavishly squandered. These warrants were the object of a profitable traffic; they were sold to fathers who wanted to get rid of their sons, and given to women who were incommoded by their husbands. This last cause of imprisonment was one of the most common.

'And all through good nature. The king was too good to refuse a warrant to a great lord. The intendant was too good-natured not to grant one at the request of a lady. The government clerks, the mistresses of the clerks, and the friends of the mistresses, through good-nature, civility, or mere politeness, gave, lent, or procured those terrible orders by which a man was buried alive. Buried;—for such was the carelessness and levity of those amiable clerks—almost all nobles, men of fashion, occupied with their pleasures—that they never had the time, when once the poor fellow was shut up, to think of his position.

'The Bastille, the sealed warrant, is the king's excommunication. Are the excommunicated to die? No. That would require the king to come to a decision, to take a painful resolution, which would be grievous to himself. It would be a judgment between him and his conscience. Let us save him the task of judging, of killing. There is a middle term between life and death; a lifeless, buried life. Let us organise a world expressly for oblivion. Let us set falsehood at the gates within and without, in order that life and death be for ever uncertain. . . . The living corpse no longer knew anything about his family.

'Forgotten! Oh terrible word! That a soul should perish among souls! Had not he, whom God created for life, the right to live at least in the mind? What mortal shall dare inflict, even on the most guilty, this worst of deaths, to be for ever forgotten?

'All other prisons had become more merciful, but the Bastille had become more cruel. From reign to reign, they diminished what the gaolers would laughingly term—the *liberties* of the Bastille. The windows were walled up one after another, and other bars were added. *During the reign of Louis XVI., the use of the garden and the walk on the tower were prohibited.*

• Then, adverting to the celebrated case of Henri Masers de Latude, who for a silly and boyish offence given to Madame de Pompadour, was imprisoned for *thirty-five years* (he had twice escaped, and was twice retaken) in the dungeons of various State prisons, and during part of the time, under circumstances of physical horror too revolting for description, he adds:—

'Ah! M. de Sartines—ah! Madame de Pompadour, how heavy is your burden! How plainly do we perceive, by that history, how,

Having once embraced injustice, we go from bad to worse; how terror, descending from the tyrant to the slave, returns again more forcibly to torment the tyrant. Having once kept this man a prisoner without judgment, for some trifling fault, Madame de Pompadour and M. de Sartines are obliged to hold him captive for ever, and seal over him with an eternal stone, the hell of silence.

‘But that cannot be. That stone is ever restless; and a low, terrible voice,—a sulphurous blast,—is ever arising. In 1781, Sartines feels its dread effect; in ’84, the king is hurt by it; in ’89, the people know all, see all, even to the ladder by which the prisoner escaped. In ’93, they *guillotine the family of Sartines*. . . .’

‘When Louis XVI. was informed that the Parisian municipality had ordered the demolition of the Bastille, he looked as if he had been shot to the heart. ‘Oh!’ he exclaimed, ‘this is awful.’’

This exclamatory and interjectional style, teeming with bold epithets and unexpected combinations, is very well calculated to pique the curiosity and arouse the attention of a drowsy reader, and spares the author the trouble of caring much for that perfection of form and elegance of style which have been commonly regarded as among the essential qualities of a good historian. For M. Michelet, no transition is too abrupt, no comparison too remote, no metaphor too startling, if, whilst he is writing, they happen to occur either to his memory or his fancy. Hence we have vigorous thoughts and felicitous parallels, but hence, also, turgid diction, obscure allusion, and frequent vagueness of meaning. We wander too often as in a labyrinth, richly decorated and full of skilful surprises, but of which we have lost the clue.

In perusing M. Michelet’s work, many readers are likely to be reminded of the famous Trilogy of Mr. Carlyle. But the resemblance is more apparent than real. Both writers delight in seizing, somewhat arbitrarily, upon striking events and conjunctures, which they isolate from what preceded and what followed, and then lavish on them all the resources of their imagination and their art. In Michelet, these salient delineations are brought into some sort of unity by an exposition, energetic though fitful, of the ideas which were working in the minds of the masses, and of the institutional expression which those ideas were receiving in the legislative assemblies. In his most poetical moods, he will occasionally introduce a retrospect or summary which serves to connect his isolated pictures, much as the word-painting of the ‘Chorus’ in Shakspeare’s ‘*Henry V.*’ combines and harmonizes the several scenes which make up the play. Above all, there runs throughout his work traces of a clear conviction that, whatever the immediate and apparent

issues of the events narrated, a grand result was being slowly but ceaselessly evolved.

In Carlyle, on the other hand, everything is disjointed and unsympathetic. His artistic resources are more varied, his mastery over language, however capriciously it may be used, is even more complete. He can summon, as with magic wand, all the incidents and circumstances that make up a soul-stirring picture. But he himself looks on with a bitter irony, as if he were viewing the scene from another world. He beholds struggle or sacrifice with a half-contemptuous pity, regarding it as, after all, a fruitless strife with an inexorable destiny. He sees in the Revolution no development of a law of progress. For him it begins with an 'Age of paper,' and ends with a 'Whiff of grape-shot.' Hence it is, we think, that, while the graphic and picturesque qualities of Mr. Carlyle's book irresistibly enchain the reader's attention and excite his ardent admiration, its effect on many minds is rather to enervate than to strengthen. He seems to produce an impression not unlike that with which one sometimes returns from gazing on an exhibition of dissolving views. Each view dazzled the eyes with its brilliant light and gorgeous colouring, and then quickly faded into another and another, in long succession, without distinctness, yet without continuity, leaving at last a sort of vague and dreamy reminiscence, in which the whole series was confusedly blended.

But there is no contrast between Michelet and Carlyle more striking, or of graver significance, than their diversified treatment of that political and administrative re-organization of France, which is the capital feature of the Revolution of '89. The Constituent Assembly found the French territory a congeries of provinces, whose inhabitants, alien in race and hostile in feeling, were governed by different laws, taxed by different authorities, judged by different tribunals. It left a France 'one and indivisible.' It found the French monarchy a possession, and left it a function, never, whether as Empire, as Restoration, or as Citizen-king-ship, to be aught else again. It found the French people still the serfs of feudalism, and left them a nation. It abolished judicial torture, abrogated monachism, and redeemed the soil of France from the crushing weight of tithes and inalienable properties. It found a system of taxation which passed lightly over the wealthy and the idle, to press with its whole overwhelming force upon the humble, the industrious, and the poor. It left the rudiments of a fiscal code, which, had they been fairly worked out, would have transferred the public burdens from industry to property, from the shoulders

of the poor to those of the rich. It found the most honourable employments, in all departments of the state, the exclusive patrimony of the nobly born; it left them open to the ambition of the lowliest. It found a worldly, corrupt, and intolerant church the sole recognised representative of religion in the land. It established religious liberty as the inalienable birth-right of every Frenchman. In accomplishing these things, Mr. Carlyle describes the National Assembly as 'perfecting its theory of defective verbs.'

To Michelet, these legislative achievements are of the essence of history. He thinks 'the constitution' deserving of careful study, no less than 'the Bastille' on the one hand, or 'the guillotine' on the other. His description, for example, of that great tendency towards *unity*, which was a popular movement before it became a legislative measure, is earnest and impassioned; and with an extract from this we leave his book. The second volume ends with the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes. This work is, therefore, far from its completion, and it would be quite premature to attempt to offer any definitive judgment of it:—

'Never since the Crusades had there been so general and deep a commotion among all classes of the people. In 1790, it was the enthusiasm of fraternity. . . . Where did this enthusiasm first begin? Everywhere. No precise origin can be assigned to those great spontaneous facts. . . .

'The idea of fraternity is *at first* rather limited. It implies only the neighbours, or at most the province. The great confederation of Brittany and Anjou has still this provincial character. Convoked for the 26th of November, it was completed in January. At the central point of the peninsula, far from the roads, and in the solitary little town of Pontivy, the representatives of a hundred and fifty thousand national guards assembled together. Those on horseback alone wore a common uniform, a red body with black facings; all the others, distinguished by rose, amaranth, or chamois facings, reminded one, in their very union, of the diversity of the towns that deputed them. In their covenant of union, to which they invite all the municipalities in the kingdom, they insist, nevertheless, on always forming a family of Brittany and Anjou, 'whatever be the new division of departments, necessary for the administration.' They establish a system of correspondence between their cities. In the general disorganization, and the uncertainty in which they are about the success of the new order of things, they take their measures to be at least always organized apart.

'In less detached places, in districts traversed by high-roads, and especially on rivers, this brotherly covenant assumes a more extensive signification. The rivers which, under the old system, by the vast number of tolls and interior custom-house duties, were hardly anything

better than barriers, obstacles, and impediments, become, under the reign of liberty, the principal means of circulation, and bring men into a correspondence of ideas and sentiments as much as of commerce.

‘It was near the Rhone, at the pretty town of Etoile, two leagues from Valence, that the province was abjured for the first time; fourteen rural communes of Dauphiny unite together, and devote themselves to the grand unity of France (29th Nov., 1789); a noble answer from these peasants to politicians like Mounier, who were making an appeal to provincial pride, and the spirit of dissension, and were endeavouring to arm Dauphiny against France.

‘This confederation, renewed at Montélimart, is no longer that of Dauphiny alone, but composed of several provinces of either bank, Dauphiny and the Vivarais, Provence and Languedoc; this time, therefore, they are Frenchmen. Grenoble sends to it, of her own accord, in spite of her municipality and of politicians; she no longer cares about her position as a capital city; she prefers being France. All repeat together the sacred oath, which the peasants had already taken in November: No more provinces! one native land! and give one another aid and provisions, passing corn from one place to another by the Rhone (December 13th).

‘That sacred river, flowing by so many races of men, of different nation and language, seems to hasten to exchange different products, sentiments, and ideas; and is, in its varied course, the universal mediator, the sociable genius, the bond of fellowship of the South. It was at its delightful and smiling point of junction with the Saône, that, in the reign of Augustus, sixty nations of the Gauls had raised their altar; and it is at the sternest point, at the deep, melancholy passage overlooked by the copper mountains of the Ardèche, that took place, on the 31st of January, 1790, the first of our grand confederations. Ten thousand men were up in arms, who must have represented several hundreds of thousands. There were thirty thousand spectators.

‘In presence of that immutable antiquity, those everlasting mountains, and that noble river, ever changing yet ever the same, the solemn oath was taken; the ten thousand bending one knee, and the thirty thousand kneeling, swore all together the sacred unity of France. . . .

‘Thus, far above the riots, dangers, and fears, I hear a great and mighty word, at once sweet and formidable, one rising and re-echoed by those imposing assemblies, each of which is a great people. And, in proportion as these associations are formed, they associate also one with another; like those great *farandoles* of the south, in which each new company of dancers joins hands with another, and the same dance embraces a whole population.

‘At the same period, the noble heart of Burgundy displayed itself by two early and illustrious examples. In the very depth of winter, and during the general scarcity, Dijon calls upon all the municipalities of Burgundy to hasten to the assistance of starving Lyons. Lyons was starving, and Dijon grieves. Thus these words, ‘fraternity’ and

'national bond of fellowship,' are not words only, but sincere sentiments, real and efficacious acts.

'The same city of Dijon, joined to the confederation of Dauphiny and the Vivarais (themselves united to those of Provence and Languedoc), invites Burgundy to give her hand to the cities of Franche-Comté! Thus the immense *farandole* of the south-east, joining and ever forming new limbs, advances as far as Dijon, which is connected with Paris.

'All emerging from egotism, all wishing to do good to all and to feed one another, provisions begin to circulate easily, and plenty is again restored; it seemed as though, by some miracle of fraternity, a new harvest had been made in the dead of winter.

'In all this, there is not a vestige of that spirit of exclusion and local isolation which was afterwards designated by the name of federalism. On the contrary, there is here a covenant sworn for the unity of France. These confederations of provinces look all towards the centre; all invoke, join, and devote themselves to the National Assembly—that is to say, to *unity*.'—Vol. ii. chap. 4.

We purposely refrain from any criticism on the 'Introduction' which M. Michelet has prefixed to his first volume. It is a strange and crude compound of Voltairian scepticism and German mysticism; but to enter into any examination of it—and, we presume to think that to examine would be to refute—demands space not at our disposal, and would lead us into questions which lie very wide of the proper subject of this article. We hope, too, that M. Michelet himself will, on more mature reflection, be led to exclude it from subsequent editions of his work as a very unseemly and hurtful excrescence.

Twelve months ago, the name of M. Louis Blanc would have aroused in the great majority of English readers no associations at all. At most, a sort of vague curiosity might have been excited, had the mention of his name been accompanied by the statement that, being the grandson of one of the victims of the Reign of Terror, having been born in the palace of Joseph Bonaparte at Madrid, and introduced to French society in the drawing-room of the Duchess of Dino—he had become an ardent republican and an Utopian 'Socialist,' and had written a book which the late King of the French is said to have characterized as 'a powerful battering-ram against the French monarchy.' With his *Histoire de Dix Ans*, a few readers in this country were doubtless already acquainted, but we believe they were few indeed until the author's name had been bruited into celebrity with the Revolution of February.

The work we have just mentioned, written by a fervid partizan in the very heat of political conflict, would be sure to elicit both

loud praise and fierce censure. None could deny that it evinced extensive acquaintance with every class of historical materials, keen insight into the secret springs of public events, and splendid talents for literary composition. It must also in candour be added, that, whatever the errors it may have diffused, or the mischievous social theories it may have helped to give currency to, it bears all the marks of upright and generous intention.

Of M. Louis Blanc's *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, two volumes have appeared, the first of which is wholly occupied by a series of preliminary essays on 'The Reformation,' 'Protestant Publicists,' 'The politicians of the League,' 'Jansenism,' 'The Economist School,' &c., &c., all written with much ability, but most of them sadly out of place. The reader, alarmed at a history of the Revolution of 1789, commencing with John Huss and Jerome of Prague, may very naturally exclaim with Racine's Dandin,—'Ah ! avocat, passons au déluge.'

The principal drift of this long array of antiquarian disquisition seems to be, that the movement of European society ever since the Reformation has tended to foster *individualism* at the expense of human fraternity—to develop competition and rivalry by sacrificing co-operation and solidarity of interests among all classes; and the author proceeds to contend that social progress in the future must be looked for in some development or other of the Communistic schemes. But, in his endeavour thus to bring history into harmony with a pre-conceived theory which has no real vitality, M. Louis Blanc subjects his facts (important enough in another place and a different combination) to a sort of Mezentian torture,—coupling the living with the dead.

The second volume opens with a 'Picture of the Court of France'—a terrible arraignment, but every count of which is accompanied by its evidence. Then follows a clear and forcible exposition of the old financial system, and of the administration of Necker, of whom M. L. Blanc says, truly enough, 'He possessed neither strength nor courage proportionate to his intellect; his daring was confined to his books.' (Tom. ii. p. 52.)

We have next a very characteristic chapter, entitled, 'The revolutionary mystics;' and an account of the affair, once so notorious, of 'the diamond necklace.' The remainder of the volume narrates the history of the revolution—at which we at length arrive—from the convocation of the States General to that memorable night of the 4th August, 1789, which witnessed the abolition of feudality in France. The two published volumes carry us no farther.



To the narrative portion of the work, the author has contrived to give both vivacity and novelty; and his careful and copious citation of authorities is deserving of especial praise. If, in this respect, the work proceed as it has begun, a mere collocation of the author's notes would almost constitute a bibliography of the Revolution. But here our commendation must stop. The peculiar social theories which M. L. Blanc has scattered broadcast throughout his work, cannot but detract as seriously from its historical value, as they do, in their long and sometimes wearisome exposition, from the symmetry of its form.

'France has felt that she still needs to study the spirit of her Revolution—to imbue herself with its principles, purified from the excesses which debased, and from the blood which sullied them—to gather from her past, wisdom and counsel for the present and the future.' So spoke M. de Lamartine at a banquet at Macon, two years ago, and the words seem to express very appositely the views and motives which appear to have governed him in writing the *Histoire des Girondins*. Seldom does a book bear more unmistakeable marks of a disinterested origin and a lofty purpose. It has already won for its author a large meed of admiration, and will yet win more; but its birth must be traced to something more elevated and pure than mere love of fame, for which, however, M. de Lamartine has never affected indifference.

It is allotted to but few men to gather laurels alike as poet, as statesman, and as historian. The very rarity of the combination would tempt us to preface our brief notice of the *Histoire des Girondins* with some sketch, however imperfect, of its author's diversified life, were not the theme too pregnant to be treated of parenthetically. For the present, therefore, we forego any attempt in this direction, and proceed at once to the book before us.

This work is described by its author as 'belonging to an intermediate class between History and Memoirs. Events occupy in it less space than men and ideas.' This characteristic we think very far indeed from diminishing its worth. Biography, if it deserve the name, is the very marrow of History.

Although following in the footsteps of so many who have been labourers in the same field, M. de Lamartine has broken much new ground. He has had access to rich stores of information heretofore unemployed, and has made excellent use of them. He introduces us into the private and domestic life of the great movers in the Revolution, and makes us observe how their characters were formed, with what aims they started, and

to what influences they were exposed. We seem to watch the processes from which eventually the history is to evolve itself. The style is throughout in keeping with the theme. The narrative is always earnest and often rapid, the reflections comprehensive and impassioned, the diction both elegant and vigorous. What the author has learned from extensive research and elaborate sifting of testimony, he seems to have pondered till it became a breathing reality to his own mind, and then only has he undertaken to describe it. Hence it is that, as we read in his animated pages of heroic effort or invincible endurance, the eye kindles and the heart throbs; the great actors on the scene live and move, struggle and aspire, conquer or fall, before our eyes.

The 'History of the Girondists' is only a portion of the revolutionary story, but contains its kernel. The character and fate of the Revolution were irrevocably determined by the issue of the conflict between 'Gironde' and 'Mountain.' Of the Girondists, as a body, it may be justly said that never did men, banded together in a cause merely secular, unite patriotism so pure and talent so varied with so mournful a fate. But it was their misfortune not only to commit grave faults themselves, but also to bear the whole brunt of the faults and mistakes of the politicians who had preceded them.

When it had become manifest that constitutional royalty in the person of Louis XVI., with his feebleness and his environments, was a sheer impossibility—when vacillations at home, and a treacherous correspondence with the enemies of France abroad, crowned by the flight towards the frontier, had demonstrated that the Revolution was to be kept in check at any cost, in hope of a successful invasion—the Constituent Assembly was imprudent enough to reinstate royalty, although as little more than a hollow pageant, incapable of really discharging any kingly function, but only too capable of exciting hatred for its antecedents, and contempt for the weakness to which it had been reduced.

In this state of things the Girondists entered that stormy arena. Themselves republicans by conviction, though over much accustomed to contemplate their ideal republic through the mists of classical antiquity, they hesitated to act fully up to their principle. They gave a sort of half acquiescence in the compromise of the Constituent Assembly, without possessing any real faith in it. They had thus to combat, under a borrowed flag, those who disapproved the modified constitution of '91 for having cramped and fettered the monarchy, and those who hated it for having left even the shadow of a king—those who desired to bring back the old abuses under new names,

and those whose undeviating aim, under all the phases of political warfare, had been to revolutionize the entire social system, and to convert France into a democracy, despotically organized. In the ardour of this unequal contest, and under an appalling sense of the perils to which their country was exposed, they permitted unworthy weapons to be raised in her quarrel. They drew the sword, and by the sword they were to perish. 'Never,' to use the words of our author on a different occasion, 'was that retributive justice which God has implanted in our very actions themselves, as a conscience more sacred than the Destiny of the ancients, more visibly manifested; never did the moral law bear more striking witness of its origin, or more pitilessly avenge its violation.'—Book i. § 1.

M. de Lamartine's work, however, is much more than a history of the Gironde. Commencing with the flight to Varennes, (June, 1791,) and ending with the fall of Robespierre, (July, 1794,) it includes the history of the Legislative Assembly, of the Emigration, of the war in La Vendée, of the terrible series of insurrections and massacres in the South, of that great spontaneous enlistment ('*Levée en masse*') which made armies spring up like mushrooms, and of the 'Reign of Terror.' It includes, also, the colonial annals of France during those three eventful years,—the insurrection of St. Domingo,—the abolition of slavery,—the loss of the French Indies; and, finally, it narrates the amazing struggle in which all Europe was leagued against a single nation—a nation torn by civil war, impoverished, anarchical—and was beaten in the strife.

Such a tale as this, however often it may be told, can scarcely become tedious. From a writer who is at once the greatest French poet of the age, and a man versed in all the experiences of public life, it would be sure to elicit dramatic scenes, spirited descriptions, glowing delineations of character. Nor are such qualities of any novelty among French historians, though they are carried by M. de Lamartine to a higher pitch, and subjected to more skilful ordonnance than by any of his contemporaries. The current historical literature of France, whatever else it may be chargeable with, is certainly free from the fault of dulness. And thus it is that, in attempting, as now, to review several works of this class together, it is difficult to avoid repeating similar phrases and epithets, since, up to a certain point, the resemblances are real and striking. Frenchmen generally, it would seem, like the old Marquis du Chatelet,\* are ready to endure anything for liberty short of being *bored* about

\* During the early scenes of '89, M. du Chatelet, it may be remembered, said to La Fayette, 'Je veux bien mourir, mais je ne veux pas m'ennuyer pour la liberté.'

it. They must be dazzled and amused, or they will not consent to be instructed.

But, besides the qualities we have alluded to as characterizing these volumes, in common with some other works of the same class, there is to be found in them what is much more rarely met with—a masterly power of generalization, combined with patient analysis and picturesque detail, an impartiality which is never attained by the sacrifice of sympathy, a keen exposure of many popular sophisms, a solemn conviction of the responsibilities of human action, and an ever-present sense of that overruling Providence which ‘shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.’ Yet, although even crimes have been ‘over-ruled’ for good, the author does not therefore designate them as ‘useful’ or ‘necessary.’ Nor does he, on the other hand, allow his indignant reprobation of violence and bloodshed to distort his perception of the great results which were obtained, not in consequence, but in despite, of them. He sees that there are seasons when it becomes a nation rather to appreciate its victory than to count its slain. ‘Undoubtedly,’ he says—

‘Undoubtedly a nation should weep for its dead, and should not make light of a single life unjustly and hatefully sacrificed; but it ought not to grudge the blood which has been spilt for the growth of eternal truths. . . . Let us, then, forgive one another, whether we be the children of the combatants or of the victims. Let us be reconciled over their tombs, in order that we may resume their interrupted task. . . . Let us snatch crime from the people’s cause as a weapon which pierced its hand and transformed liberty into despotism. Let us not seek to justify the scaffold by the love of country, or proscription by the love of liberty. Let us not make the spirit of the age callous by the sophism of revolutionary energy. . . . The history of the revolution is both glorious and mournful, like the morrow of a victory and the eve of another battle. But, if that history be full of grief, it is, above all, full of faith. It is like the antique drama, in which, while the speaker carries on the recital, the chorus of people chants the triumph, bewails the victims, and lifts up to Heaven its hymn of consolation and of hope.’

In no part of his work, perhaps, is M. de Lamartine’s desire to hold an even balance more evident than in his delineation of the character of Robespierre, at the very sound of whose name many writers are wont to affect (for with many it is but a trick of the craft) that sort of shuddering alarm which Monti, in his *Mascheroniad*, attributes to the angelic host:—

‘Un Robespiero!

. . . Al nome crudel su l’auree teste  
Si solleva le chiome agl’ Immortali,  
Frementi in suon di nemi e di tempesti.’

‘ But even a Robespierre is put to much better use when made the object of close investigation, than when turned into a goblin or a bugbear. That strange compound of integrity and cunning, of pertinacity and cowardice, of sensitiveness and cruelty, may well deserve some thoughtful study. We are far from concurring in the whole of M. de Lamartine’s estimate of this man, but can only glance at the reasons of our dissent after making a very brief and fragmentary extract:—

.... ‘ Righteous aspirations, vain Utopias, atrocious instruments, were the elements that made up the social polity of the Convention, which was placed between two civilizations, to exterminate the one and usher in the other. Robespierre, more than any of his colleagues, personified these tendencies. His plans, religious in purpose, chimerical in detail, became sanguinary when they came into collision with practical impossibility. . . . He held to his chimeras as to truths. Had he been more enlightened, he would have been more tolerant. His anger arose from his delusions. He wished to be a social regenerator; society resisted: he took the sword, as though it were permitted to a mortal to make himself God’s executioner. Half through fanaticism and half through terror, he communicated this spirit to the Jacobins, to the people, and to the Convention.’—(Book xxxi. § 21.)

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‘ Robespierre’s death was the date, but not the cause of the cessation of the Terror. The executions would have ceased had he triumphed, as they ceased when he fell. It thus pleased Divine Justice to reject his repentance, and to foil his good intentions. It made of his tomb a closed gulf. It made of his name an enigma, of which history shudders to utter the solution, alike fearing to commit an injustice if it pronounce *Crime*, and to excite horror should it say *Virtue*. To be just and to be instructive, it must boldly associate these two words to which union is repugnant, and must form them into a compound epithet. Or rather, it must refrain altogether from designating what it must despair of defining. This man is and will remain indefinable.

‘ There is a design in his life, and that design is great: the reign of reason by democracy—truth and justice carried into legislation; . . . there is a means, and that means is by turns legitimate and execrable—it is popularity. He caresses the people through its ignoble qualities. He exaggerates suspicion. He stirs up envy. He fans anger. He envenoms revenge. He opens the veins of the body politic to eradicate disease, but he lets out life, pure or impure, with indifference, never throwing himself between the victims and their butchers. He accepts the evil he does not seek. He sacrifices to what he deems the requirements of his position, the heads of the king, the queen, and their innocent sister. He yields, to pretended necessity, the head of Vergniaud, to fear and lust of power, the head of Danton. He allows his name to serve during eighteen months as a

pennon to the scaffold, as a justification of murder. He hopes, by the purity of future institutions to redeem present crime, which is never redeemed; and while France palpitates under the hand of the executioner, he intoxicates himself with visions of public felicity in the distance.' . . . .

In this view of Robespierre's character, there is, we think, very great truth, but it is only part of the truth. The man, doubtless, was in many respects abstinent, self-denying, sincere, incorruptible, and inflexible, but he was thoroughly irreligious—not in conduct only, but in sentiment—and intensely vain. To him there was nothing in the universe higher or holier than himself and his 'good intentions.' The 'Supreme Being' was something about which he could make fine speeches, to the discomfiture of his opponents, and to his own glorification. Perhaps no man ever more strikingly exemplified the trite remark, that unchecked failings become incorrigible vices. Faults that in some men remain comparatively venial, in him turned to atrocious crimes. To wound his vanity was to make a malicious adversary; to awaken his fears was to create an inveterate foe, whom nothing short of death could placate. But if, in some respects, M. de Lamartine has depicted his character too favourably, he has but erred, we think, as an upright judge might err, who, conscious of a personal and innate repugnance to the accused, should constrain himself to do him something more than justice, fearing least his prepossessions might make him do less.

Of the substantial accuracy and truthfulness of M. de Lamartine's history, we have no doubt. Nevertheless, we cannot but regret the absence of references and authorities, especially in regard to matters which have been the subject of controversy. We hope that, in future editions, this want will be supplied.

In the strictly narrative portion of the work, there is very much which is both new and profoundly interesting. Our restricted limits, however, interdict even a single extract. An observation or two on the English translation, or what professes to be such, which has recently appeared, must close our brief notice.

This translation, the title of which stands second in the list prefixed to this article, has had, we understand, an extensive sale, probably on the faith of the title-page, and the credit of the series of which it forms a part. Since the 'Memoirs of Goethe,'—which a London bookseller, many years ago, palmed on the public as the celebrated Autobiography, while it was in fact a worse translation of a bad French abridgment, and

executed apparently by a writer ignorant alike of German, French, and English,—no literary fabrication so disreputable as that before us has come under our notice. It resembles Lamartine's work much as the 'Memoirs of Goethe' resembled the '*Aus meinem Leben; Dichtung und Wahrheit*.' The groundwork of it, indeed, is the '*Histoire des Girondins*'—but blundered, garbled, and mutilated, so as to be scarcely recognisable.

It is never an agreeable duty thus to characterize any book. In the present instance it is the less so, inasmuch as this translation appears in Mr. Bohn's 'Standard Library,' a collection which has heretofore contained many excellent books, some of which have been noticed with commendation in this Review.

After the opinion we have expressed of M. de Lamartine's History, it is almost superfluous to add that it eminently deserved a painstaking and faithful translation. No part of it can be suppressed without great injury to the whole. But the present translator has not only suppressed large portions, and grossly misrendered others, but has mangled much of what he has left by an extraordinary practice of joining part of one sentence with part of another, so as to produce a sort of grotesque patch-work.

The result of a careful estimate is, that on the whole, considerably more than one-sixth of the *Histoire des Girondins* is eliminated, in the so-called 'translation,' although we find, prefixed to its last volume, a 'Prospectus of Bohn's Standard Library,' the first paragraph of which begins as follows:—

'This series has been undertaken with the view of presenting 'to the educated public, works of a deservedly established 'character, accurately printed in an elegant form, *without abridgment*.'

Speaking of the position of Louis XVI. in 1791, M. de Lamartine has said, 'He was no longer a power, for power 'must have volition; he was not a functionary, for the functionary 'acts and is responsible for his action; the king was not 'responsible.'—(Book vii. § 4.) This is rendered:—'He was 'no longer will, for to will is to do. He was not a functionary, 'for the functionary acts and replies. The king did not reply.'—(Trans. vol. i. p. 260.) Four commissaries of the Convention, mentioned in Book xliii.,—'Romme, Prieur de la Côte d'Or, 'Ruhl, et Prieur de la Marne,' are converted into two monks, 'Romme, prior of the Côte d'Or, and Ruhl, prior of Marne.'—(Trans. vol. iii. p. 45.) Vergniaud, in one of his speeches in the Convention, having exclaimed—'In short, would you make 'the French people a merely agricultural and mercantile people, 'and apply to them the pastoral institutions of Penn?'—is made by the translator to say—'Lastly, would you make the French

‘people neither agricultural nor merchants, and apply to them the pastoral institutions of William Penn?’—(Vol. ii. 497.)—A passage from a speech of Barère’s:—(‘I have seen’)—‘a council-general of the Commune, in which figures a man, named Chaumette, of whose civism I know nothing, but who was not long since a monk; I have seen a Commune interpreting and executing the laws according to its caprice, &c.’—is thus rendered:—(‘I have seen’)—‘a general council of the Commune, in which there is Chaumette, whose civism I know, but who denies having been a monk; I have seen a Commune interpreting and executing the laws according to his caprice,’ &c.—(Vol. ii. 506.) The conclusion of a speech of Danton’s in a subsequent debate:—‘There are men,’ he added, in a cruelly bitter tone, and looking at Vergniaud and Gaudet,—‘There are men who cannot divest themselves of a resentment. For my own part, Nature made me impetuous, but exempted me from malice;’—is thus given:—‘It is from men,’ added he, with an accent of fierce bitterness, regarding Vergniaud and Gaudet, ‘it is from men who cannot divest themselves of resentment! For myself, though naturally impetuous, I am free from hatred.’—(Vol. ii. 519.)—‘Fearing that a division would give victory to the Girondists, the Mountain and the patriots of the tribunes burst forth into imprecations against Vergniaud. ‘Adjourn!’ cry the moderates,’ is translated—‘Trembling lest *they* should bestow victory upon the Girondists, La Montagne and the patriots of the tribunes broke out into imprecations against Vergniaud.’ ‘Raise the Assembly,’ cried out the *modérés*.’ (Vol. ii. 516.) The reader will probably think that any further justification of our strictures on the translation would be superfluous; but it would be easy to add scores of passages similar to those we have cited.

We cannot quit the subject without a word or two on the lessons in practical politics with which, we think, the revolutionary history of France is teeming.

Undoubtedly, on looking back over sixty years of almost incessant convulsion, the first impression is a gloomy and despondent one. But much of the gloom will be dispelled if the retrospect be carried still farther back. The history of France under Louis XIV. and his immediate successor is a history of kings and courtiers. The *People* we see but dimly, as a toiling and suffering multitude,—now performing their *corvées* in gangs, like convicts;—anon, dying of famine by thousands, or dragooned into exile for reading their Bibles, and daring to worship their God according to its dictates. Let any man, too prone to the exclusive denunciation of ‘mob violence’



and 'mob wickedness,' thoroughly realize that history to his own mind, and then let him ask himself whether the successors of such kings and such courtiers could expect aught else than a fiery purgation.

As we continue our survey, the autocratic kings and the crapulous courtiers disappear, and scenes of turbulent strife succeed; soon, a consummate warrior and a military hierarchy occupy the places of the kings and courtiers of the bygone century, and when these, forgetting the origin and the tenure of their power, begin to tread too closely in the footsteps of their predecessors, they also vanish in their turn. A few oblivious politicians, who, having slept through a generation or two, fancy the Revolution a sort of nightmare, to be shaken off on waking, vainly attempt to bring back the old order of things; and then we see a new race of wily diplomatists and cunning masters of state-craft who think that, by systematizing corruption and bringing it to every man's door, they will surely make themselves secure, and escape the perils of their forerunners. These also quit the stage, having roused a spirit too mighty to be quelled. Trickery and corruption, dogged resistance and constraint, are found alike to lead to triumphant insurrection.

At a time when events so crowd on each other that the prediction of yesterday is the mockery of to-day, it were rash indeed to hazard many speculations on the future. But it may safely be affirmed that, if there be much existent evil, there are manifestly the indications and germs of far greater good.

It would seem as if France were destined to serve as a sort of laboratory for Europe; as if by that inquisitive, impulsive, restless, energetic people, every predominant passion that can sway multitudes, every form of government, every theory of social polity were to be essayed and experimented on in turn. Assuredly, such experiments, carried on at such cost, cannot, in a God-governed world, lead to mean or insignificant results. Even the most Utopian 'world-betterers,' like the alchemists of old, will make real discoveries by the way, while searching for chimeras.

We look indeed for no fools' Paradise, as conceived by a St. Simon or an Owen, whence suffering is to be banished, in which work is to be turned into pastime, in which every propensity is to be freely indulged, and every man to do what seemeth right in the eyes of his 'Phalanstery,\* but for a world which, after all bettering, will still be the scene of habitual

\* *Phalanstère* (φαλαγγίς) is the designation given by the disciples of Ch. Fourier to the communities into which, by and by, all Europe is to be parcelled out in equal subdivisions. The term corresponds with the *parallelogram* of Mr. Owen.

sacrifice, of constant toil, and of life-long probation. That every man, however, may by patient exertion be enabled to earn honest bread, to cultivate the faculties within him, both for this life and for the life to come, and to acquire some direct and legitimate influence upon that legislation which affects his interests the more powerfully, the poorer and humbler may be his sphere of labour; that all authority shall be limited and responsible, and that in king or magistrate, as in peasant or servant, it shall be everywhere made visible that 'what a man soweth, that shall he also reap;' these are anticipations which Reason and Revelation combine to warfant. And, neither wanton excesses on the one hand, nor bombardments, secret murders, and military executions on the other, will prevent their ultimate realization.

Recent French history proclaims, as with trumpet tongue, that the mistakes and crimes of the people or of their leaders do far more to delay freedom than the worst enormities of their oppressors. But it also proves that a fearful amount of blood-guiltiness lies at the door of the men who by narrowing, packing, and corrupting legislative bodies, force political conflict from the senate into the street, and shut up all men of liberal opinions to the single alternative of becoming revolutionists, or ceasing to be reformers.\*

That 'conservatism'—or what is so miscalled—should seek excuses and justifications in passing events for a stubborn resistance to righteous demands—because some men urge them foolishly, some violently, and because others urge demands which are not righteous at all,—might well excite surprise, if there were not so many instances of similar infatuation in the past. There have ever been statesmen—or men current for such—to teach that reforms should not be effected when the people are peaceful and quiescent, because that would be creating an excitement; and should never be conceded when the people are aroused and agitated, because that would be yielding to clamour. To such reasoners we would commend the wise counsel of Lord Bacon:—'Neither let any prince or  
.. 'state be secure concerning discontentments, because they have

\* . . . 'Ah! s'ils ont fait verser tant de larmes amères,  
S'ils ont livré la France au fer des légionnaires,  
C'est que bien avant eux l'intrigue et le hasard  
Avaient mis au pouvoir des Guizot, des Collard,  
Des Perrier, des D'Argout, des Dupin, des Decazes,  
Héros de cabinet, aux douceuses phrases,  
Qui, desséchant les cœurs, sous des systèmes froids,  
Préparaient l'esclavage, et la ligue des rois.'

BARTHELEMY, *Douze Journées de la Révolution.*

'been often, or have been long, and yet no peril hath ensued :  
'for, as it is true that every vapour, or fume, doth not turn into  
'a storm, so it is nevertheless true that storms, though they  
'blow over divers times, yet may fall at last; and as the  
'Spanish proverb noteth well,—'The cord breaketh at the last  
'by the weakest pull.'\*

ART. VIII. *A Man Made of Money.* By DOUGLAS JERROLD. With  
Twelve Illustrations on Steel by John Leech. London, 1849.

WERE any person, tolerably familiar with the great metropolis, asked who is the wittiest man in it, he would infallibly answer, 'Douglas Jerrold.' There may be men reputed his equals or superiors in general conversation; but in that one quality called wit, in the power of sharp and instant repartee, and, above all, in the knack of demolishing an opponent by some resistless pun upon his meaning, Douglas Jerrold is, among London literary men, unrivalled. On paper there are some who may come near him; but in witty talk among his friends he is *facile princeps*. His eager vehement face, as he presides at a wit-combat anywhere within a four miles' circuit of Temple-Bar, is a sight worth seeing. If he is telling a story, all present are attentive; if he and some luckless antagonist become hooked in a two-handed encounter, the rest pleasantly look on, expecting the result; or, if somebody else is speaking, he will sit apart, quietly and even sympathetically listen, but in the end detect his opening, and ruin all with his pitiless flash. No second part would he have played even in the famous wit-combats of the Mermaid Tavern in Friday-street, where, more than two hundred years ago, Rocky Ben and his companions used to drink their canary; and, had he sat beside poor Goldy at the meetings of the Literary Club of last century, ponderous Samuel himself, we are inclined to think, would have kept an uneasy eye upon that end of the table. It is thus that Douglas Jerrold is known in literary circles in London; and there is no harm in saying so.

Abroad over the country, on the other hand, Mr. Jerrold is more vaguely known as the author of numerous favourite theatrical pieces, including two standard comedies; as one of the principal contributors to *Punch*, in whose pages he has brought out successively 'The Story of a Feather,' 'Punch's

\* Essay XV.—'Of Seditions and Troubles.'

Letters to his Son,' the 'Candle Lectures,' and other miscellanies of the same nature; as the writer of various tales and essays that have appeared elsewhere; as recently the proprietor and editor of a weekly newspaper, devoted to the advocacy of liberal opinions, and especially earnest in its denunciations of the practice of Capital punishments; and, finally, as the author of a serial work of fiction, in six parts, entitled, 'A Man made of Money,' less successful, it is said, than the similar publications of Dickens and Thackeray, but still by no means a failure.

It certainly cannot be said, therefore, that Mr. Jerrold, as one of our present staff of literary functionaries, is either unknown or unappreciated. Nevertheless, we have a kind of suspicion that, neither in the opinion of his private friends, nor in that of the public at large, is full justice done to his merits as a writer.

Believing, as we do, that the truest criticism is that which, from the writings of a man, of whatever kind they are, collects most shrewdly and clearly his exact personal characteristics, we are, of course, prepared to admit that it may be an advantage for a critic to have some previous personal knowledge of the author whose performances he undertakes to estimate, and, consequently, that Mr. Jerrold's friends are, in so far, better qualified than strangers to see what is in his books. But the majority of Mr. Jerrold's friends, we fear, bring to the perusal of his writings too vivid a preconception of the merely witty side of his character. They think of his jests, of his flashes of merriment; and what they ask from his books is but jesting more abundant, and sarcasm more keenly fanged. But Mr. Jerrold is no mere man of wit: he is something higher and better; he is a man of clear thought; of no mean amount of knowledge; and of most keen and strong feelings. This his friends ought to know. How often, throwing aside among them all jesting humour, does he appear in his deeper moods, startling them by some earnest or even mournful saying; anon, relapsing into a calmer strain still serious; and again all but demoniac in his expression of scorn. We should even say that this was the more real and characteristic side of his nature. Forgetting

- this, however, or not having remarked it, his friends will have nothing from his writings but the wit they have learnt so well to relish. Hence, pregnant with wit as these writings are, such readers are sometimes disappointed. The wit that will please in books must be something more fine and finished than that which may do in talk, where the voice helps and the laugh is but too willing; and it is, of course, possible that Mr. Jerrold's friends, passing from himself to his books, do not always find

this necessary increase. It may have been partly from this reason, though other causes must have assisted, that certain persons with whom we have conversed, were unable to take such pleasure as they had expected in the 'Man made of Money.' That this should be the case at all, whether for the reason just stated, or for any other, is a little surprising to us ; but of this at least we are sure, that if such friendly readers were first to correct their misconception of Mr. Jerrold as a man whose sole or even chief endowment is wit, they would find both this and all his other writings to possess a merit higher and more essential than that of being pleasant to read—the merit, we mean, of being amply and closely representative of their author.

Turning to the public at large, they too, we find, are unfair to Mr. Jerrold, by regarding him too exclusively in one or other of his literary phases. One portion of them, allured by exactly that side of his character, manifested to *them* of course through his writings, which we have spoken of as beguiling his private friends, think of him merely as the comic writer, the creator of 'Mrs. Caudle,' the contributor to 'Punch.' Enjoying heartily his pungent humour, and, mayhap, if they are married, deriving some little domestic benefit from it, they are troubled with no comparisons between Mr. Jerrold the speaker, and Mr. Jerrold the writer, but take thankfully what they get, grumbling a little when, as occasionally happens, the wit grows weak. But, enjoying the humour, they skip the earnestness. Of the 'Story of a Feather,' or the 'Chronicles of Clovernook,' they have no recollection. Mr. Jerrold is to them chiefly the describer of shrewish wives, meek husbands, buxom widows, and superfluous mothers-in-law. And thus, even while admiring him, they lower his literary level ; all the more easily perhaps that, though the author, amid his multifarious writings, of many powerful and pathetic things, he has yet made no such decided hit in the higher style of literature as his 'Caudle Lectures' have proved in the lower ; has placed on the shelf no one permanent book of deeper import, capable of protecting his comic ephemera from too much notice.

Another portion of the public, again, having formed their acquaintance with Mr. Jerrold chiefly through his newspaper, or through such of his miscellaneous papers as most resemble newspaper articles, have been led to think of him less as the comic writer and wit, than as the political Radical ; the satirist of aristocratic distinctions and ecclesiastical abuses ; the enemy of our military system ; and the advocate of prison reform, extended suffrage, popular education, and the abolition of capital punishments. Persons who themselves lean to that side of

things, like him, of course, all the better for his partisanship, and only regret that it has not been more active and laborious. Others, however, suspecting all partisanship of narrowness, and having no respect for the current philanthropy, are, on this very account, prejudiced against him. Misled probably by the exaggerated form of expression that seems almost inseparable from articles written for a newspaper, both classes appear hardly to have observed a certain intellectual delicacy, a certain ripe literary flavour, so to speak, that, mingling with Mr. Jerrold's disquisitions on social topics, distinguishes them from the cruder declamations of those summary persons who call bishops gluttons; capitalists, thieves; and military men, murderers.

Fully to bring out all that it seems necessary to say respecting Mr. Jerrold's peculiarities as a writer, it may be well to regard him separately for a little in each of those two phases that we have marked as characteristic of him. We shall, therefore, in what follows, consider him first as the man of wit, the comic author; and secondly, as the essayist, the man of higher opinions, the political and philanthropic partisan. We shall select our examples in both cases, chiefly, though not exclusively, from 'The Man made of Money,' the latest and perhaps most complete of his publications.

The immense and increasing number of our comic writers is a curious sign of the times. There appears to be something in the air of London that especially favours this kind of growth. Whether it be that the number of odd actual sights to be seen in London, queer faces, quaint street-groups, amusing incidents, and so on, necessarily beget a comic mode of thinking among the inhabitants, as might be inferred from the circumstance that the best practitioners of London wit are the cabmen, the omnibus-drivers, and such as, like them, combine learned leisure with peculiar facilities for observation; or whether, as to some extent must be the case, the general want of academic or any equivalent education among London youths, relieving, as it does, their minds from any unnecessary acquaintance with the atomic theory, the Greek chorus, surds, the polarization of light, the Lockian and Kantian metaphysics, and other heavy matters of that kind, leaves them permanently merrier and more self-contented creatures, with a freer eye for what is about them, and less care for what is under or over them; certain, at least, it is, that all native London talent, if left to itself, tends to run to wit. To describe Beaks, Peelers, Jews, kitchen areas, garrets in Fleet-street, fat city gentlemen, and young good-hearted rascals who get into scrapes, is the pre-established vocation of the London literary aspirant. In Edinburgh, clever, healthy

boys begin by inventing Pyrometers, writing bold ballads of Scottish History, or reviewing 'Edwards on Free Will;' what they do in Manchester we hardly know; the precocious London lad, however, concocts jokes, meditates a farce to be produced at one of the theatres, or indites a novel in which the hero, Jack Smith, or Bob Webster, goes through the proper amount of funny experience before he is married. Happy the young author who, like Dickens, is saved from the wretchedness of this element by the real genius that he brings into it. For surely there is in London life a mass of materials for story, or drama, than which the world affords no richer. A hundred times more valuable, too, than any mere load of knowledge, are that kindliness of nature and that keenness of perception, that from out this whirl of voiceless confusion can elicit from time to time, new flashes of Nature's fun, and fish up into light new characters of comic visage. Of the present wits of London not a few do possess these gifts. Need we refer, in such a connexion, to 'Punch,' their example and representative. 'Punch' is the king of special metropolitan literature. Yes, in his perpetual fun, his frequent pathos, his occasional irreverence, that hook-nosed little monster is the present type and incarnation of young literary London.

Considered in itself, a comic manner of thinking does not require any defence or justification. Does any one demand a reason why we should read Rabelais? Is there not warrant enough for the existence of Sydney Smith's jokes in the simple fact that Sydney Smith was a joker? If the talent of London tends to run to wit, let it be so. Humour may, indeed, be considered a peculiarity of our part of the planet. Every civilized nation, one might say, is bound by a physiological law, to secrete daily, for health's sake, a certain amount of humorous matter. The amount secreted, the proportion of jest to the other national products, such as corn, wine, flax, poetry, and so on, varies, of course, with the time; in what are called earnest times, and also in dear times, it is liable to fall a little. It varies, also, in different nations. Only in the Semitic parts of the Earth does it seem to fall to zero. A man in the neighbourhood of Nineveh does not understand a joke. 'Ah, sir, extremes meet,' said a common-place person to Leigh Hunt, whom he had been boring for half an hour with similar incessant twaddle. 'Yes, sir, and butcher's meat,' said the provoked poet. Now translate that joke into Syriac, and tell it to a boatman on the Tigris. 'Allah akhbar,' he will reply, gazing at you with his great mystic eyes, as serious as if you had informed him of the death of his mother. The Semitic genius is grand,

poetic, fierce; but it is destitute of humour. We know but of one celebrated man of Semitic lineage that loved a jest—the Carthaginian Hannibal. His jest before the battle of Cannæ is, we think, unique. Surveying the Roman army with his officers round him, one of them, named Gisco, wishing to say something, addressed him thus:—‘What surprises me, O, Hannibal, is the immense number there is of these Romans.’ ‘There is another thing more wonderful still,’ said Hannibal, ‘that has escaped your notice.’ ‘What is that?’ asked Gisco. ‘Does it not strike you as odd,’ said Hannibal, ‘that there should be so many of them, and not one of them called Gisco?’ Allowing for this little exception, (and if Hannibal’s jest is an example of some extinct Semitic species of jest, we wish we had more of them,) joking may be pronounced an Indo-Germanic privilege. Each Indo-Germanic nation has its special variety of joke. There are English jokes, French jokes, German jokes, Italian jokes, Spanish jokes, and American jokes; all distinguishable by the cultivated palate; and that each nation shall perpetually secrete new supplies of its own kind of joke, is, as we have already observed, a law of its healthy constitution.

All, then, is good, if only it be done well. Bear down on the Cockney intellect, if you choose, with remorseless scholastic education, with tough Scotch science, with serious views of things; this will not extinguish the tendency towards the comic, it will but widen the scope and improve the quality of the metropolitan joke. Yes, we hesitate not to say it, a man will jest all the better for having studied the atomic theory, will be all the absurder for knowing what surds are, will retain his humour though he has read Kant. No loading of the metropolitan mind with severer matter will prevent jokes from being formed in it. Only, the jokes will be of rarer excellence, and will stand in juster proportion to the rest of our relations with this motley universe.

Acting jointly as a kind of secreting organ of general British humour, our comic writers have yet each some peculiar trick or vein that distinguishes him from the others, and gives him an independent existence. As Port, Rhenish, Champagne, and Tokay, differ in flavour, and have each their votaries; so have the British public their choice of Jerrold, Lever, Thackeray, Dickens, and many more. As difficult, too, as it would be to define to an unpractised person the special flavours of different wines by any other than the sensible old plan of giving him a glass of each, so difficult would it be to describe in words in what consists the peculiar raciness of the Jerroldian as compared with the Dickensian, or of this, again, as compared with



the Thackeristic humour. A judicious use of such words as fruity, sweet, tart, sparkling, astringent, might, indeed, convey some vague sense of the thing, but not sufficient for critical purposes. We regret this specially at present, anxious as we are to convey our exact impression of Mr. Jerrold's peculiarities as a comic writer. Were we to say that his humour is less kindly and genial than that of Mr. Dickens, but more tart and hearty than that of Mr. Thackeray, we should probably be near the truth. Mr. Jerrold's comic writing, in fact, is, in some respects, more like a *liqueur* than a wine; one discerns the alcoholic ingredient of strong personal feeling in it, drugging and firing the true juice of the grape. Hence, probably, it is that one can read less of him at a time than of either Dickens or Thackeray. They, having more of the specially artistic spirit, which finds delight in merely depicting, lure the reader on, page after page, without fatiguing him; he, the moralist too strong in him, soon heats and chafes you with his pungent and bitter sentences.

One thing it may be worth while to remark regarding Mr. Jerrold's manner as a comic writer—the small use he makes of the pun. That this is not because of any inability to use it, every one acquainted with him knows: no man alive can wield that weapon in talk better than he. Neither is it, we believe, because of any resolution against it, as too mean for literary use. It is only when the pun usurps undue prominence, and is applied to subjects that should be deemed beyond its range, that it becomes odious. It must, therefore, be from some unconscious change of his mental attitude when he takes his pen in hand, that Mr. Jerrold so seldom puns when he writes. In this respect he seems to be the very reverse of Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, who is punless, it is said, when he speaks, but down whose pen the puns stream like drops of quicksilver. We are strangely made. One man who cannot chat across a table, will make a fluent speech at a public meeting; another who cannot write a letter, will converse like a Burke, or compose a fine treatise.

Another thing to be remarked respecting Mr. Jerrold's writings is, that they contain fewer perfectly successful comic portraits than those of either Thackeray or Dickens. The Mrs. Major O'Dowd, the Mr. Foker, the Jeames, and the Captain Costigan of Thackeray; the Wellers, Swivellers, Pickwicks, Tootses, &c., of Dickens, are real and distinct personages, known wherever the English language is spoken. They are true comic creations, finished portraits, that remain and speak in the memory. Mr. Jerrold, however,—always excepting his inimitable Mrs. Caudle,

and one or two delineations in the same favourite vein, as, for example, Mrs. Jericho, in the *Man of Money*, and Miss Tucker, in *Time Works Wonders*,—has not contributed any such happy sketches to our picture-gallery of comic characters. His writings, indeed, abound with all sorts of comic men and women—Browns, Snubs, Pigeons, Cauditufts, &c., often cleverly hit off, and sufficiently distinct as one reads the scenes in which they figure; but, placed there to serve a purpose, they do not remain with one after that purpose is over. Even when his characters are labelled, by recurring descriptive phrases put into their mouths,—as in Job Pippins, the man who ‘couldn’t help it,’ Lord Skindeep, the ‘friend of his species,’ and such like,—they rapidly evanesce from the memory. Perhaps the nearest approach to a permanent comic delineation, in the *Man of Money*, is the silly baronet, Sir Arthur Hodmadod, who, the moment he says a thing, becomes uncertain about it. Even here, however, something is wanting to make the character a public favourite. The name, for example, is not happy; and, indeed, it is a corroboration of the very observation we are now making, that Mr. Jerrold is almost uniformly less happy than Mr. Dickens or Mr. Thackeray in the names he selects for his characters. The power of inventing a good name for a character seems, in fact, to be but a variety of the power that conceives the character itself. And where Mr. Jerrold succeeds in the conception, as in Mrs. Caudle, there also the name is good. The truth is, as we have already hinted, that in Mr. Jerrold, the moralist, the satirist, prevails over the artist. His creations are, in most cases, but vehicles for some feeling or opinion; and it is more rarely that, laying aside intention and preference, he rollicks in his own fancies. As in Æsop’s fables, the moral comes first, and the fiction is made to order. This very defect, therefore, is but the obverse side of a merit. Consider Mr. Jerrold as a man of thought and feeling working in the element of fiction, and then, giving him all the more credit when he does from time to time contribute an original physiognomy to our national portfolio of comic portraits, you will yet cease to regard this as his proper business, and will be content if his tales are so constructed that each of them, the names and figures vanishing, shall leave its impression as a whole. Viewed in this light, that is as embodiments of special maxims or feelings, some of the little tales that Mr. Jerrold has given to the public, first in periodicals, and afterwards in a collected form, in the two series entitled ‘Men of Character,’ and ‘Cakes and Ale,’ are really fine pieces of writing. The latter series is the superior; many of the tales in it, like some of those in the former, are

questionable tissues of grotesque fun to amuse idle people; others have shrewd, keen sense in them; while a few are altogether of a higher species, and show a bright and poetic fancy.

From what has been said, it will be seen that the wit and humour in Mr. Jerrold's writings must naturally lie more in passages of express and direct dialogue between himself and his reader, and in casual outbreaks of his own individual sense of the comic, than in sustained comic delineation. The tendency, upon the whole, is, as might be expected, to wit, sarcasm, sharp allusion, irony, the semi-jocose expression of a serious opinion; often, however, we have something deeper, humour itself, rich conceit, real and genial perception of what is comic in nature. A few random examples, though they cannot give a full impression of Mr. Jerrold's comic manner, may illustrate the peculiar verbal form that his witty sallies are apt to assume:

'Put away temptation from the heart, eyes, ears, and fingers of Job Pippins, and behold in him a model of self-government. Born an Esquimaux, we can answer for him, he had never yearned for grape-juice; blind, carnal beauty had never betrayed him; deaf, he had given no ear to bland seductions; rich as a Nabob, we are convinced he had never wished to pick a pocket. Superficial characters may call this negative goodness. Very well. Will they, at the same time, tell us how much in this world of contradiction is made up of mere negatives? Consult those everlasting lights, the daily and weekly newspapers. Are not certain bipeds therein immortalized for not going on all-fours? Timbrels sounded before decent ladies and gentlemen, for that they are neither ogresses nor ogres? A duke runs into a farmhouse from a pelting shower; warming his toes at the hearth, he—yes—he 'talks familiarly' with his rural host! At this the historian flourishes his pen in a convulsion of delight. Was ever such condescension, such startling affability? Of course, it was expected that the distinguished visitor would command the baby at the breast to be carefully washed, and straightway served up to him in cutlets!'—*Men of Character*, vol. i., p. 33.

'Again, the ostrich is libelled for his gluttony. Believe what is said of him, and you would not trust him even in the royal stables, lest he should devour the very shoes from the feet of the horses. Why, the ostrich ought to be taken as the one emblem of temperance. He lives and flourishes on the desert, his choicest food a little spikey shrub, with a few stones—for how rarely can he find iron, how few the white days in which the poor ostrich can, in Arabia Petræa, have the luxury of a tenpenny nail,—to season, as with salt, his vegetable diet.'—*Story of a Feather*, p. 3.

'But the mayor who writes his history in the enlarged pottle-pot, who indissolubly links his name with sucking-pig for fourpence—the yearly magistrate who associates himself with cupboard comforts—his

renown shall be heard at ten thousand hearths, when the fame of other mayors shall be voiceless, dumb as a dead trumpeter.'—*Cakes and Ale*, vol. i., p. 231.

'We know the common story runs that nature has peculiar visages for poets, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, and so forth; we do not believe it: we have seen a slack-wire dancer with the face of a great pious bard, an usurer with the legendary features of a Socrates, a passer of bad money very like a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a carcase-butcher at Whitechapel so resembling Napoleon, that Prince Talleyrand, suddenly beholding him, burst into tears at the similitude.'—*Ibid.*, vol. i., pp. 269, 270.

'And how do you get your bread?' (says Perditus Mutton to Pups the link boy, whom he meets in Cheapside in a thick fog.) 'Why, I pick it up in the winter in the fogs; only there ar'n't such fogs now as there used to be. When my grandmother was a little one, there was a fog of three weeks; but some folks, you know, is born to luck. That was the time, she says: there war'n't a gentleman who wouldn't been ashamed to own he hadn't lost a watch—it was so dark.'—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 81.

'I will tell you what I once saw in the land of the Mogul. There, sir, there were certain bonzes or priests, who, like the twirling dervises you may have heard of, were wont to show their devotion by spinning, like tops, in white gowns. Suddenly there came other dervises who spun in black gowns; then others came who spun in yellow raiment; others in scarlet; others in purple. And every colour had its champions and apostles; and there were many foul words, and a little foul play exchanged among them. The tumult convulsed the land, every party vowing to fight to the death for the one colour. When I left the country, it was torn to pieces by the separate factions of the separate-coloured gowus. After some years I returned and found the whole land in peace; and how, sir, think you, was amity restored? A great man—a man of genius and benevolence—arose, and he combined all the opposite colours into one steadfast admiring body of himself; for he, looking upon any colour as of no matter, if the twirling were good—if the spinning were sincere—he, the meek and easy man, spun in something very like a harlequin's jacket.'—*The Chronicles of Clovernook*, pp. 51, 52.

'Yet, for all this, Jericho was ordinarily a dull, matter-of-fact man. Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps.'—*A Man made of Money*, p. 8.

'At that hour when sparrows look down reproachfully from their caves at the flushed man trying the street-door.'—*Ibid.*, p. 12.

'Pon my life, you are so good, you'd pour rose-water over a toad.'—*Ibid.*, p. 113.

'I'll tell you what, Jenny, the noblest sight on earth is a man talking reason, and his wife sittin' at the fireside listening to him.'—*Ibid.*, p. 114.

'Commentators—the worthy folks that too often write on books, as

men with diamonds write on glass, obscuring light with scratches.'—*Ibid.*, p. 195.

'Earth is here (in Australia) so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.'—*Ibid.*, p. 212.

'Robert, my dear,' said Jenny, with the deferential air of a scholar; 'Robert, what did Mr. Carraways mean when he said he hated dog—dogmatism?' Topps was puzzled. 'Robert, my dear,' Jenny urged, 'what—what in the world is dogmatism?' Now it was the weakness of Topps never to confess ignorance of anything soever to his wife. 'A man should never do it,' Topps had been known in convivial seasons to declare; 'it makes 'em conceited.' Whereupon Topps prepared himself, as was his wont, to make solemn, satisfying answer. Taking off his hat, and smoothing the wrinkles of his brow, Topps said—'Humph! what is dogmatism? Why it is this—of course. Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth.'—*Ibid.*, p. 252.

'I declare, Mr. Goldthumb, it seems you have read everything.' 'Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk-maker, 'twould be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country.'—*Time Works Wonders*.

But Mr. Jerrold, as we have already said, is no mere wit, no mere satiric observer, no mere maker of amusing jests and conceits. He is something more; he is a man of highly emotional nature, armed to the teeth with keen sensibilities and convictions, and as ready as any man we know to leave jest for earnest when the moment requires it. There is no sneering with him at high art, exalted virtue, or recondite science—cheap resource of mean natures; no uneasy striving to keep down the discourse so low that it may still be possible to pun and joke. On the contrary, he has a native sympathy with what is elevated; will gladly hear a new fact in physics, will quote with zest a sounding verse, will speak with enthusiasm of an heroic action, will kindle at the mention of a great name. It is this very inner seriousness of nature that gives his wit its force. If his arrows are light and parrot-feathered, they are at least shot with vigour and tipped with fire. Were even quantity to be made a test, Mr. Jerrold is to be placed out of the category of merely comic writers; for at least half of what he has written consists of perfectly serious matter—pathetic story, fanciful description, or bitter and vehement satire.

Like all earnest persons, Mr. Jerrold has certain points of peculiarly strong feeling, certain favourite contemplations in which his mind, if left to itself, will always necessarily settle. Let us note one or two of these ingredients, if we may so call them, of Mr. Jerrold's severer nature.

And, first, in that oldest and most general of human contemplations, the transitoriness of life, and the littleness of all we

see, we find him specially at home. That truly we live in a vain show, that our days are numbered, that round our world there lies an unknown Infinite, is a thought most familiar to him. Nor is this so slight a thing to be said of a writer. This familiarity with the idea of mortality, this sense of the supernatural, is the basis of all genuine feeling; and different minds have it in very different degrees. In Mr. Jerrold it is developed to an unusual extent; and in this one respect, at least, he is superior to Mr. Thackeray, who, though he too, of course, knows that the world is a Vanity Fair, seems yet somehow rather to have intellectually ascertained the fact, than to believe it. The ways in which the habit of thought we are speaking of makes its appearance in Mr. Jerrold's writings, are various. Sometimes it breaks out in an express passage; sometimes it adds keenness to a sarcasm; sometimes, it is the medium through which an incident strikes him, as when he sees a child carrying away a skull, or an old pauper in a country lane earning alms by opening a gate; and, sometimes, as in the *Man made of Money*, and others of his tales, it shows itself in a tendency to a more extensive use of the supernatural or miraculous in a plot than the public like. Nay, not unknown, we should fancy, to Mr. Jerrold, even the thought of that unpleasant old verse of the philosophic Hadrian—

‘ Animula vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc adibis in loca  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula;  
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

Again, to a mind such as Mr. Jerrold's, the inequality of human conditions, and the abundance of misery in the world, could not fail to be familiar matters of reflection. In point of fact, no writer of our day is more vehement in his comments on social anomalies. To shame niggardly wealth, to make out a case for suffering and poverty, to show the beauty even of profuse charity, is his constant literary aim. There is hardly one of his stories, of which the unequal distribution of the world's gifts is not, in one way or other, the theme. His *Man made of Money*, for example, is nothing else than a satire, couched in fiction, on the inordinate desire of wealth, and the false respect paid to it. The hero, Mr. Solomon Jericho, an elderly city gentleman of jovial habits, goaded by the ceaseless pecuniary importunities of his wife, is induced, in a rash moment, to sit bolt upright in bed, and wish that he were made of money. No rash word, it seems, is uttered in vain; Jericho's wish goes through the universe like a shudder; the Powers answer it in the affirmative; and in an instant the heart of the

unfortunate man becomes a literal exhaustless mass of bank paper. Thenceforward Mr. Jericho, when he wants money, has only to touch the place of his heart, and, at every touch, a virgin Bank of England note for one hundred pounds, remains between his fingers. Thus transformed, Mr. Jericho, moves on through the world, a man made of money. At first the change is delightful; friends, reputation, a wife kinder than before, a mansion, an estate, servants, a seat in parliament, all are Jericho's. For a little time the only perceptible change in Mr. Jericho himself is a moral one; he grows colder, haughtier, and sourer in his temper. But soon the horrible truth reveals itself, there is a physical change, too; the money that Mr. Jericho spends so prodigally, is his own flesh, the substance of his own body; and every day he grows thinner and thinner. Bearing up against this discovery, he continues to enact for the necessary time, his part as Mrs. Jericho's husband, the morose stepfather of her three children, Basil, Monica, and Agatha Pennibacker, and the millionaire of general society. At length, however, shrivelled to a skeleton, and metamorphosed into a miser and a misanthrope, he shuts himself up in a garret, where he is attended by a single haggard old servant; Mrs. Jericho and her friends meantime scheming his confinement as a lunatic. In a last miserly freak he resolves to reconvert all his property—furniture, plate, jewels, and everything else—into the money that bought it. The brokers furnish him with an inventory and estimate; he requires a light to read it; his familiar servant hands him for the purpose a piece of paper, which chances to be a folded bank note; he thrusts it between the bars of the grate, when, flash! the flame leaps through his body, consumes it like a shred of parchment, and seizing, by sympathy, on all his gathered wealth, converts it on the instant into tinder, soot, and ashes. Such is the moral of the *Man made of Money*; and it is one that Mr. Jerrold has often repeated. Contempt for money, then, generous and bountiful dealing with one's fellow creatures, is a principal part of the morality that Mr. Jerrold inculcates. In the structure of the foregoing story the imagination of the author has possibly been allowed to take too great a liberty with the understanding of the reader. The natural in the moral loses considerably in its effect from its relation to the unnatural in the fiction. His teaching, too, on the points in question, is often too vague and lax; mere sentimental generosity, it is to be feared, sometimes prevailing in his philanthropic theory, over the moral element of justice. Essentially there is a similarity in this respect, though not in other respects, between him and Mr. Leigh Hunt. Both would have the world

reconstructed too much on the principle of no punishment, syrup for senna, geraniums in every window, and every man his muffin for breakfast. We mistake, however, if Mr. Jerrold would be willing with Mr. Hunt, to affirm his disgust with the sternness of Dante, and his preference for the doctrine of the mild reading-desks of England. Here, we think, his own earnestness, and powers of scorn, would step in to save him. And, as regards his theory itself, one cannot but respect it when it takes the form, as it often does, of enthusiastic argument in behalf of political equality, popular education, and other specific measures of social improvement. Too often, indeed, his scorn of the hollow conventionalities of the upper and more comfortable classes, disposes him to look with a corresponding degree of prejudice on the lower. Upon occasions, all the virtues seem to pass over somewhat too readily, at his bidding, from the side of the washed to that of the unwashed. This is not to trim the vessel, but to give us one lurch in the place of another. There has been rather too much of this of late in certain sections both of French and English literature.

It is little more than a repetition of the statement just made, to say that Mr. Jerrold is a firm believer in the doctrine of human progress. His faith in this doctrine appears throughout all his writings; and in some of them, as in the essay entitled *Elizabeth and Victoria*, he has attempted a special exposition of it. That the cry of 'the good old times of merry England' is absurd and contradicted by fact, and that upon the whole, plentiful as are our still existing abuses, we are—what with our printing-press, our improved sanitary regulations, our enlarged civil freedom, &c.—members of a better condition of society than that in which our ancestors lived—is a conviction in which he seems to find no ordinary amount of satisfaction himself, and which he never ceases to press upon others. Now, although we do not find that in any particular point of comparison between the past and the present, he has overstated the truth, and although we conceive this strong faith in the doctrine of continued human progress to be almost a necessary article in the creed of every active or speculative reformer, yet we have a suspicion that Mr. Jerrold's views on this subject are infected with a tinge of that error which Mr. Macaulay, more perhaps than any living author, has contributed to extend among us. Believe Mr. Macaulay, and we were a kind of Caribs till the Romans came among us; they raised us to the level of South Sea Islanders; under Saxon rule we rose to an Arab pitch; the Normans made us civilized Englishmen; and the whigs organized our matchless constitution. And so with other



nations, each rising from the Carib to the civilized state, through a gradual series of intermediate phases. A view of history this, as false in fact as it is unphilosophic! Our ancestors of Roman times were not Caribs, they were men, (allowing for subsequent modifications of race by immigration) of the same substantial brain and build with ourselves, acting as honourably, thinking, in their way, as strongly, talking as wittily. And so with other nations, and with the world at large. The progress of all the superior races of the world individually, and of the world as a whole, has been but a progress in scientific knowledge, and in the arts, numerous and important, that rest upon it. We have engines, institutions, and comforts that our ancestors had not; but there are not among us more poetic, more energetic natures.

On no topic is Mr. Jerrold more fierce than on that of war. Burnt into his mind, it would seem, by certain powerful youthful impressions, and deepened still farther by his maturer reflections, his hatred of war is intense and unmitigated. No partizan of the peace movement could go farther than he in his denunciations of the folly of the sword, and the delusion of military glory. There is scarcely one of his writings that does not contain some passage of satire against the occupation of a soldier. Here, however, his superior intellect, and his generosity of sentiment, preserve him from a certain gross and narrow mode of thinking, to which men of less cultivation are liable—a mode of thinking which reveals itself in the constant and indiscriminate use of sweeping phrases of condemnation against all characters of the past that have acted on the condition of the world by any other than a peaceful instrumentality. The madman Alexander, the monster Cæsar, the bandit William the Norman, the wholesale butcher Napolcon—it is not in such phrases as these, alike braggart and untrue, that Mr. Jerrold finds it necessary to couch his just sense of the horrors of international warfare.

There is but one other article in the creed of this author as shown in his writings, to which it seems necessary in particular to allude—his opinion, we mean, on the subject of capital punishments. We are not sure that those who are opposed to Mr. Jerrold's views on this question, have not missed a somewhat subtle but yet very profound train of thought that pervades his reasonings on the matter, and distinguishes them from the ordinary argumentations of our platform orators. It is not so much on account of the supposed barbarity of the practice of capital punishments, or on account of its alleged inefficacy to keep down crime, that Mr. Jerrold would desire to see its

abolition; it is because the practice appears to him to be an outrage on the sanctity of that act of death which all living must inevitably perform at some time or other. That an event to which equally the babe in the cradle and the saint of a neighbourhood are liable, and which it is the aim of our religion to represent as a holy and beautiful thing, should be seized upon for a vile social purpose; that society, bethinking itself of the most horrible thing it could do to a man for his crimes, should resolve simply to send him out of the world some years before his time—seems to him either, on the one hand, a treachery of all to the faith that is professed, or, on the other, a base pandering by the higher to the superstition of meaner natures. Such, so far as we can gather it, is Mr. Jerrold's view; the present is not the place either to maintain or to controvert it; it is sufficient only to point out the intellectual delicacy that distinguishes it. Those who would oppose it, must meet it by some counter-transcendentalism—as, for example, that the instinct of justice which is scattered through the human race, is God's vicegerent in the moral world, charged by Him with that power which he has deputed even to the physical law of gravitation, of punishing with death and instant cessation of being the higher class of offences against it. That a man should die by a fall from the roof of a house, such persons might argue, is as distinct a desecration of the act of death, as that a man should die by the hands of the executioner. And thus the question would still be prolonged.

And now, having, as was proposed, briefly pointed out what we conceive to be the chief characteristics of Mr. Jerrold's authorship, both as a comic writer, and as a man of serious aims and opinions, it only remains to add a word or two respecting what may be called the technical peculiarities of his style. Mr. Jerrold, we should imagine to be, on the whole, a careful writer. His language is pregnant, clear, and terse; exhibiting, sometimes, as is natural in an author who feels strongly, a certain hurry and confusion of metaphor; but rarely weak or redundant. He has evidently read much; and in his writings there is not a little of that habit of miscellaneous allusion for which the works of the German Richter are so remarkable. Occasionally, however, we remark a tendency towards coarseness, towards a too liberal use of what we should call the Stokes element in human life. As an instance, we would refer to an otherwise admirable passage in his *Man made of Money*, that where, under the allegoric form of a discourse between two fleas, he foreshadows the miraculous change that is to occur in the constitution of Mr. Jericho. Few persons, we believe, will

read that very powerful passage without feeling that there is a needless offensiveness in the fiction that forms the subject of it. Beds, blankets, &c., ought not to occupy much space in literature. There is a special department of this general Stokes element, in which, perhaps more than in any other, Mr. Jerrold is apt to offend—that which, to use a favourite word of his own, we would designate ‘the toothsome,’ and which consists in too detailed allusions to viands, especially if in course of preparation, and to unæsthetic beverages. Leaving such criticisms, however, one is glad to be able to notice, in conclusion, one fact relating to Mr. Jerrold as a literary man—to wit, the manifest progress that he has made since he began to write, and the increased strength and freedom of his later as compared with his earlier works. His last production, the *Man made of Money*, seems to us decidedly the best. Seeing then that he is yet in the prime of his faculties, may we not expect still higher things from him?

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ART. IX.—*Sacred and Legendary Art*, by Mrs. JAMESON. 2 vols. Longmans.

WHILE mediæval literature has of late claimed so much attention, and chronicle, ballad, local traditions, even the nursery tale, have all been carefully sought out and as carefully edited, that widest department, combining so much strange, though often most poetically-mingled truth and fiction,—mediæval legend, has singularly enough been almost neglected. Some few writers, indeed, less distinguished for depth than shallowness, have cursorily glanced at the subject, but as cursorily dismissed it with fierce invective, as merely a part and parcel of ‘blind papistry,’ or with cool scorn, as proofs of the *wisdom* of our ancestors; but no writer duly qualified for the task has yet done—for what was indeed the popular literature of all Europe for seven long centuries—what so many classical scholars have effected for the graceful, but far less influential, mythology of Greece and Rome. This is much to be regretted, when we remember the important bearing which *popular* literature, even in its rudest forms, has been found to possess in illustrating many a point in the early history of nations. Surely, then, a literature which, during the middle ages, was that of the high as well as the low, of the scholar as well as the churl, is well worth contemplating for the light it may cast on many an obscure point in the history of European art and civilization.

To the student in the fine arts, indeed, some knowledge of mediæval legend is almost indispensable ; for, from that large storehouse, the greater portion of the subjects of the convent artist were drawn, and even the scriptural subject was often modified as to its accessories by the influence of the legend. Indeed, legendary lore, as Mrs. Jameson beautifully says, 'had worked itself into the life of the people, and became, like the antique mythology, as a living soul diffused through the loveliest forms of art, still vivid and vivifying, even when the old faith in its mystical significance was lost or forgotten.' To supply information on this hitherto greatly neglected subject, chiefly with a view of aiding the artist and the lover of the arts, is Mrs. Jameson's object in the very interesting work before us ; 'taking throughout the æsthetic and not the *religious* view of those productions of art which, in as far as they are informed with a true poetic and earnest feeling, and steeped in that beauty which emanates from genius inspired by faith, may cease to be religion, but cannot cease to be poetry.' Those of our readers who are acquainted with Mrs. Jameson's fine taste and poetic feeling, combined with such extensive knowledge of the arts, will, we are sure, be well pleased that she has undertaken a subject so well suited to her, and will be prepared right willingly to follow, as, to use her own graceful, but too modest figure, she beckons us onward, 'like a child that has sprung on a little way before its playmates, and caught a glimpse of some varied Eden, after one rapturous survey, runs back, and catches its companions by the hand, and hurries them forwards to share the new-found pleasure.'

The first volume is devoted to what may be more strictly considered as sacred art. It commences with a beautiful chapter on 'Angels,' tracing their pictorial representations—for legendary lore has meddled but little with them—from the stark, stiff, Byzantine models—to the general characteristics of which we alluded in a former article ;—the formal figure in robes of heavy broderie, or cuirass of weightiest metal, with wings intended for any purpose save that of flight ; to the graceful, imaginative forms of the early Italian school, where the 'fair creature of the elements' seems actually to float in mid air, upheld by its own buoyancy, and where the ample wings, yet so light and etherealized, deck not merely the shoulders, but form the extremities of the figure. Beautiful creations are these, of Cimabue, Orcagna, and him so well named 'fratre Angelico,' winged intelligences,—the archangels with features and attitude so expressive of lofty command, the angels of love, of joy, even of grief, but still so pure, so passionless ! As

Mrs. Jameson truly remarks, superior as the painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were in all that regards *art*, how immeasurably were their conceptions beneath those of the earlier, but more imaginative, because more earnest, artist. We have often been forcibly reminded of this in our illuminations. The figure may be disproportionably tall, the features even far from strictly beautiful, but the deep, earnest feeling of the illuminator rising into actual poetry, triumphs over all. Among the early German works of art, the imaginative angel is seldom found; the winged messenger is indeed 'of the earth, earthy,' stout, and clad in thick garments of wrought cloth of gold—indeed, as Mrs. Jameson says, as unfitted for flight as though he were in coronation robes; true exemplars of the angels of the Flemish school. Even these, however, scarcely rival in homeliness those of which she has given us a sketch from the Cathedral of Auxerre, 'angels on horseback!' Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with this rustic phrase, so often applied to anything superlatively fine or beautiful, and like ourselves, have probably considered it as a mere extravagant form of expression. But angels on horseback are found in many of our ancient sculptures, and are worked in that mediæval needlework which has of late attracted so much Puseyite admiration; they, therefore, must, we think, be referred to those quaint and grotesque processions in which boy angels, with spangled wings and gilded crowns, took a part; and probably, when the way was long and the road miry, these, in utter forgetfulness of their assumed celestial origin, were mounted on horseback.

Although in legends of the saints, angels play a frequent part, the legend-writer has but sparingly introduced them in separate tales; those relating to the archangels are all tinged with the Orientalism which betrays their origin; and the same may be said of the legends which supplied to a marvel-loving, all-believing age, those 'full and particular,' but certainly *not* 'true' accounts of the evangelists and apostles, which our forefathers so delighted to hear. We may observe, in passing, as another illustration of our popular antiquities, that it was doubtless from the manner in which the four evangelists in their symbolic form were placed in our early churches, that the curious night-spell, not even in the present day wholly forgotten, was derived. To us, accustomed to see the figures of the evangelists side by side, the supplication that assigned them to the 'four corners of the bed,' must appear strange indeed; but in the ancient mosaics, and paintings, and illuminations, each occupies his respective corner, overshadowing it

with outspread wings, and thus, as the awe-struck worshippers gazed upon them, they seemed fitting protectors of his unguarded pillow.

Passing over the four doctors of the Latin church and the four Greek fathers, of whom Mrs. Jameson has given two curious etchings, the last from an ancient Greek picture in the Vatican, interesting from the probability that the figures are actual portraits, we come to the saints mentioned in Scripture, and to her who, in the south of Europe, almost divided homage with 'our Lady' herself, Mary Magdalene. In legend, she is strangely represented as the sister of Lazarus and Martha, and as having, subsequently to the Ascension, been set adrift by the heathen, together with her brother and sister, in a rudderless boat, which bore them safely to Marseilles. It was from thence that Mary Magdalene retired to the desert, where, in her finest pictures, she is always placed, and from whence she was borne to heaven in the arms of ascending angels. It is astonishing how popular her story became; and how many legends of miraculous protection and aid, clustered round it from the middle of the thirteenth century; and from that period, even to the present day, among the less moral populations of France and Italy, the Magdalene has never wanted homage. Strange, indeed, 'the saint, whether she were the lowly Syrian girl or 'princess of Magdala,' would be equally astonished to behold 'herself honoured by that church, or rather temple of La Madeleine, the most sumptuous fane ever erected to her special 'honour in the midst of a luxurious capital, and by a people 'more remarkable for scoffing than for praying.' Little hold did Mary Magdalene obtain during the middle ages on the popular mind in England; comparatively few are the churches dedicated to her name; and seldom do we find her invoked either by *chronicleur* or *trouvère*. To our imaginative forefathers, those beautiful impersonations of womanly heroism, constancy, and purity, which, 'mythic fancies' though they might be, were true to the loftier aspirations of their Teutonic origin, addressed themselves with far greater force; and they dwelt on the wild legends of St. Catherine, St. Cecilia, St. Agnes, St. Margaret, with a feeling akin to that of the young poet when he tracks the wanderings of 'heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb,' in that sweetest and most imaginative of allegories the lovely 'Faërie Queen.' But although the 'Fair Penitent' had but little popularity with either our writers or illuminators, there is scarcely an artist of note in France, Italy, or Germany, who is not known by his *Magdalenes*, and yet, as Mrs. Jameson correctly remarks, how seldom has the true character been obtained!

“ ‘We have Magdalenes who look as if they never could have sinned, and others who look as if they never could have repented; we have Venetian Magdalenes with the air of courtezans, and Florentine Magdalenes with the air of Ariadnes, and Bolognese Magdalenes like sentimental-Niobes, and French Magdalenes ‘*moitié galantes, moitié dévotes*,’ and Dutch Magdalenes who wring their hands like repentant washerwomen. The Magdalenes of Reubens remind us of nothing so much as of the ‘unfortunate Miss Bailey,’ and the Magdalenes of Vandyke are fine ladies who have turned Methodists. But Mary Magdalene, such as we have conceived her—mournful, yet hopeful—tender, yet dignified—worn with grief and fasting, yet radiant with the glow of love and faith, is an ideal which painting has not yet realized.’—Vol. i., pp. 347.

The second volume introduces us more properly to the *poetry*, both of legendary lore and legendary art, since it treats of those sainted beings who are supposed to have lived in the first ages of Christianity, ‘and whose real history, founded on fact or ‘tradition, has been so disguised by poetical embroidery, that ‘they have the air of ideal beings.’ But ideal as they are to us, to our forefathers they were beings who had actually lived, and suffered, and triumphed, and still stood ready, with the holy guardian angels, to aid the sufferer and rescue the oppressed. First among them were the patron saints of Christendom, and chief among these, our own St. George, ‘Knyghte of our Ladye,’ as our forefathers so chivalrously termed him. It might be well enough for the Greek hagiologist to tell of the fasting and mortified St. George of Cappadocia, but chivalrous Europe, with far better taste, recognised in the slayer of the fearful dragon, the ‘veray parfait gentil knyghte,’ who, while ever ready to set lance in rest for the cause of truth and justice, ever deemed it his highest duty to go forth to the succour of oppressed womanhood. And thus in Western Europe, St. George, a valiant knight, travelling, not with pilgrim scrip and staff, but with good sword, and trusty lance, and gallant war-steed, drew nigh to a certain city in Lybia called Selene, and learnt how a monstrous dragon had exterminated the flocks, and had now seized the children, two of whom, taken by lot, were daily cast to him. And even now the lot had fallen on the king’s only daughter, and much did he endeavour to save the beautiful maiden by the offer of all his treasures; but the people murmured, saying it was not just. So the king was compelled to submit, and Cleodolinde was led forth; and willingly she went, even though to such a death, for she said she was ready to die for the people. Now as she thus went forth, St. George met her and said, ‘Fear not, I will deliver thee;’ but she cried,

‘Tarry not here, noble youth, lest thou perish with me;’ but St. George replied, ‘God forbid that I should fly; I will lift my hand against this loathly thing, and deliver thee.’ Onward came the fearful dragon, but St. George, with the sign of the cross, spurred towards him, and after a long and terrible conflict, he pinned him to the earth with his lance. Then he prayed the princess to bring her girdle, and he bound the dragon fast, and gave the girdle to her hand, and the monster crawled after them like a dog, so he brought him to the city. Then the King was much amazed, and he consented that he and his people should be baptized, and he bestowed much largesse on St. George, who distributed it all to the poor, and departed for Palestine, where he suffered martyrdom. The conclusion of the old English legend is, however, far more natural; the King bestows not only treasure but his daughter upon her deliverer, and long and happily do they live, and it is only after her death, and in his old age, that he sets forth on pilgrimage. This was just the legend for the young knight; and thus while in thickest conflict, he might vainly exclaim, ‘Oh, could my lady see me,’ he yet took comfort in the thought that St. George was witness of his prowess, spreading the red-cross banner protectingly over him, and still mindful of his own past history, guarding him through the fight that he might return in safety to her whose scarf was bound on his arm. Ere passing from the legend of St. George, we may remark, that while the dragon appropriated to St. Michael often exhibits human features, and sometimes an approximation to the human form, the dragon of St. George is always the enormous reptile. Nor is this distinction without a meaning. In those early ages when symbol was the grand means of instruction, St. Michael was recognised as heavenly power, triumphant over the *principle* of evil; while St. George was the Christian, victorious over evil propensities; and thus, in some of our early illuminations, we have seen the dragon of St. George represented with seven heads—an evident allusion to the seven deadly sins. Mrs. Jameson, in her interesting Introduction, remarks upon the similarity always to be traced in the form of the reptile dragon, ‘which so invariably represents a gigantic winged crocodile, that it is presumed there must have been some common origin for the type chosen as if ‘by common consent;’ and she suggests, might not some fossil remain of the Saurian species, or even some far-off dim tradition of such a monster, have been the original type? At Aix a huge fossilized head of one of the sauriæ was for a long time preserved as the head of the identical dragon subdued by St. Martha; and she adds that Professor Owen remarked to her



the close resemblance of the head of a dragon in one of the legendary pictures he had seen in Italy to that of the *Demontherion Gigantem*.

Next to St. George, to whom nearly all Christendom paid willing homage, was St. Sebastian—a saint who, although not altogether apocryphal, still seems to us to have taken the place of the Pagan Apollo—not, indeed, as the ‘giver of glowing light,’ but as the vanquisher of Python, the god who was ever invoked as pestilence drew nigh. It is true that the saint is represented as pierced with arrows rather than scattering them, for his story is, that he was ‘a commander in the Prætorian Guards, though secretly a Christian; but when his fellow-soldiers, Marcus and Marcellinus, were condemned to martyrdom, he rushed forward and encouraged them to maintain the faith, and therefore was he condemned to be shot to death with arrows. And Sebastian was pierced with many arrows, but in the middle of the night he revived, and being carried by Irene to her house, his wounds were dressed; and again he went forth, declaring he was a Christian, and then was he beaten to death with clubs. And because the arrows had not power to harm him, therefore was he thought to be protector from ‘the arrow that flieth at noonday;’ and therefore did the cities of southern Europe, when menaced with pestilence, invoke the prayers of St. Sebastian. In England, he was little honoured, but in Italy, even to the present day, he is the favourite saint of the Roman women. And gazing upon the beautiful youthful countenance of the twice martyred saint, their wild imagination has yielded to the overmastering feeling which the statue of the Apollo produced on the ‘Girl of Provence;’ and the figure of St. Sebastian has awakened ‘a devotion ending in passion, madness, and death.’

St. Roch, and St. Cosmo, and Damian, were also saints whose aid was invoked in pestilence, but to northern Europe they are well nigh unknown. But St. Christopher reared his huge form outside almost every church in our land, and often when scraping away the repeated coats of whitewash from the inner walls, do the workmen discern the gigantic proportions of this Herculean saint. And no wonder; for the sight of St. Christopher was believed to be aid to the wayfarer, and strength to the weary. The allegory of his story is evident. Stronger than any other man, he declared his homage should be paid only to the strongest; so Christopher, being a Pagan, hearing that Satan was the most powerful, determined to serve him. Now, as they journeyed on, there was a cross in the way, and Satan dared not pass it. Then said Christopher, ‘If there is aught thou fearest, I will not serve thee, but seek him who owneth

this cross ;' but he knew not what to do. So he came to the brink of a river, very deep and dangerous ; then he thought he would use his great strength to help those over who had need to cross ; so with a huge pine-tree, staff-wise in his hand, he stood always ready to aid the strong, while the weak he carried on his shoulders. Now, one night he heard the voice of a child crying ' Christopher, carry me over ;' and this was repeated thrice ; and at length he beheld a little child sitting on the bank. So Christopher lifted the little child on his shoulders, and though the waters rose higher, and the winds blew, and, stranger than all, the little child grew heavier and heavier, until he felt as though he must sink with the weight, yet at length he gained the opposite side, and laid down his burthen. ' But who art thou, child, who hast placed me in such extreme peril ?' said he. ' Wonder not, Christopher,' was the reply, ' for thou hast not borne the world, but him that made it on thy shoulders.' Then Christopher was exceeding glad, for he knew it was the infant Saviour ; and he worshipped his Lord, and went forth preaching the gospel, until at length he was beheaded. Scarcely less popular was St. Nicholas ; nor was it strange that he was so, for his legends, which are numerous and better known, always represent him as the friend of the young and innocent, the protector of the lone traveller, of the mariner, and especially of the schoolboy ; and therefore, when in our cathedral towns the procession of the boy bishop took place, it was St. Nicholas that he was supposed to represent ; and many were the tales devoutly believed by the youthful scholar of the patronage, which, if upright and diligent, the saint would undoubtedly afford him.

But in mediæval Europe, woman-worship, already the impulsive principle of chivalry, sought in religion, as in all else, for its object of homage, and thus, those beautiful impersonations of feminine intellect, heroism, purity, and faith, the Virgin Patronesses, laid an even stronger hold on the hearts and minds of our forefathers. First among these, stands St. Catherine, the daughter of a most apocryphal king of Egypt, distinguished from her birth by her exquisite beauty, and still more by her gifts of heart and mind. Seven wise masters were appointed to initiate her into all learning, but they soon found, that instead of teaching, they had actually to learn of her. And, while yet very young, Catherine succeeded to the crown, and her lieges prayed her to marry, that, in feudal phrase, they might have one who should aid her in the government, and lead them to battle ; and this they urged, seeing she was of noblest birth, of greatest inheritance, of chiefest wisdom, and of incomparable beauty.

Then Catherine was much troubled, for she was devoted to her studies, so she replied, that she never would marry unless one could be found, in whom were united all these gifts in an incomparably greater degree; at this answer, they were right sorrowful, and she returned joyfully to her solitude. Now, there was a hermit—for Catherine and her subjects were Pagans—and he was directed to seek the young queen, and to show her that the perfections of which she dreamt, were not of earth; so he went, and brought her a picture of the Madonna and child, so lovely (it could not, therefore, have been of the Byzantine school) that she became absorbed in its contemplation. And then she had a vision of angels, and maidens bearing lily crowns, and then that celebrated one, which has taxed the genius of so many a painter—‘The marriage of St. Catherine with the infant Saviour’—an allegory intelligible enough. From henceforth, all the young queen’s powers, all her gifts of mind, all her unrivalled eloquence were devoted to Christianity; and, unappalled, when the persecution under Maximin took place, she came forth from her palace confessing the true faith, and defied the tyrant, convinced the philosophers, exhorted them to persevere unto the death, to which they were soon led, and ere long followed, receiving the crown of martyrdom. But many were the miracles attending it; she was cast into a dungeon to starve, but angels ministered to her; she was sentenced to be cut to pieces by wheels—hence her distinctive symbol—but fire from heaven came down, and consumed them; so she was finally beheaded, and then angels came, and carried away her body to the monastery on Mount Sinai.

Not very dissimilar is the story of the next chief virgin patroness, St. Barbara. She, also, was fair, and gifted, and of noble birth, and her father built her a tower, from whence she could watch the stars in their courses; but, while the maiden gazed on these glorious orbs, their eloquent, though voiceless teaching, convinced her that a greater than the gods of the heathen must have made them all. So she condemned their false gods, though she knew not the true One. Now, the famous teacher, Origen, dwelt near, and to him did Barbara send; and he taught her the truth, and baptized her, though as yet her father knew it not. But when he returned, she confessed her faith, and urged him to believe; but he denounced her to the Proconsul, who vainly endeavoured to compel her to sacrifice to his false gods; so after much cruel suffering, as she still remained steadfast, her father led her forth, and cut off her head with his own sword. Popular as the story of St. Barbara was on the Continent, among our forefathers it was

almost unknown. We scarcely recollect a church dedicated to her; and in the numerous list of female names, Barbara is scarcely ever to be found. Indeed the story of her father, becoming her executioner must have been revolting to a people, certainly distinguished by their strong domestic affections; but around St. Catherine, their feelings of love and admiration clung, even from the time her story was first brought from the far east. One of the earliest royal foundations—that of Maude, of Boulogne, whose father Eustace, had been a right valiant Croise, was dedicated to her; and upon the towers of St. Catharine did the returning mariner gaze with eagerness, for he knew his toilsome voyage was at an end; and in her church did he stand to pay his vows and thanksgivings. And many a school and college was placed under the guardianship of the gifted St. Catherine; and, to her, did the young votary of learning address his aspirations, when, in the solitude of his cell, engaged in the series of syllogisms, or the dull homily, he pictured to himself that calm, lofty brow, and those soft, earnest eyes, and felt, that could those eyes brighten that solitude, and her sweet, and all-persuasive voice make music there, how soon might he snatch the prize from all competitors.

The third virgin patroness is St. Ursula—a most apocryphal personage, whether the leader of eleven, or eleven thousand, virgins. Her story, as told from the Cologne version, which is that followed by German and Italian artists, sets history and geography, even more than usual, at defiance, and to our minds is deficient in that touching simplicity which mostly invests the legends of the virgin-martyr. Ursula, like her two co-patronesses, was fair, and learned, and of royal birth. She was also a Christian; and being asked in marriage by the heir of the King of England, as she dared not refuse, lest her father, the tributary king of Brittany, should suffer by offending his superior, she assented, but demanded a suite of eleven thousand maidens, a postponement of the marriage for three years, that she might visit holy places, and that he and his court should be baptized. This she asked, hoping that the prince would refuse; but he assented to all, collected together the required number of noble maidens, and presented himself with them at her father's court. Ursula next set forth with them to Rome; but, strangely enough, seems to have mistaken the way, for the vessels sailed north, instead of south, and came to anchor in the Rhine, at Cologne. Here her martyrdom was revealed to her; but, nothing daunted, she proceeded onwards overland, angels clearing the snow from the Alps, throwing bridges over the passes, levelling the roads, and pitching tents—in short, performing the joint duties of

pioneers and chamberlains. At Rome, Ursula was received with extreme honour, the bishop—popes, it therefore seems, were not yet—going forth with all his clergy in procession to meet her. Meanwhile, the young prince hearing nought of his betrothed, set forth to seek after her; but arriving at Rome, the sanctity of St. Ursula so struck him, that he willingly relinquished all thoughts of her as his bride, and the whole company set forth to return, not to their own land, but to Cologne. There they found the city besieged by the barbarians, who, unmoved by the sight of so much beauty and innocence, massacred them all. This part of the legend is told in the most clumsy manner; indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise, for while we may feel for the martyrdom of two or three—martyrdoms by thousands must fail to affect the reader. It was from the circumstance of St. Ursula having taken so many maidens under her especial protection, that she is recognised as the patroness and protectress of school-girls; and female orphan asylums, to the present day, in Roman-catholic countries, are mostly placed under her care.

St. Ursula had never much honour in England, and it was to St. Catherine rather that the inmates of the convent-school looked up; but to the fourth virgin-patroness, that sweetly-named maiden—

‘—that gentle girl,  
Sweet as daisy, pure as pearl,  
She who fed her nurse’s flock  
On the plains of Antioch.’

the chiefest homage was paid—to St. Margaret, the pearl of maidenhood. Very wild is her legend; unlike the other three, she was neither distinguished by lofty birth, nor deep learning, but sent while a child into the country to her nurse, who was a Christian, she passed her early youth in keeping a few sheep, and while meditating on the Good Shepherd, she became a convert. All unknown was this to her father, who was a pagan priest; and thus she sat day by day with her sheep around her, when the Governor of Antioch passed by, and was captivated with her beauty; so he commanded that she should be carried to his palace. Then finding she was of free birth, he sought her for his wife, and her father and all her relations rejoiced at her good fortune: but ‘milde Margarete that was God’s mayde,’ refused, and confessed herself a Christian. Then her father and all her relations were struck with horror, and left her in the power of that cruel man, that he might subdue her to his will. But vain were his efforts, and vain his torments, for heaven always interposes on behalf of oppressed innocence—no wonder the tale of ‘Mayde Margaret’ was dear to our forefathers—and then,

when nought else could avail, she was cast into a dungeon, and there—

‘Maiden Margaret then lookèd her besyde,  
And seeth a loathly dragon out of an earn glyde,  
His eyen were ful griesly, his mouth opened wyde,  
And Margaret mighte no where flee, ther she must abyde.’

How fearful must this have appeared among a people, to whom dragons, even from their earliest history, were objects of such mysterious dread! And the grim monster drew nigh, and took her in his foul mouth, and swallowed her! but lo! ‘anon he braste,’ and Margaret, radiant in beauty and joy, leapt forth, still clasping the sign of our redemption to her bosom. But Margaret was to achieve the crown of martyrdom; so she was again brought before the Governor, when her meekness and constancy gained her many converts, so he ordered that she should be beheaded, which was done. No wonder was it, that this wild legend took such fast hold of our forefathers, and that it was told from the pulpit, sung in the ballad, carved on the shrine, and worked in the tapestry, and that the very name of Margaret, ‘who was so meke and milde,’ yet so steadfast, even so courageous, for the true faith, became the most favourite of female names.

Not so widely honoured, yet superior in their station to the saints who owned a more local recognition, were ‘the four great virgins of the Latin church’—St. Cecilia, St. Agnes, St. Agatha, and St. Lucia. St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, she ‘who presents herself to the fancy as one of the muses of Christian ‘poetic art,’ both she and her legend are tolerably well known; and seldom has it been told with greater sweetness than by our own Chaucer. She seems to have been highly esteemed among our forefathers, although we cannot call to mind a church dedicated to her; but the story of the maiden joining, while still on earth, with the choir of angels, and receiving the roses of Paradise—the martyr’s crown—even ere her warfare was done—had much of the poetic element to render it interesting to an imaginative race. And Agnes, too, the maiden whose purity was guarded by miracle through such fearful perils, and who, after she had been slain with the sword, because the flames refused to touch her, and was carried with weeping, although with hymns, to the Christian burial-place, appeared once again to her sorrowing parents in heavenly beauty, with lily crown, and the milk-white lamb—her appropriated symbol—by her side; this legend, even more dwelt in the hearts of our forefathers, and St. Agnes’ day, even slight reminiscences of her legend, are not yet quite forgotten among our peasantry. The legend of St. Agatha is not very dissimilar, nor indeed of St.

**Lucia.** In both, the tale of innocence triumphing over vice, and faith, over torments, and death itself, is conspicuous, and the additions of the prosing hagiologists to the original stories add nothing to their interest.

In some other legends of female martyrs the story is gracefully varied. Thus Dorothea, a saint comparatively but little known, is represented as being brought before the heathen governor. 'Who art thou?' he said, amazed at her beauty, as with eyes meekly cast down she stood before him. 'Dorothea, a servant of Jesus Christ,' she replied. 'Thou must serve our gods or die!' was the harsh sentence. 'Be it so,' said the maiden, 'and the sooner I shall stand in the presence of him whom I most desire to behold.' 'And who is he?' 'The Son of God. His dwelling is a paradise, and in his garden are fruits and flowers that never fade.' Then the governor sought to turn her from her faith both by threats and entreaties; but all was in vain; so she was commanded to be beheaded. Now, as she was led to execution, a young man named Theophilus, who had heard her confession, called out to her, scoffingly, 'Ha, fair maiden! goest thou forth to join thy bridegroom?' 'Send me, I pray thee, of the fruits and flowers of that garden, for I would fain taste them.' Then Dorothea meekly bent her beautiful head, and said, smilingly, 'Thy wish is granted;' whereat he laughed aloud, and she went onward. Now, when she came to the place of execution, a boy, more beautiful than aught of earth, appeared by her side; and he bore a basket containing three apples, and three fresh and fragrant roses. 'Carry these to Theophilus,' said she; 'say that Dorothea hath sent them, and that I go before him to the garden, and await him there;' then she bowed her head to the death-stroke. Meanwhile, the angel sought Theophilus, who was still laughing, and he placed before him the basket, saying, 'Dorothea sends thee this.' Awe struck at the miracle, smitten with a late compunction for his scoff, the heart of the young man melted within him. He tasted the heavenly fruit, confessed himself a Christian, and even as Dorothea had foretold, went forth to martyrdom. This graceful legend is the subject of Massinger's fine tragedy of the 'Virgin Martyr;' and Dorothea, with her celestial roses, has also been a favourite subject with the early Italian painters.

The story of St. Justina of Antioch supplied Calderon with the subject of his finest religious drama, the 'Magico Prodigioso,' and one of the chief gems of the Vienna collection; that unsurpassed painting of Moretto is the St. Justina of the Belvedere. Wild and imaginative is her story. The fair and

gifted Justina was, like St. Margaret, the daughter of a pagan priest at Antioch, but converted to Christianity herself, she converted her parents also. Now there was a noble youth, a pagan, who loved this maiden, and as she rejected him, he took counsel of Cyprian, a fearful magician, for he said, 'Surely 'this great magician, who can command the demons and the 'elements, can command the will of a weak maiden.' So Cyprian assented; but when he saw her, he was seized with exceeding admiration, and he summoned the most powerful spirits to his own aid. And many were the forms of temptation by which Justina was assailed, but she strove against all, for she said, 'I will strive with the evils that beset me; thought is not in our power, but the will is;' so, although demons, each one more mighty than the last, and at length the Prince of Darkness himself, beset her, they all returned confounded, and said, 'We can do nothing against her, for she is protected by a higher power than thine or mine.' Then Cyprian was struck with awe; and he said to Sathanas, 'I defy thee, and will henceforth serve the God of Justina;' so he sought her, and fell at her feet, acknowledging the might of her faith; and he finally became as celebrated for his piety as he had formerly been for his wickedness, and eventually received with her the crown of martyrdom. Such were some of the 'mythic fancies' which, by simplicity and ignorance, as Mrs. Jameson beautifully remarks, 'were long accepted as facts; lovely allegories, to 'which the world listened in its dreamy childhood, and 'which, like the ballad or the fairy tale, which kept the sleep 'from our eyes and our breath suspended in infancy, have 'still a charm for our latest years.'

While to many legends we cannot refuse the censure of extreme childishness, and to some, of an exaggerated, even false morality, it is still interesting to mark how this religious popular literature—in an age when law was almost powerless, and the strong hand bore sway, when the oppressor was oftentimes beyond the reach of human punishment—kept alive in the hearts of men 'those pure principles of Christianity which 'were outraged in their daily actions; a literature which exhibited poverty and toil as honourable, and charity as the first 'of virtues; which held up to imitation and emulation self-sacrifice in the cause of good, and contempt of death for conscience' sake, and which exhibited the saint ever mindful in the realm of blessedness, of the weak, and oppressed, and needy who besought his aid. Thus, there was scarcely an exigency of human life for which some wondrous legend of aid or deliverance might not be told. St. Mark rescues his



own fair Venice from the inundation caused by demons; and St. Agatha stays the torrent of descending lava that threatens to engulf her native city, Catania. St. George, radiant with his red-cross banner, reassures the fainting hearts of the wearied Croises; and St. James the Apostle himself, appears on his milk-white steed to rally the discomfited Christian host on the plain of Clavijo, and with that renowned war-cry, 'Santiago!' trample down the host of the paynim.

Nor is the same powerful aid refused to the traveller, the mariner, the widow, the orphan, even the bondsman; for not the least beautiful characteristic of the ancient legend is, its strong sympathy with the weak and oppressed. And that sympathy in the earlier legends—especially among our own—often goes out beyond the circle of human affections, even to the brute itself. St. Julian, wantonly slaying the hunted deer, receives a severe doom for his cruelty; while St. Giles, to whose cell the milk-white hind flies for refuge from the hunters, receives the reward of the kindness which protected her, and the skill which dressed her wounds; for she nourishes him with her milk, and eventually guides the king of France to the abode of the holy man. St. Jerome sat at the gate of his monastery, at Bethlehem, when a lion entered limping, and mournfully lifted his paw, and laid it on the saint's knee. The attendant monks fled away affrighted; but the stern recluse took the paw, and gently extracted the thorn, and bound it up, and ever after did the grateful lion tend the saint with doglike fidelity. The incident of the two lions in the desert digging the grave for Paul the Hermit, when his aged companion was too weak to perform that last sad duty, and the sympathy they express toward the poor survivor in his utter destitution and loneliness, has often appeared to us most touching. And so has the story of St. Roch, the great patron of the prisoner and the plague-stricken; how, when cast out from the hospital where he had ministered so kindly, he wanders to the neighbouring wood, with the plague-spot upon him, and lays down to die;—his faithful dog, companion of all his wanderings, goes into the city in search of bread, and each day lays the small loaf he has obtained beside his master. It is traits like these—belonging almost exclusively to the legends of western Europe—that invests them with a simple beauty, akin to that of the ballads of Wordsworth.

We know not if it has been before observed, but to us it is the kindly feeling which manifests itself towards animals, no less than the marked individuality of character of the human actors, that forms the grand distinction between eastern and western fiction—we use the word here in its widest extent. In

Europe, especially Northern Europe, it would seem as though the same influence which girdled the man's home with a charm, an attraction comparatively unknown to the dweller of the south—led his kindly feelings forth to a wider range, even including each dumb creature that found shelter beneath his roof; and thus, in the chivalrous romance, and the popular tale, no less than the legend, we find the sphere of his social affections widening, until the good steed, the faithful dog, the falcon, even the tamed denizen of the forest, are all clasped within the circle of his expanded sympathies.

We have gone over Mrs. Jameson's delightful volumes, as the reader will perceive, rather with reference to their literary, than to their artistic claims. Legendary lore is so little known even among well-informed readers, that we have thought we could not do better than bring before them a few of the more beautiful of these tales, which, amid the thickest darkness of the middle ages, 'wore the intense expression of the inner life that revolted 'against the desolation and emptiness of the outward existence, 'and of those crushed and outraged sympathies which cried 'aloud for rest, and refuge, and solace'—of those influential myths, which, as the mind of mediæval Europe arose in its glowing and majestic earnestness, became enshrined in so many a beautiful poem, and fixed in immortal freshness in so many an exquisite painting.

It is, indeed, vain to talk of passing over or forgetting the ancient legend. Even were the written legend forgotten, the painted, the sculptured, would still challenge the world's admiration and homage; let us, therefore, rather seek to view this subject in a wise and enlightened spirit, believing, as Mrs. Jameson most justly remarks, that 'all which God has permitted 'once to exist in the past, should be considered as the possession of the present; sacred for example, or warning, and held 'as the foundation of what is better and purer.' And thus, while gazing on the beautiful St. Margaret of Raphael, on the majestic St. Catherine of Domenichino, on the many exquisite impersonations of faith, and herosim, and purity, which the works of the great masters present to us, we may, and should, feel deep regret that these 'mythic fancies' of early Christian art, should have ever intercepted the homage due to God alone, still, turning to the simple legends of a time when the boundaries of truth and fiction were ill-defined, and when men recognised the invisible agencies at work around them as actual and palpable existences, we may well feel thankful that so much of genuine Christian practice was impressed even in this form, upon a rude, a harsh, and a cruel age. Let us bear in mind, too,

that as learning advanced, the very admiration of the legend induced an earnest desire for the Gospel; and that in those countries where that Gospel had free course, legendary lore soon gave way, and was numbered among forgotten things. And be it so; but still, as graceful allegories, as poetic fables instinct with a Christian moral, let us view these legends, for they taught, with simple but emphatic earnestness, to an all-believing age, those high and consoling principles, the ever-watchful care of an over-ruling Providence, the perpetual supremacy and final triumph of good over evil.

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ART. X. *The Prose Works of John Milton. With a Preface, Preliminary Remarks and Notes.* By J. A. ST. JOHN. 3 vols. small 8vo. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1848.

THESE volumes form part of the Standard Library issued by Mr. Bohn. No series of books has ever appeared which, taken as a whole, equals this in value; and no part of the series are we disposed to estimate more highly than the volumes now before us. It has often been matter of regret with the admirers of Milton that his prose writings should be so little known by the reading part of the English public; for, of that rich inheritance of mental treasure which the genius, the thoughtfulness, and the learning of former ages have bequeathed to us, there are few portions which it would more advantage the people of these realms to be familiar with than this. But hitherto this part of our hereditary wealth has been almost inaccessible to the great mass of the people owing to the inconvenient or expensive forms in which Milton's Prose Works have been published. Mr. Bohn has at length removed this obstacle. He has rolled the stone from the mouth of the well, and we hope many will hasten to fill their pitchers at this copious and healthful spring.

Mr. St. John has done the part assigned to him for the most part well. He rightly appreciates in general Milton's true character and sentiments, and shows a worthy sympathy with both. His Preliminary Remarks and Notes often supply very needful information, and place the reader in the right point of view for apprehending and justly estimating Milton's statements; but his Notes are sometimes irrelevant, and sometimes frivolous. If some he has inserted have a just claim to be there, we do not see why he might not with equal reason have inserted a thousand such beside.

It is not our purpose at present to offer any remarks on Milton's Prose Writings in general. The theme is tempting—as what theme connected with Milton is not?—and though it has already engaged some illustrious pens, it is by no means so exhausted as to render another survey of it presumptuous or hopeless. But our object at present is more limited. We wish to write the history of a section of Milton's life which has not, we think, received due attention from any of his biographers; and to take note of the works which during that period he composed. We wish to survey his connexion with the Commonwealth, to describe the services he rendered to it, and to estimate the worth of his relation to it.

On the 30th of January, 1649, the protracted struggle between arbitrary sovereignty and popular liberty which, for more than twenty years, had agitated England, was brought to a solemn close by the execution of the infatuated prince, who, despising the claims of equity, the auguries of wisdom, and the lessons of experience, had resolved at all hazards to govern a high-minded people according to his sole pleasure. With the life of Charles terminated, for the time, the kingly form and name in Britain. Whilst the snow was yet falling on the velvet pall that covered the headless trunk of the once haughty representative of an imperious line, and whilst the few faithful adherents, who still persisted in showing their allegiance to his memory, were comforting themselves around his bier by interpreting 'this sudden whiteness' into a token from heaven of their master's innocence, the bold men, who had fearlessly done the deed, were engaged in drawing up a proclamation in which they forbade all persons whatsoever to presume to declare 'Charles Stuart, son of the late 'Charles, or any other person to be king or chief magistrate of 'England or Ireland, or of any dominions belonging thereunto,' on pain of 'being deemed and adjudged a traitor,' and made to 'suffer accordingly.' Seven days later, they abolished the House of Lords; the next day, they passed a solemn decree abolishing for ever the office of king in this nation; and the day following, they gave orders that a new great seal should be engraved, bearing, in place of the effigies of the monarch, a representation of the House of Commons in full session, with this inscription, 'The first year of liberty restored, by the blessing of God, 1648.\* (o.s.) At the same time, a council of state, consisting of forty persons, was appointed to conduct the government of the nation.

This Council of State, now virtually the Sovereign of Eng-

\* Guizot, English Revolution, p. 436; Clarendon, Book xi. *sub fine*.

land, had, amongst other duties, that of watching over the relations subsisting between this country and foreign powers. Here, as in other departments, they, from the first, took high and mainly ground. Little inclined to provoke a rupture with any of the continental powers, they nevertheless resolved not to allow in the least degree the honour or the interest of their country to be abated in their hands. They would do as England had ever done—choose their own allies and deal with them on equal terms. They had not smitten the crown from the head of their own king, to truckle to any of the crowned heads of the Continent. They meant England, now that she was a republic, to be as independent and as mighty amongst the powers of Europe as she had ever been whilst governed by kings. Accordingly, before they had been many weeks in existence as a council, they appointed a committee of their number, consisting of Mr. Whitelocke, Sir Henry Vane, Lord Lisle, the Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Martyn, and Mr. Lisle, or any two of them, ‘to consider what alliances the Crowne hath formerly had ‘with forreigne states, and what those states are; and whether ‘it will be fit to continue those allyances, or with how many of ‘the said states; and how farr they should be continued, and ‘upon what grounds; and in what manner applications and addresses should be made for the said continuance.\*’ In such lofty style and with such conscious dignity did these republicans set about their work! We may augur that the honour of England is in safe keeping in such hands.

But the Council did not stop here. It was not enough for them to assert their country’s ancient right to choose her own allies and deal with foreign powers in general as she deemed best. A high-minded prince would have done as much; these patriotic republicans determined to do more. They had a mind not only to say to the continental powers what they judged right, but to say it in a tongue which was as much theirs as it was that of any of the powers they addressed. Hitherto from the time of the Conquest, all foreign correspondence had been conducted in French. But to the thorough English feeling of the republican council this practice seemed a degradation. The French was a good enough tongue for Frenchmen; and for purposes of diplomacy only perhaps too good; but what was that to them who were free Englishmen, and had a tongue of their own of which they were not ashamed, and meant to pursue a straightforward course with all men, and at all times to say with their lips what they purposed in their

\* Book of Orders of the Council of State, cited from the MS. in the State Paper Office, by Mr. Todd, in his *Life of Milton*, p. 107.

hearts? They resolved, therefore, to discard the French in their writings to foreign states, and to employ in its stead the *lingua communis* of Christendom, the Latin. Nor were they content to have their thoughts clothed in any sort of Latin which hireling scholarship might supply to them. They would have Latin of the best. Under their sway, England was to be a true Aristocracy—a Reign of the Best; and they resolved that even in the interchange of courtesies or the chafferings of diplomacy with foreign states, their thoughts should be clothed in such a garb that not so much as a dog should move his tongue against it.

Of those who had sate in the high places of learning during the reign of Charles, the greater part had followed the fortunes of the exiled prince; or were hiding their discontent and their scholarship in lonely retreats—*doctores umbratici* against their will; or, like worthy Jeremy Taylor, having escaped ashore upon a plank, and not knowing whether they owed most to ‘the courtesies of their friends or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy,’ were trying to make the best of a bad business by ‘gathering a few sticks to warm them, a few books to entertain their thoughts;’\*—all of them occupied after a fashion, yet for the interests of their country in the meantime utterly profitless. Still there were a few of the riper scholars of the day whose principles allied them to the victorious party. One there was especially, whose attachment to the republican cause was enthusiastic, who, from his youth up, had given himself to literature, ‘taking labour and intense study to be his portion in this life,’ and who, though he had ‘applied himself to the resolution to fix all the industry and art he could unite to the adorning of his native tongue,’ was nevertheless so addicted to the languages of Greece and Rome, that, whilst yet a youth, he had ‘not merely wetted the tip of his lips in the stream of these languages, but, in proportion to his years, had swallowed ‘copious draughts,’ and was now, in his maturer age, acknowledged to be one of the first classical scholars of his day. This was Milton, and as he, in virtue of his scholarship, was master of a pure and copious Latinity, being, as one of his critics remarks, ‘purioris dicendi generis vehementer studiosus,’ the attention of the Council was directed to him as the fittest person to act as their Latin secretary. The same committee which had been appointed to consider the subject of Foreign Alliances was accordingly instructed to ‘speak with Mr. Milton, to know whether he will be employed as secretary for Forraigne tongues.’

\* Discourse of the Liberty of Prophecying—Epist. Dedic. p. 2.

According to the testimony of Phillips, Milton's nephew, the attention of the Council of State had been drawn to Milton by the recent publication of his work, entitled, 'The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates.' Wood asserts, and Mr. St. John adopts the assertion, that this treatise was written before the execution of Charles, though it now contains many passages afterwards inserted. But this appears to us more than doubtful. It is true, indeed, that the treatise, as we now have it, contains additions to the original text, but these were made between the first and second editions, not, as the words we have quoted would seem to imply, between the writing of the work and its first publication.\* As for its being written before the king's death, there is no evidence for that except Wood's assertion; and worthy Anthony was not so minutely exact in all that he uttered, especially when a sectary was in question, that we should allow his bare word to weigh against the internal evidence of the treatise itself, which is all on the side of the opinion that Milton *wrote* this tract, as well as *published* it, in order to justify the Parliament and the Army for their treatment of Charles. Indeed, in his Second Defence, he expressly says as much as that such was the case: 'That book,' says he, referring to this treatise, 'did not make its appearance till after the death of Charles; and was *written rather to reconcile the minds of the people to the event*, than to discuss the legitimacy of that particular sentence which concerned the magistrates, *and which was already executed.*'†

The main design of the treatise is to assert the responsibility of kings, and the right of subjects to punish tyrants or wicked kings, if need be, with death. It is not, as some have asserted, a plea for regicide in the general, as if Milton, in a rabid and indiscriminating hatred of the very name and office of king, had contended for the extirpation of the entire race of such functionaries.‡ Still less is it an attack on the unhappy monarch whose execution it by implication justifies; for in referring to it in a subsequent publication, Milton distinctly disavows any

\* On the title-page of the second edition, published in 1650, we read that it is 'published now the second time, with some additions, and many Testimonies also added out of the best and learnedest among Protestant Divines asserting the position of this Book.'

† Works, vol. i. p. 260.

‡ See his Second Defence of the People of England, *passim*. 'How happy am I,' he exclaims, in reference to the favourable reception of his first Defence by Christina, Queen of Sweden, 'that when the critical emergencies of my country demanded that I should undertake the arduous and invidious task of impugning the rights of kings, I should meet with so illustrious, so truly a royal evidence to my integrity, and to this truth, that *I had not written a word against kings, but only against tyrants, the spots and pests of royalty.*'

intention of attacking Charles in it, or even of directly deterring anything in reference to his case; and there is nothing in the treatise itself that is in the least incompatible with this disavowal. Milton was prompted to write it by the unreasonable censures pronounced upon Cromwell and his friends by the presbyterian party, who, formerly the most bitter enemies of Charles, had become jealous of the growth of the independents, and of their ascendancy in the parliament, and were clamouring against the sentence pronounced on the king as abhorrent from the doctrine of protestants, and of all the reformed churches.\* This conduct Milton ascribed to mere party spite: he regarded their anger as excited, not by 'the act itself, but because it was not the act of their party;' and the assertion they made against it he denounced as 'a glaring falsehood,' (*falsitas asserta*.) Hence, in order to compose men's minds, he wrote this tract for the purpose of showing 'in an abstract consideration of the question, what may be lawfully done against tyrants.'† It is one of the most condensed and closely reasoned of all Milton's writings, and satisfactorily establishes those great points of constitutional law which at an earlier period had been advocated by the classic pen of Buchanan, which, in the age succeeding that of Milton, were so logically demonstrated by Locke, and which may now be considered as incorporated with the constitution of our country. Appearing at a time when men's minds were deeply occupied with the question it discusses, public attention was naturally drawn towards it, and through means of it to previous publications of its author. 'This treatise,' says Phillips, 'reviving the fame of other things Milton had formerly published, he was more and more taken notice of for his excellency of style, and depth of judgment; was courted into the service of the Commonwealth; and at last prevailed with (for he never hunted after preferment, nor affected the hurry of public business) to take upon him the office of Latin Secretary.‡ This fully bears out Milton's own account of the matter:—'No one ever knew me either soliciting anything myself, or through the medium of my friends,—no one ever beheld me in a supplicating posture at the doors of the senate, or the levees of the great. I usually kept myself secluded at home, where my own property, part of which had been withheld during the civil commotions, and part of which had been absorbed in the oppressive contributions which I had to sustain, afforded me a scanty subsistence. . . . I was sur-

\* Def. Secunda, p. 68, edit. 1654. *Hagae-Comitum*. Works, vol. i. p. 260, of Mr. St. John's edit.

† Ibid.

‡ Cited by Todd, *Life of Milton*, p. 97.



'prised by an invitation from the Council of State, who desired 'my services in the office for foreign affairs.'\*

Milton entered upon the office to which he was thus honourably called on the 15th March, 1649. The duties which he was here appointed to discharge were somewhat multifarious. Besides those more especially belonging to his office, such as the translating into English of the state papers of foreign powers addressed to the rulers of the Commonwealth, and conducting their correspondence in return, many other tasks were imposed upon him by those whom he served. They seem, indeed, to have committed to him the whole of what may be called the literary and controversial interests of the government. Hence we find him enjoined to examine papers found on certain suspected enemies of the Commonwealth, or such attacks upon it as appeared in print, and to report to the Council thereon; † to reply to some of these attacks; to defend the policy of the Council against those 'designers against the peace of the Commonwealth, by whom it had been impugned; ‡ and even to arrange for the printing of such works as the Council saw meet to issue at the public expense. § To a mind like Milton's, delighting to luxuriate in the banquet of letters, and even revolving high thoughts of the additions he was himself to make to that rich repast, it must have been unspeakably irksome to be compelled to attend to all the petty and vexatious duties which were thus imposed upon him. But he bore the yoke cheerfully, and seems to have toiled on with the patience of the veriest drudge in his appointed work. Nay, his heart even appears to have been in his duties, for when he might, without censure, have retired from the office, he spurned the idea as unworthy of his patriotism. It was no paltry love of the gains of office which thus chained him to the oar; for his salary at the highest never exceeded 200*l.* per annum, and to this the only additional perquisite he ever received was permission to reside at Whitehall, a permission which was only given to be soon after recalled. || It is a sight worth looking at—this man

\* Second Defence, p. 261. Works, vol. i. We have given the above from the English translation, as it stands in Mr. St. John's edition; but it is rather an imperfect version of the original, and in the concluding part quite wrong. Milton was never in the Foreign Office. What he says is, 'Me . . . Conciliū Status . . . ad se vocat, meaque opera ad res præsertim externas uti voluit,'—the Council of State summoned me, and desired the use of my services chiefly in foreign affairs.

† Order of Council, May 30, 1649. Ibid. June 23. Ibid. June 25, 1650.

‡ Ibid. 26th March, 1649; 28th March.

§ Ibid. 8th January, 1649-50.

|| Milton went to reside in Scotland Yard in the early part of 1651, and he removed from it in the summer of the same year, in consequence of an order of Parliament which deprived him of that residence. He then went to the 'pretty garden house,' in Petty France, Westminster, where he remained till within a few weeks of the return of Charles II.

of supernal genius thus taming himself down to the drudgeries of an inferior station, and discharging the dull and irksome tasks of office with a cheerfulness which the merest red-tapist could hardly exceed—and all from a sense of duty, and love for what he esteemed a good and just cause.

The writings which Milton was either directly or indirectly led by his office as Latin Secretary to indite, form a very important part of his prose works. Of these, the least interesting, perhaps, to us now, in reference at least to himself, are the Letters of State which he addressed from time to time in the name of the government of the Commonwealth, to the different European powers. In an historical point of view, indeed, these are valuable, as indicating the footing on which Cromwell and his party stood with the princes and states of the Continent, and as containing an authentic record of the foreign policy of the Commonwealth; but, in relation to Milton, they possess only an inferior interest. It is his pen that indites the words, but the thoughts are the property of others, and chiefly of that imperial intellect which seems to have dazzled and commanded the mind even of Milton, and made him look up to its possessor as the ‘chief of men.’ Viewed as the joint production of Oliver Cromwell and John Milton, these letters, even the least important of them, must ever possess a strong attraction; and some of them, especially those which relate to the sufferings of the Waldenses, in which both Cromwell and his Secretary took so thrilling an interest, will ever remain as monuments at once of the high-toned dignity with which England’s greatest ruler upheld her rights and the rights of humanity, and of the fitting utterance which England’s greatest poet gave to that ruler’s will.

The first publication into which Milton’s office indirectly led him was that which appeared under the following title:—‘Iconoclastes. In answer to a Book, entitled ‘Icon Basilike:’ the portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and ‘Sufferings.’ The work to which Milton here replies, and which is now pretty generally believed to have been the production of Dr. Gauden, successively Bishop of Exeter and of Worcester after the Restoration, purports to be the composition of the deceased king, and its manifest design is to produce an impression in his favour, by not only defending his conduct to his subjects, but also representing him in the light of a mild, devout, and heavenly martyr. It was published a very short time after the death of Charles, and though there were several who saw through the imposition, and were satisfied it was not the work of the king, (Milton among the rest,) by the country at large, it was received as genuine, and extensively and eagerly perused.

To counteract the effect which it was everywhere producing, Milton wrote his 'Iconoclastes;' in which, with great minuteness and vigour, he replies to all that is advanced in the 'Icon' in defence of the policy, and in honour of the character of Charles. Written for popular effect, it is much simpler in style, quieter in manner, and more homely in conception, than was usual with its author. Here and there an expression occurs which betrays the poet,\* and not seldom the fire of an ardent temper breaks forth in indignant flashes; but for the most part, the 'Iconoclastes' is a sober, minute, closely-reasoned, and unimpassioned refutation of the statements of the 'Icon.' The author's purpose in writing it, he tells us, was 'not a desire to descant on the misfortunes of a person fallen from so high a dignity,' nor 'by fond ambition, or the vanity to get a name, present or with posterity, by writing against a king,' but 'for their sakes who through custom, simplicity, or want of better teaching, have not more seriously considered kings than in the gaudy name of Majesty, and admire them and their doings as if they breathed not the same air with other mortal men.' Hence he scrupled not to take up the gauntlet which had been thrown down, though a king's, in defence of liberty and the Commonwealth. That the work was written at the request of the Council of State, we know from Milton's own statement;† but that it was a piece of mere hireling service, for which he received a pecuniary reward from the Council—though it has been confidently asserted, and though on the strength of this assertion Milton has been called 'a mercenary Iconoclast,'—is altogether untrue. We have the author's own solemn statement to the contrary: 'My hands,' says he to Morus, 'were never soiled with the guilt of peculation; I never was even an obolus the richer by those exertions which you most vehemently traduce.'‡ We have the corroborative evidence afforded by the fact that the books of the Council retain no trace of any remuneration having been made to him for this labour, whilst they do not fail to record the 'fitt reward' which the Council awarded to John Durie for translating the work into French. And we have the fact that he was permitted to make the writing of this book suit his own conve-

\* One of his expressions has been borrowed, without acknowledgment, by a poet of our own day. In speaking of a parliament without power of opposing the royal will, he describes it as 'struck as mute and motionless as a parliament of tapestry in the hangings.' What Milton here applies to tapestry, Campbell applies to painting—

'And Painting mute and motionless  
Steals but a glance of time.'

*Valedictory Stanzas to Kemble.*

+ Second Def. Work, vol. i. p. 268.

‡ Second Def., p. 243.

nience, 'beginning it late, and finishing it leisurely in the midst of other employments and diversions'\*—a favour which, as Mr. Todd justly reasons, would hardly, in the case of a work, the early appearance of which was of importance, have been conceded to a mere hireling scribe.

The 'Iconoclastes' appeared in the closing part of the year 1649. The same period witnessed the publication of a work which was destined to involve Milton in the most protracted and the most violent controversy in which he ever embarked. This was the 'Defensio Regia pro Carolo I.' by Claude Saumaise, better known as Salmasius.

Charles II. was at this time residing at the Hague, 'living with and upon the Prince of Orange,' as Clarendon tells us; poor enough and dispirited enough, yet inclined to make an effort or two more to regain the splendid patrimony from which he had been driven. The impression which had been produced in England by the publication of the 'Icon Basilike' probably suggested the idea of following it up by a still more energetic attack upon the Commonwealth party. The poor king had one hundred Jacobusses in his purse, and these he resolved to sacrifice in order to procure such a publication. A ready instrument was found in Salmasius, then one of the Professors at Leyden, and who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most learned men of his age. He was unquestionably a man of abilities. His memory was prodigious; his reading was unbounded; and his ingenuity considerable. His linguistic attainments and his philological writings still command respect; in his own day he was deemed such a prodigy that people were wont to say, that what Salmasius did not know was not knowable. But there were many things he did not know, and many literary qualifications he did not possess; and these, unhappily for him, were the very things and the very qualifications especially requisite for the work to which the exiled prince summoned him. He was ignorant of political science and the principles of social ethics. He was ignorant of the English constitution, the English history, and the temper of the English people. Worst of all, he was ignorant of his own ignorance, and addressed himself to his task with all the confidence and self-sufficiency which learned ignorance is apt to assume. His temper also was bad; he was overbearing and insolent; and he indulged to its full extent in that licence of vituperation which the scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seem to have regarded as their peculiar privilege; judging, apparently,

\* Preface to the Iconoclastes.

there was no excess of Scommatism to which a writer might not resort, provided always he kept the peace with Priscian, and clothed his anger in Ciceronian Latin. In his scholarship, moreover, there was all that painful attention to trifles, that 'insanum minutiarum studium' which Ruhnken tells us is peculiar to otiose litterateurs.\* His mind had nothing great in it, nothing comprehensive, nothing original. He was a successful scholar, and nothing more. What Pope has most unjustly put into the mouth of Richard Bentley was to the letter true of Salmasius:—

' Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,  
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod,

For thee we dim the eyes and stuff the head  
With all such reading as was never read;  
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,  
And write about it, goddess, and about it.'

When such a man undertook to arraign the people of England, and defend the memory of the beheaded king, what could he do but make pedantry supply the place of intelligence, and substitute effrontery for argument? The 'fortiter in re' was beyond his reach, the 'suaviter in modo' was contrary to his taste and habits. The only course open to him was that which he followed. Shutting himself up in his library, he set himself to quote all sorts of authors in support of the sacredness of kings, and the inviolability of their persons. He starts from the loftiest position of Divine Right. A king!—what is a king? 'Plainly he whose is the supreme power in the state, a power beholden to none but God, to whom alone the king is obliged to render a reason of his acts, and to none besides—he who may do what he likes, who is exempt from laws, who gives laws but receives none, and hence judges all, but is himself judged of no one.† This high doctrine he proceeds, by an immense farrago of authorities, to defend as the doctrine held in all ages and by all peoples. 'So of old judged the whole East, so the West. In the regions of the North and the South, wherever kings reigned, their subjects had no other opinion, no other custom. Assyrians, Medes, Persians, Romans, Jews, Greeks, Pagans, Christians, thought thus.' All this is shown at great length, and with an immense parade of learning. It is not till we reach the eighth chapter, that we find the author preparing to deal with the only really important question in this department of his inquiry—viz., what was the opinion, what the

\* Orat. de Doctore Umbrat. p. 13. Opusc. Ruhnken, ed. Kidd.

† Def. Reg. c. 2, *sub init.*

custom of the people of England respecting kings? Here, having neither Talmuds nor classics to quote from, he is sadly puzzled to keep up appearances; still he makes a manful effort, and by help of William of Malmesbury, Matthew of Paris, Gervasius, &c., illustrated here and there by Aristotle, Tacitus, Mela, Juvenal, and others of the ancients, he manages very respectably to fill up a goodly number of pages. In the concluding chapters (x.—xii.) he discusses the character and proceedings of the party by whom the king had been beheaded, and defends the character and conduct of Charles. This is by much the ablest part of his work; it is written with less stiffness and much greater vigour than the preceding parts; and when one compares its animated eloquence and hearty vituperation with the dreary pedantry of the earlier chapters, it is hard to resist the suspicion that some such pen as that of Hyde was at work, and that Salmasius had no other hand in this part of the ‘*Defensio*’ than that of translating into Latin the thoughts and words of a greatly more vigorous mind than his own.

The publication of this work appears to have produced no great sensation either on the Continent or in England. This is not surprising. Few except unoccupied scholars were likely to toil through its heavy pages; and whilst its main purpose possessed only a secondary interest to the continental nations, its fundamental thesis was one which few Englishmen of any party then in England were prepared to adopt. Those theories of government on which the Divine right of kings is based, were unknown in this country before the days of Laud, and when propounded, they had received little welcome even from those who afterwards perilled all in their efforts to support the throne. On the great mass of the people they never made any impression. Among them it had, ever since England was England, been held as a settled thing that there was a point beyond which no prince could urge his prerogative, and no freeborn people could submit; and their history presented to them too many instances in which the haughtiest of their sovereigns had been compelled to respect the popular will, and too many instances in which the reigning dynasty had been changed by force of domestic arms, for them to be very overwhelmingly impressed with a sense of ‘the divinity that doth hedge about a king.’ Had Salmasius been more modest—had he assumed lower ground—had he followed up the impression produced by the ‘*Icon Basilike*,’ by, like it, dwelling rather on the personal merits and sufferings of the late king, than by mooted great political and constitutional questions, in which he assumed positions to which few good and no thoughtful men could

assent, he would better have served the cause of his employer, and if not in quantity, certainly in quality rendered a fairer equivalent for his hundred Jacobusses. As it was, he, like many a hired pleader both before and since, spoiled his cause by overdoing it.

But though the work of Salmasius created no remarkable sensation, it yet contained enough to render it desirable that it should not be left unanswered. Milton was accordingly enjoined by an order in Council, of the date January 8th, 1649-50, to 'prepare something in answer to the booke of Salmasius, and when he hath done itt, bring itt to the Councell.' His answer was ready by the close of the year, and on the 23rd of December, 1650, it was 'ordered that Mr. Milton doe print the treatise which he hath written, in answer to a late booke written by Salmasius against the proceedings of this Commonwealth.' The work appeared in the early part of the following year, under the title '*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio contra Claudii Anonymi, alias Salmasii Defensionem Regiam.*'

On this production Milton put forth all his strength. He seems to have entered upon it with the design not merely of defending the Commonwealth, but of crushing the presumptuous pedant by whom it had been assailed. For Salmasius he evidently felt no respect, and to him he shows no pity. With a learning equal at least to his own, and an energy far beyond any he ever possessed, Milton follows him step by step through his book, and does battle with him for every inch of the ground. No weapon of defence or assault that could be pressed into his service does he refuse. Quotations, criticism, sarcasm, puns, nicknames, vituperation, mingle with the acutest reasoning and the loftiest eloquence, in the strange tissue of his Discourse. From gravely discussing a question in history or political science, he suddenly passes to some stern joke upon his antagonist, or some vehement philippic upon the cause he had set himself to advocate. Now he weighs some dictum of Aristotle, or expounds some passage in the Bible, and then he darts away to pounce upon some unlucky solecism in his opponent's Latinity, or to make himself merry over his opponent's domestic thralldom. In reading this treatise, one cannot help thinking of the grim hilarity of the cat as she tosses and plays with the mouse, which ever and anon she wounds with her talons, and at last utterly devours.

Hobbes is said to have remarked of the two 'Defences,' that he knew not which contained the best Latin or the worst logic. But there can be no candid and competent judge of either who

will hesitate to assign the palm in both to Milton. Such certainly was the verdict of the best judges in his own day. As soon as his work appeared, it was circulated all over the Continent, and everywhere commanded the highest eulogies for its splendid diction, its acute and vigorous reasoning, and its immeasurable superiority to the work in reply to which it was issued. Congratulations poured in upon the author from all quarters; the ambassadors of foreign courts then resident in London paid him formal visits of compliment; and letters from the most distinguished scholars of Europe, expressive of their admiration of his production, were continually reaching him. His book was translated into Dutch, and apparently also into French. Certain it is that it was burnt in France, first at Paris and then at Toulouse; an evidence that it was both hated and feared in that country. Even royalty itself, in the person of Christina of Sweden, perused it with admiration, and gave unmistakable evidence of approbation by dismissing, if not with indignity, at least without honour, Salmasius from the court. Beyond this general applause, however, the author had no remuneration for his labour, except the thanks of the Council and the gratitude of the best part of his countrymen. Toland, indeed, has asserted that he received a present of 1000*l.* from the Council. But this is a mistake, as Milton's own assertion in his 'Second Defence,' and the books of the Council attest.

It is not to be denied that the 'Defence of the People of England against Salmasius' is disfigured by many and grievous faults. It must be admitted that it is needlessly prolix, and that much on which its author elaborately dwells is altogether irrelevant to the main question at issue between him and his antagonist. It must be admitted that his retaliation often exceeds the bounds of severity and becomes fierce and truculent. It must be admitted that many of his attempts at wit are miserably abortive, that his puns are, for the most part, about the worst ever perpetrated, and that he is often indelicate and coarse in his sarcasms and allusions. It must be admitted that many of his criticisms are hypercritical, that what he triumphantly holds up to scorn as the barbarisms and blunders in grammar of his antagonist, are not always such; and that sometimes his own pen drops solecisms as gross and unpardonable as any of which he accuses Salmasius.\* But whilst all this is admitted,

\* A famous instance of this occurs in Milton's merciless taunting of Salmasius for saying that the English had committed parricide in *persona regis*, in the person of the king. 'What is this,' exclaims Milton—'what Latinity ever spoke thus? unless, indeed, you refer to some pretender who, putting on the mask of the king, perpetrated I know not what parricide among the English, &c.' Milton here evidently



it must still with justice be affirmed that for rich and varied learning, acuteness of reasoning, soundness of principle, and rhetorical effect, few efforts of human genius are entitled to rank by the side of Milton's Defence of his countrymen.

The position maintained by Milton through this 'Defence,' is substantially that which he had already defended in the 'Iconoclastes'—the responsibility of kings to their people, the necessary limits of royal prerogative, and the right of the people to resist tyrannical, oppressive, and unjust sovereigns, and even, if need be, to bring them to trial, and when convicted to punish them. This doctrine he shows to have always been held by the English people, and to have been tacitly acknowledged by the most hasty Plantagenet and the most imperious Tudor that ever filled the English throne. But not content with this, he ascends to a higher region than that of prescription and usage. He appeals to that which is above all statute and contract—the law written on the hearts of men—the code whose edicts embody the great fundamental principles on which all society and all social institutions rest. This is the only line of argument worth the pursuing in such a case. To appeal to statute law and constitutional usage in defence of an act which was virtually the removal of the basis on which statutes and usages rest, seems but a needless waste of logic. The responsibility of kings can never be established by law, because to summon them to an account is, on the part of their subjects, a superseding for the time being of all law—a suspension of the constitution. Nor is the right of a nation to liberty a

assumes that *persona* is never used by Latin writers in the sense in which we use 'person' when we say, 'the person of the king;' but always retains its primary meaning of mask or personation. But this is a mistake. Johnson cites a passage from Juvenal Sat. iv., v. 14, which clearly establishes the usage; unless, indeed, *persona* there means 'character' in the sense in which we speak of a man being a 'bad character.' But a better authority than Juvenal, no less than Cicero, is indubitably on the side of Salmasius here. In one passage, indeed, he uses the very formula employed by Salmasius; speaking of Cæsar's conduct to Pompey, he says, *in ejus persona multa fecit asperius.* *Epist. ad Fam.* By the side of this, Salmasius's 'parracidium in persona regis' may stand without blushing. Whilst thus overzealous to find fault with his adversary, Milton falls into a blunder himself. 'I will leave you,' says he, 'to the tender mercies of your own grammaticists; *quibus ego tu deridendum et vapulandum propino*—to whom I propose you to be laughed at and whipped.' Milton had probably Terence's expression, '*Ego . . . hunc comedendum et deridendum vobis propino.*' (*Eunuch*, v. 9. 47) in his mind when he wrote this; but in substituting a word for 'comedendum' he unfortunately used one which has no existence! This verb 'vapulo' signifying not *to whip*, but *to be whipped*, it cannot of course have a future passive participle. Johnston thinks this blunder a just chastisement inflicted on the poet by the ever watchful Nemesis! On 'persona,' Mr. St. John treats his readers to a singularly irrelevant note, consisting chiefly of an extract from Locke on the metaphysical conception of 'person;' as if that had aught to do with the usage of a Latin word.

question of usage or of statute. It is not because our ancestors were free that we have a title to freedom; any more than it is because our ancestors were clothed, that we have a right to put on clothing. All such rights are natural rights; and when they are to be vindicated, it must be by an appeal, not to legal precedents and constitutional authorities, but to the eternal principles of reason, equity, and common sense.

If the general applause with which Milton's performance was received, tended to minister dangerously to his love of fame, 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' Providence was preparing for him a counteractive discipline, in one of the severest calamities which can befall humanity. His eyesight, which had never been very strong, had, through severe and unseasonable study, been gradually becoming weaker; and though his medical attendants warned him of the danger he was incurring, his determination to serve his country was so resolute, that he persisted in preparing his reply to Salmasius, notwithstanding the increasing failure of his visual organs. The consequence was total blindness, which came upon him in 1652, the year after the publication of his 'Defence of the People of England.' By his enemies this was eagerly laid hold of, as a proof of the vengeance of Heaven upon the defender of those who had slain the king; but by Milton himself it was regarded in a very different light. With that strong religious feeling, which so remarkably distinguished him, he traced the affliction, indeed, to God; but he viewed it not as a token of the Divine vengeance, but as an act of paternal discipline through which it was deemed needful by the Almighty and the Alwise that he should pass. His conscience bore him witness that 'neither in the more early nor in the later periods of his life,' had he committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked him out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation. And when his enemies taunted him with it, his appeal was from their inhumanity and injustice to the Searcher of hearts. 'I invoke the Almighty to witness,' are his words, 'that I never at any time wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion then, and I find the same persuasion now. Nor was I ever prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre or of praise; it was only by the conviction of duty, and the feeling of patriotism, a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty.\*' He goes on to state, that though labouring under sickness, and though warned by the physicians

\* Second Defence, p. 238. Works, vol. i.

that if he did not desist from studious pursuits, his sight would be irreparably lost, 'their premonitions caused no hesitation, 'and inspired no delay. I would not,' he adds, 'have listened 'even to the voice of Esculapius himself from the shrine of 'Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly 'monitor within my breast.' These declarations are worthy of all belief; they are in perfect keeping with that antique severity, that stern, inflexible obedience to the voice of duty, which formed one of the characteristic features of Milton.

Some of his biographers have fixed upon the date of Milton's blindness as marking the period of his retirement from the office of Secretary for Foreign Tongues. But this is a mistake. Milton retained the office by successive re-appointments till the close of the Protectorate, in 1659. Neither did his employers deem it necessary to remove him, nor did he yield to his misfortune so as to relinquish a post where he could still serve his country. Speaking of the former, he says:—'They 'do not strip me of the badges of honour which I have once 'worn; they do not deprive me of the places of public trust to 'which I have been appointed; they do not abridge my salary 'or emoluments; which though I may not do so much to deserve 'as I did formerly, they are too considerate and too kind to 'take away; and, in short, they honour me as much as the 'Athenians did those whom they determined to support at the 'public expense in the Prytaneum.\* As for himself, though his affliction was such as would have disqualified most men for service in such a post, it was not sufficient either to disqualify or dishearten him. 'His mind,' says Johnson, 'was too eager to be diverted, and too strong to be subdued.' This is true; but his piety had probably as much to do with his fortitude as either his zeal or his strength. Viewing his affliction as coming from the hand of God, he devoutly believed that He who had sent the trial was able to support under it. In a remarkable letter which he wrote to his friend Leonard Philaras, a native of Athens, who had held out to him some hopes of benefit, if he would consult Thevemet, the celebrated Parisian oculist, he thus writes:—

'If, as it is written, man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God, why should not a man acquiesce even in this? not thinking that he can derive light from his eyes alone, but esteeming himself sufficiently enlightened by the conduct and providence of God. As long, therefore, as He looks forward, and provides for me as He does, and leads me backward and forward by the hand, as it were, through my whole life, shall I not cheerfully

\* Second Defence. Works, vol. i., p. 240.

bid my eyes keep holiday, since such appears to be His pleasure? But whatever may be the result of your kindness, my dear Philaras, with a mind not less resolute and firm than if I were Lynceus himself, I bid you farewell.'—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 508.

Thus 'regulating and tranquillizing his mind,' Milton resolved to abide at his post, and only so far succumbed to his calamity as to receive a colleague in his office. The first with whom he was associated was Philip Meadows; but afterwards the famous Andrew Marvell was, through his influence and solicitation, appointed to be his colleague. These distinguished men continued to officiate together until the end of 1659, on the 25th of October in which year, the last payment of salary they received is entered in the books of the Council. The amount of this salary was 200*l.* to each; and, as already remarked, Milton seems to have received no more when the entire duties of the office rested upon him.

Triumphant as was Milton's position after his reply to Salmasius, it could not be expected that he would be long allowed to occupy it in peace. Salmasius himself, though confuted, was not silenced; and smarting under the disgrace of his defeat, and the severity of the chastisement he had received, he set himself to the preparation of a reply, in which he should fully avenge himself upon his adversary. In the midst of this, however, a still more implacable foe assailed him, and summoned him to the dread tribunal of a higher sovereign than him whose cause he had sought to plead. His unfinished work was published by his son, but not till 1660, when the immediate interest of the controversy had long since passed away. In the meantime, other pens, both at home and on the Continent, were pointed against Milton. To enumerate all the publications which were at this time issued in reply to him would be irksome. Suffice it to say, that of these, the 'Animadversions' of Sir Robert Filmer is the ablest, in a logical point of view, and the 'Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cælum adversus Parricidos Anglicanos,' of Peter du Moulin, the most famous. The latter was published anonymously, and its fame is derived from its having provoked Milton to utter his 'Defensio Secunda,' which appeared in 1654.

The remarks we have made on the 'First Defence' apply in great measure also to the Second. There is, however, this difference: in the latter, it is chiefly persons whom the author attacks or defends; in the former, it is chiefly principles and acts. He defends, at great length, himself from the attacks that had been made upon him; and in order to this, enters upon some autobiographical notices, which, to later times, have

been of unspeakable interest. Hardly less interesting are his noble eulogies on Bradshaw, Fleetwood, Overton, Fairfax, and Cromwell, especially the last, whom he apostrophizes at length, and lauds as the father and saviour of his country. The principal object of his philippics is one unlucky Alexander More, or Morus, whom Milton was led to regard as the author of the 'Clamor.' Him he scourges with a severity even exceeding that shown to Salmasius, and with a coarseness which contrasts strangely with the epic dignity of other parts of the 'Defensio.' Poor Morus ventured on a reply, entitled, 'Fides Publica contra Calumnias Joannis Miltoni,' in which he earnestly disclaims any share in, or knowledge of, the composition of the work imputed to him, and endeavours to clear himself from the scandalous imputations thrown upon his character and morals by Milton. To this the latter replied in a tract, entitled, 'Authoris pro se Defensio,' in which he still persists in treating Morus as the author of the 'Clamor,' and in assailing him with ridicule and vituperation. A brief 'Supplementum' from Morus, followed by a 'Responsio' from Milton, closed this petty and undignified strife, in which Milton appears, perhaps, to less advantage than in any other of his many controversies.\*

There have been some who have not been slow to insinuate that it was from love to strife, and a natural taste for the bitterness of controversy, that Milton gave so much of his time and energy to such compositions. A candid inquirer, however, will rather conclude that to a mind like his, it could not be otherwise than in itself irksome to be withdrawn from those pursuits to which his earlier years had been so assiduously devoted, and to which he had bound himself as the necessary means for securing the accomplishing of those spirited designs on which his soul was set. By such, therefore, credit will be given to his own avowal that it was even so; and that nothing but a deep sense of duty could have urged him to engage in such labours. In the famous introduction to the second book of his 'Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty,' after giving an account of his previous studies, and his literary projects, he adds—

'Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuits of no less hopes than these, and

\* Is it for this reason that Mr. St. John has excluded these tracts of Milton from his collection of his works? or because they have not yet been translated? We see in neither of these a sufficient reason for their absence. Of Milton's Works they as truly form a part as the *Defensio Secunda* itself, and it would have been worthy of Mr. St. John's scholarship to have put them in an English dress.

leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of Truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities, sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to clab quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings. . . . Let any gentle apprehension that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery, imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such adversaries. But were it the meanest under-service, if God by his Secretary Conscience enjoins it, it were sad for me if I should draw back.'—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 481.

Such was the noble self-denying spirit in which Milton yielded himself to what he deemed conscience to require of him. Nor was he without his reward. His good name might be defamed—his fond hopes might be blasted—his safety might be endangered—and in age, poverty, and blindness he might be taunted with his sufferings as the penalty he was paying for his turbulence and strivings; but nothing could take from him the serene and hallowed satisfaction, that in all he had done he had followed with pure, disinterested zeal the dictates of conscience, and the claims of the cause of truth and freedom. There was nothing he dreaded so much as that it should be said, 'Thou hadst the diligence, the parts, the language of a man, if a vain subject were to be adorned and beautified, but when the cause of God and his Church was to be pleaded, for which purpose that tongue was given thee which thou hast, God listened if he could hear thy voice among his zealous servants, but thou wert dumb as a beast.' He believed that 'when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a sonorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in Man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal.' The love of truth and liberty, the sense of responsibility, the consciousness of power entrusted to him for usefulness, were in him as an inspiration which broke through all selfish restraint, and impelled him to speak, at whatever hazards, the message which he had to communicate. He stopped not to strike a nice prudential balance between duty and interest—between obedience and convenience. Determined to lay up 'as the best treasure and solace of old age, if God should vouchsafe it to him, the honest liberty of free speech, from his youth,' it was enough for him to be assured in his own soul that the good cause demanded his service, to induce him to throw himself into the ranks of its defenders, come of the conflict what might. Hence, when affliction fell upon him, he had no sorrowful self-upbraidings, no tormenting remorse. Hear his own noble words in reference to the loss of his eyes, in his sonnet to Cyriac Skinner:—

‘Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
 “The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
 In liberty’s defence, my noble task!  
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side;  
 This thought might lead me through the world’s vain mask  
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.’

All honour to the memory of the man who so steadfastly, courageously, and unrepiningly, alike amid storm and sunshine, abode by his integrity and hazarded himself in defence of what he thought the Truth!

For some time after the termination of the Salmasian controversy, Milton enjoyed a season of retirement and lettered repose. He seized the opportunity to carry out his long-cherished project, and redeem his long-given promise of producing a work ‘which aftertimes would not willingly let die.’ It was during this interval that he began ‘Paradise Lost;’ but as if this was too little for his active and ardent mind, he conjoined with it the preparation of a copious Latin dictionary, and as has been said, though on very doubtful evidence, the composition of his ‘System of Divinity,’ the manuscript of which, so long supposed to be lost, was discovered a few years ago in the State Paper Office. Whilst he was immersed in these arduous undertakings—any one of them enough for an ordinary man—Cromwell died, and his son Richard assumed the Protectorate. Milton saw the times to be perilous. He soon discovered that the arm which now tried to wield the destinies of England was feeble and unsteadfast, and he sorrowfully foresaw that the power which it required all the gigantic energy of the father to maintain, was likely soon to fall from the vacillating grasp of the son. Along with this came the not-indistinct indications of a leaning on the part of the multitude towards the royal cause, and the prospect of a return of the exiled Stuart. At such a crisis, Milton was not the man to hold his peace. ‘Few words,’ he exclaimed, ‘will save us well considered; few and easy things now seasonably done;’ and he set himself forthwith to speak what he deemed it necessary to be said, and to exhort his countrymen to perform what he thought it their interest to do. To the parliament of the Commonwealth of England he addressed his ‘Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes,’ and his ‘Considerations touching the best means of removing Hirelings out of the Church,’ the object of both of which is to obviate any attempt to restore prelacy and a nationally endowed church. These appeared in 1659; and when shortly after the parliament was dissolved by the army, and the

supreme power seemed to be in the hands of General Monk, he addressed to him a tract, entitled, 'Brief Declaration of a Free Commonwealth easy to be put in practice and without delay.' This was followed not long after by his 'Ready and Easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth,' in which, as in the former, he argues against monarchy and pleads for a republic. In issuing this latter, he had a presentiment that it might prove 'the last words of expiring liberty;' and so in all probability it would, so far as he was concerned, but for the officious zeal of Dr. Matthew Griffith, who was bold enough to proclaim from the pulpit the necessity of recalling Charles, which drew down upon him the lightning censures of the fearless Milton, in his 'Brief Notes' on the Doctor's sermon. With this terminated his efforts for the establishment of his darling republic. L'Estrange published a Reply to his Notes under the insulting title, 'No Blind Guides,' and the people seemed to be, for the most part, of L'Estrange's opinion. They refused the counsels of Milton and his party; and in a tempest of loyal zeal cast themselves, and all that they had formerly fought for, at the feet of the returning monarch. Retreating before a calamity with which he found he could not cope, the blind but dauntless patriot retired into concealment, carrying with him the proud consciousness of having done what he conceived to be his duty towards his country, and a mind as little broken by adversity as it had been elated by prosperity. Rescued by some means not very accurately ascertained from the proscription designed for him by the restored government, he gave himself up to those pursuits which lay nearest his heart; and amid the tumultuous revelry and stunning licentiousness into which English society suddenly broke, he, as has been exquisitely said, 'meditated, undisturbed by the obscene 'tumult which raged all around, a song so sublime and so holy 'that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal 'Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity 'could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their 'crowns of amaranth and gold.'\*

In reviewing Milton's connexion with the Commonwealth, it would be interesting in the highest degree could we adequately trace the influence which he exerted upon its fortunes and features. But on this head little can be said with any degree of certainty. It is clear that in his official connexion with it, his influence was very slight and altogether subordinate. Though some have spoken as if in his office of Latin Secretary

\* Macaulay, History of England, vol. i. p. 401.



He possessed somewhat of the power which now belongs to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, it is evident that so far from this, he had no share whatever in the government, and was indeed in no sense a servant of the state, but merely a servant of the Council and of Cromwell. Nor does his personal influence with the rulers of the nation appear to have been at any time great. In one of his private letters he expresses his regret at being unable to assist his friend to a very secondary office on account of his very slight intimacy and infrequent intercourse with the grandees, (*gratiosi*.) Artists have frequently painted pictures of Cromwell and Milton in attitudes which would indicate familiarity of intercourse between them, but by Cromwell Milton seems always to have been kept at a distance, being probably regarded by that strong-willed and practical man as much too ethereal and speculative a genius to be of great use either in the closet or at the council. Nor does Milton seem to have been at any time a popular writer with the masses; and certainly there is no trace of his ever having formed a party or led the multitude in any of his controversies. For this many things may seem to account. For one thing, his style of writing was anything but popular; it is by much too involved in the construction of sentences, by much too foreign in the phraseology, and by much too elevated and stately in the march of the ideas, to be appreciated by any but men of scholarly tastes and habits. Then again, the weak part of Milton's mind was his incapacity for calm, inductive, analytical ratiocination; with him all is assumed *à priori*, and reasoned from synthetically; and hence he is often inconsequent, often inconsistent, and often, we even dare to say, grandiloquently obscure. But the main source of his want of general influence was doubtless the utterly unpractical character of his mind. Upon the mass of men, abstract reasoning and splendid declamation are little better than thrown away. They cannot come up to it; they are lost in the attempt to follow it. Ten words setting forth a plain workable rule will be appreciated by them immensely beyond the most ably reasoned and eloquently enforced exposition of an abstract principle. What they want is, not to think, but to be advised and guided; and they will rather follow the man who does *not* ask them to think, than the man who does. They like, also, a leader who is in some sense one of themselves—who keeps by them, and is guilty of no flights—who leads them by patiently going along with them, not by taking bold bounds forward and calling to them to follow. Now in all this Milton was utterly wanting. He could speculate and reason, and describe and satirize, and denounce

and declaim; but to give a plain, straightforward piece of advice, did not belong to him. His genius was wholly idiosyncratic. As Wordsworth finely and justly expresses it, 'His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' The sphere in which his thoughts and fancies ranged was one into which only minds of the higher order dare or care to venture. When he spoke to others, he needed an interpreter—an offence which the vulgar never forgive. His church, his republic, his government, were all in theory. The visions in which he delighted had but little to do with the actual realities amidst which he lived and wrote. The people felt that he was among them, but not of them. They perhaps, were proud of him—of his fame; but when he began to speak, they moved away, and left to him that which he, in his scornful pride, desired—'fit audience, though few.'

But let us not conclude from this that Milton exercised no influence upon the fate of his country by his matchless writings; or even that his influence was small. We should be nearer the truth were we to say, that his influence was, and will yet be, all the greater that in his own day he was so little followed. Had he been less of a thinker, less of a far-reaching speculator, less of an abstract and unpractical dealer in principles, he might in his own age have been a mighty leader of the mob, and in all after-time forgotten. He belongs to the prophet-minds of earth, who may be without honour in their own country, and among their own kindred, but whose words are destined to live, and through their mighty working to mould or change the whole aspect of the race. And though in his own day there were but few who sat at his feet and received his teaching, yet, through the few who did, he doubtless acted upon his countrymen at large, and for a while at least, and in a measure, influenced the destinies of England. Certain it is, that the course of events shaped itself much after the model which he had fashioned; and that all the grand prominent features of the Commonwealth find their ideal in the pictures he has drawn.

In this respect, as in many others, he strongly reminds us of Burke. The latter, it is well known, had but little personal influence, and exercised but little power *directly* by either his speeches or his writings in his own day. His rising to address the Speaker in the House of Commons was the signal for multitudes of the members to vacate their seats. 'What!' said a member, entering the house one day, and meeting the retiring crowd; 'what! is the house up?' 'No,' was the reply, 'but Burke is.' And so it continued to the last. Burke was never *popular* in the ordinary sense of that term. He presumed to think and to teach; and he was left to those who cared to be

his pupils. By the mass he was regarded in the light of a wearisome and unsafe man. And no wonder! He was imprudent enough to carry the lessons of philosophy into an assembly of practical debaters. Simple old man!—

‘He went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.’

And yet who of all that generation has so powerfully influenced the political genius of England during the succeeding age as Edmund Burke? Who of all his great compeers has left on the minds of his countrymen so broadly and deeply the stamp of his peculiar opinions and modes of thinking? Who has done so much to create what is now regarded as sound political science by the best thinkers on such subjects in Europe? And much such a fortune as this was that of Milton. To the masses in his own day, he was as a strange and uncongenial spirit; but from his towering height he spoke down to the loftier minds of his own and succeeding ages; and now, of the doctrines which he taught many are incorporated with the substance of the British Constitution, whilst others of them are eagerly canvassed on the platform of popular discussion, and seem to be advancing towards possession of the general mind.

It forms no part of our present design to examine into the soundness of Milton's opinions; on this point there is room for much difference of sentiment, and probably we should dissent from as many of them as we should agree with. Nor can we attempt even to *state* his views at large on questions of a political and politico-ecclesiastical kind, as this would require greatly more space than remains at our disposal. It is impossible, however, to close this article without adverting, though it must be of necessity briefly, to the relation in which his published opinions place him to the Commonwealth, both in a political and religious point of view.

In politics, Milton was a republican. He had formed to himself an ideal Commonwealth, the features of which were partly borrowed from the lordly republics of ancient Greece and Italy, partly supplied by his own imagination. The establishment of such in England he thought easy and desirable, and for this he laboured with all the energies of his mighty pen. He saw in such a constitution a security for national glory, for the extension of commerce and discovery, for the interests of learning, and above all, for the enjoyment by learned men of free speech and free writing, such as no form of hereditary monarchy seemed to him to promise: how it was to affect the welfare of the masses, Milton, we fear, thought and cared little. With the bold avowal

of these sentiments, he had hailed the dawn of the Commonwealth as an approximation at least to the realization of his favourite dream. During the continuance of the Commonwealth, he advocated its cause by the reiteration of these sentiments; and when he saw it beginning to decay, he sought again to restore it to vigour by the utterance of the same doctrines he had preached during its rise and its progress. Who shall say that he who thus watched by the cradle and sat by the bier of the Commonwealth — its hearty friend and fearless defender throughout—was without a powerful influence upon its form and its working?

It is proper to notice here the charge which has been brought against Milton of inconsistency in that he, a republican, continued in the service of Cromwell after the latter had assumed the supreme power, and had in reality made himself sole master of the State. On this charge Milton's accusers have been fond of dwelling, and they have not hesitated in some cases to urge it so far as to impeach his general character for integrity, uprightness, and honour. We believe no charge was ever less deserved. We believe there was as little of self-seeking in Milton's official connexion with Cromwell as ever characterized the conduct of any man who served a monarch. It has been usual with Milton's apologists to urge in his defence that being a mere servant, and not therefore responsible for the doings of his superior, there was no violation of uprightness or consistency in his continuing to serve his country under Cromwell as its solitary chief, in the same capacity in which he had served it under the Council of State. But this, though undoubtedly true, is only a small part of the vindication which may be justly offered of Milton's conduct in this particular. It was not more inconsistent in Milton to continue to serve Cromwell as Protector than it was in Cromwell to become Protector. The same defence which justifies Cromwell justifies Milton. Now no person imagines now-a-days that it was from mere selfish motives, or from a desire to enslave his country, that Oliver took into his own hands the supreme power in the Commonwealth. Whatever it may have been fashionable for the wits and sycophants of the Restoration, or the Tories of a later age, to assert concerning his unprincipled ambition and unhallowed usurpation, the enlightened judgment of the present day pronounces him what the enlightened judgment of his own day pronounced him—the saviour of his country. Affairs had come to such a pass in England, that the cause alike of liberty and of order demanded that Cromwell should do as he did. The conflict of parties and the force of circumstances had brought things to such a head

that the only alternative for the nation was Cromwell or confusion—the Reign of a Protector or a Reign of Terror. Had Cromwell been a coward, or a man absorbed in seeking his own interests, he would have shrunk from the uneasy and perilous dignity which was forced upon him. He would have allowed the nation to embroil itself in a new strife; he would have suffered the energies of the people to expend themselves in the tumult of parties; and he would have kept himself at ease until an opportunity was afforded him either to escape from the desolated realm, or to tread to a secure and easy throne over the necks of a prostrate and panting nation. It was precisely because Cromwell was neither a coward nor a self-seeker that he acted as he did. He saw his country in danger. He knew he could save his country, though at the expense of ease, and the risk of safety to himself. And, therefore, like a true and bold patriot as he was, he threw himself into the breach, and by his single arm sustained the cause, and secured the deliverance of his country. This is the defence which in the judgment of all well-informed and candid men in the present day suffices for Cromwell. We claim it as covering Milton no less. The necessity which constrained the superior virtually to ascend the throne, made it equally imperative on the inferior not to desert his bureau.

Moreover, it should ever be borne in mind in judging of Milton's conduct in this instance, that the republic of his aspirations was not a democracy. He had little sympathy with and no confidence in the unlettered crowd—what he calls 'the blockish vulgar.' He could talk of addressing them as—

‘ Casting pearls to hogs,  
That hawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
And still revolt when Truth would set them free;  
*Licence* they mean when they say *Liberty*;  
For who loves that, must first be wise and good.’\*

The ‘people’ in his vocabulary meant not the ‘rude multitude,’ but only ‘properly qualified persons.’† In his model of a Free Commonwealth, he expressly excludes the masses from any share in the conduct of affairs. In feeling and in principle he was essentially an aristocrat; meaning by that, not one who would have had the country ruled by a hereditary nobility, but one who would have had all power in the hands of the best men. His scheme embraced the election, by a select portion of the community, of a chamber which he hoped would comprise all the ablest men in the country, and which, once elected, was

\* Sonnet on Tetrachordon.

† Ready way to establish a Free Commonwealth, *passim*.

to be perpetual. His maxim was that 'the ground and basis of every just and free government is a general council of ablest men; in which must the sovereignty, not transferred, but delegated only, and as it were deposited, reside.\*' He held also that when the people would not elect such a council, it was the duty of any man who had the power to benefit his country, by declaring this to be his mind, and calling in the aid of the army to assist in the prosecution thereof.† With such views, we do not see how he could have felt any very great scruple, under any circumstances, in continuing to adhere to the service of Cromwell after he became Protector. There can be no doubt that he regarded Oliver as the best man of his age. In his sonnet to the Protector, he expressly styles him, 'Cromwell, our chief of men;' and in the apostrophe addressed to him in the 'Defensio Secunda,' he tells him, speaking of his elevation as Protector, 'such power is thy due, thou liberator of thy country, author of her freedom, her guardian also and 'conservator.' Why, then, should not he who desired to see England governed by her best men, consent to the supremacy of one whose superiority to all others was in his view unquestionable—of one whose services to his country threw those of all others into the shade—of one who had alone showed himself competent to guide the vessel of the state through the storms and breakers amidst which it had been cast?

In ecclesiastical matters, Milton was wholly at one with the predominant party in the Commonwealth. He was the strenuous advocate of liberty of conscience. He desired to see all sects upon a footing of perfect equality, so far as relation to the civil power was concerned. He opposed the endowment of religion by the state as unscriptural and impolitic; as the fruitful source of corruption to the church, and of disquiet and misrule to the community. He claimed equal liberty of profession and of worship for all Christians, with the one exception of the Romanists, whom he regarded as politically unsafe, as contemners of the sole authority in religious matters—the Bible, and as idolators. Of episcopacy, in all its forms, and through all its grades, he had an implacable hatred. His dislike to presbytery was hardly less bitter; he maintained that 'New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large;' and he bestows upon the presbyterian party in his own day names not much more savoury than those which he had always at hand for the bishops. To forms of prayer, and especially to the Liturgy of

\* Ready way to establish a Free Commonwealth, vol. ii. p. 121.

† See Letter to General Monk, vol. ii. p. 108. Comp. First Defence, vol. i. p. 143.

the Church of England, he had a strong aversion; thinking that by such forms the spirit of true devotion is stinted, that the imposition of them is 'a tyranny that would have longer hands than those giants who threatened bondage to heaven,'\* and that the Book of Common Prayer was 'an Englished mass-book, composed, for aught we know, by men neither learned nor godly.'† Indeed, to forms of all sorts he had a disinclination, which so grew upon him, that he ended by neglecting every kind of social or apparent worship, and by standing aloof from all religious parties. He is commonly classed among the Independents, and a Baptist minister wrote a book some years ago, professedly on Milton's Life and Times, but really for the purpose of proving him to have been a Baptist.‡ But with the Independents as a religious body, whether Baptist or Pædobaptist, he was never identified. In many of his opinions he more approximated the Quakers than any other denomination of Christians.

It would be interesting to know in what light Milton was regarded by the great and good men whose names have come down to us as the religious leaders of that time. One would like to know what Owen thought of him; or Baxter; or Howe; or Goodwin; all of whom must have known him, and been in the habit of meeting him at Whitehall. One can easily believe that with some of these men he had little sympathy; but between such a mind as that of Howe and such a mind as that of Milton, there must have been much that was congenial. But no trace remains of the intercourse of any of these parties with him; no indication of their judgment of him. It would be impossible, we think, to infer from any portion of their or his published writings either that they had read any of Milton's books, or that he had read any of theirs. The distance between him and them is to all appearance as great as if they and he had lived in different ages, and written in different tongues.

It is not easy to account for this. Perhaps Milton, in his fierce dislike of priests, was not disposed to have intercourse with any who sustained, however meekly and holily, the sacred profession. Perhaps his open neglect of forms of worship and the public institutions of religion, led those good men to regard him with suspicion, to shun his society, and to neglect his books. Perhaps they hardly deemed him altogether of sound mind, and thought the less they had to do with him and his

\* *Eiconoclastes*, c. 16. *Works*, vol. i. p. 431.

† *Ibid.*, p. 433.

‡ John Milton: his Life and Times, Religious and Political Opinions, &c. By Joseph Ivimey. Lond. 1833. 8vo.

crotchets the better. And it may be that Milton was really what of late it has been confidently asserted he was, in heart an Arian; in which case, men such as those we have named would have shrunk from him with horror.

We state this latter suggestion as resting on an assumption which, at the best, is doubtful. The only direct evidence that Milton was imbued with the sentiments of the Arians, is supplied by his long-lost System of Divinity, recently brought to light, and published, with a translation, by the Bishop of Winchester. But this evidence is greatly invalidated by the following circumstances:—1. Whilst in some passages of this work Milton speaks like an Arian, in others he uses language entirely incompatible with the Arian system. 2. There is no evidence to show that this work was the production of Milton's maturer years; so that, for aught that appears, it may contain only the crude conceptions of his earlier years. 3. There is no evidence to show that Milton ever wrote this work as one continuous composition at any time. 4. There is abundant evidence to show that he was in the habit, during the course of his life, of compiling opinions on theology from the writings of foreign divines, whose words he quoted; so that, for aught we can tell, this treatise may be merely a compilation of opinions, many of which are naturally discordant, and which Milton may have cited for various reasons, and not always because he held the views expressed; and 5. The MS. of this work is obviously incomplete, in many places it is interlined, and many slips containing additional matter, are pasted on the margin; so that what it would have become, had Milton prepared it for the press, we cannot say. It seems, therefore, hardly fair to the memory of the poet, to build on such a work any very serious charge against his orthodoxy; more especially as that charge is contradicted by express declarations contained in the works he himself published during his lifetime.\* At any rate, we may reasonably doubt whether it was to this he owed his manifest estrangement from the great evangelical sectaries of his day.

But whatever may have been the defects or errors of Milton's theological creed, it is impossible to refuse him the honour due to a life of the sincerest piety and the most dignified virtue. No man ever lived under a more abiding sense of responsibility. No man ever strove more faithfully to use time and talent 'as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye.' No man so richly endowed was ever less ready to trust in his own powers, or more prompt

\* In the *Iconoclastes*, he speaks of "the infections of Arian and Palagian heresies." (W. i. 433.) Comp. Par. Lost, iii. 138; Ode on Christ's Nativity; Of Reformation in England, book ii. (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 417.) &c.



to own his dependence on 'that eternal and propitius throne, 'where nothing is readier than grace and refuge to the distresses 'of mortal suppliants.' His morality was of the loftiest order. He possessed a self-control which in one susceptible of such vehement emotions was marvellous. No one ever saw him indulging those propensities which overcloud the mind and pollute the heart. No youthful excesses, no revelries or debaucheries of maturer years, treasured up for him a suffering and remorseful old age. From his youth up, he was temperate in all things, as became one who had consecrated himself to a life-struggle against vice, and error, and darkness in all its forms. He had started with the conviction 'that he who would 'not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable 'things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition 'and pattern of the best and honourablest things;' and from this he never swerved. His life was indeed a true poem; or it might be compared to an anthem on his own favourite organ—high-toned, solemn, and majestic. We may regret that with all this stately elevation and severe purity of character, there was not mingled more of the sweetness and gentleness that ought to mark the Christian. But perfection was not the privilege of Milton, any more than of other men. It is enough for his eulogy to say, that with a genius such as has never been surpassed, and with attainments which have seldom been equalled, he combined the loftiest devotion, the most inflexible integrity, and the most severe self-command. He stands before us as the type of PURITANISM, in its noblest development, retaining all its stern virtue and passionate devotion, but without its coarseness, its intolerance, or its stoicism.

## CRITICISMS ON BOOKS.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. The Greek Liturgy of St. James.</li> <li>2. The Seventh Vial.</li> <li>3. Sunrise in Italy.</li> <li>4. Junius Secundus and Dr. Campbell.</li> <li>5. Ornithological Rambles in Sussex.</li> <li>6. Fleming's Fall of the Papacy.</li> <li>7. Cottrell's Religious Movements in Germany.</li> <li>8. Stowell on the Work of the Spirit.</li> <li>9. Buchanan's Ten Years' Conflict.</li> <li>10. Fairbairn on Jonah.</li> <li>11. A Bible Reading-Book.</li> <li>12. Cheever's Pilgrim Fathers.</li> <li>13. Forbes on Superficial Knowledge.</li> <li>14. Cossacks of the Ukraine.</li> <li>15. Fraser's Moriah.</li> <li>16. Egypt—its Land, People, and Produce.</li> <li>17. Ideas, by A. C. G. Jobert.</li> <li>18. Christianity and Civilization.</li> <li>19. Life of Macdonald.</li> <li>20. Birks' Edition of Paley's Evidences.</li> <li>21. Woodward's Nehemiah.</li> <li>22. Olshausen on the Romans.</li> <li>23. Adamson on Scripture Metaphors.</li> <li>24. Mornings with the Jesuits.</li> <li>25. Unreformed Abuses in Church &amp; State.</li> <li>26. Winslow's Grace and Truth.</li> <li>27. Scottish Congregational Jubilee.</li> <li>28. Facts in a Clergyman's Life.</li> <li>29. Green's Theological Dictionary.</li> <li>30. Congregational Normal School.</li> <li>31. Green's Addresses to Children.</li> <li>32. Harvey's Sen-side Book.</li> <li>33. Wardlaw's Experimental Evidence.</li> <li>34. Lectures on Medical Missions.</li> <li>35. Nottidge Correspondence.</li> <li>36. Clemens on the Spiritual Reign.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>37. McFarlane on the Mountains of the Bible.</li> <li>38. Cowe's—No Truth no Life.</li> <li>39. Hindmarsh's Rhetorical Reader.</li> <li>40. Case of Bishop Hampden.</li> <li>41. Lorimer's Edition of Stuart on the Old Testament.</li> <li>42. Railways of the United Kingdom.</li> <li>43. Images, by W. W. Champneys.</li> <li>44. Bridges's Manual on the Proverbs.</li> <li>45. Wilson on the Evangelization of India.</li> <li>46. Garbett on the Personality of God.</li> <li>47. Hare's Parish Sermons.</li> <li>48. Kingsley's Twenty-five Sermons.</li> <li>49. Hinton's Athanasia.</li> <li>50. Scripture Illustrated from Geography.</li> <li>51. Dodson's Brief Reasons for leaving the English Establishment.</li> <li>52. Burder on the Prophecies of the Apocalypse.</li> <li>53. Tribute of Affectionate Respect to the Memory of the Fathers and Founders of the London Missionary Society.</li> <li>54. Christ the Spirit of Christianity.</li> <li>55. The Principles and Position of the Congregational Churches.</li> <li>56. The German Language in One Volume.</li> <li>57. 'It is I,' or, the Voice of Jesus in the Storm.</li> <li>58. Introductory Lessons on the History of Religious Worship, &amp;c.</li> </ol> |
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### CORRESPONDENCE.

1. Mr. Herbert's Picture and the Independents.
2. Letters from the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, and Mr. Weld.
3. Crammer and Joan Bocher.

I. *The Greek Liturgy of St. James, edited, with an English Introduction and Notes, together with a Latin Version of the Syriac Copy, and the Greek Text restored to its original purity, and accompanied by a Literal English Translation.* By the Rev. W. TROLLOPE, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1848.

THE work of Mr. Trollope is one of the productions of that class of men who, having no faith in the living and life-giving power of the Spirit of God, nor in the presence of Christ with his disciples to the end of the world, desire us to return to the remote ages of earliest Christianity as the source from whence we must derive our religious views, our modes of thoughts, our forms of worship, our everything; men who would fain set up the authority of the fathers against that of the Holy Scriptures, and establish the Church, with all her pretensions and her priestly power, in opposition to true Christianity, and

again shroud the pure and simple doctrines of Christ and his apostles in that mysterious veil which so many of the fathers were anxious to cast over them. They are the men who alone would stand still while the whole world advances; men who seem to be unable to distinguish between matter and form; truth, and the dress in which it is presented; men who have forgotten that our Saviour himself did not borrow his phraseology from the ancient Jewish writings, but chose language adapted to the mind of the age, and that each of his apostles, while proclaiming the same truths, had a style of his own; men who would make it an imperative duty upon the churches of the living God, to use the language of the reformers and the fathers in public worship, no less than in private. The sentiments of Mr. Trollope are clearly set forth in what he says respecting the Lord's Supper:—

'In speaking of the sacraments and of the mystical doctrines of their religion, the brethren were extremely tenacious of exposing them to the contempt of unbelievers or the ribaldry of the profane. As our Lord spake in parables to the multitude, and had commanded his disciples to give not that which is holy to the dogs, neither to cast their pearls before swine, they scrupulously concealed (!) the nature and import of the Holy Eucharist from those who were likely to misapprehend or revile it; and as the apostles alone were present at its institution, so it was not until the catechumens had passed their probationary state that they were, at their own request, baptized, and forthwith admitted to partake of that holy rite, so reverentially regarded as the distinctive characteristic of the Christian profession.'—Pp. 14, 15.

Surely such language might grace the pages of a Roman-catholic divine, but it is difficult to conceive how a Protestant author could write thus in the nineteenth century. But apart from the sentiments which pervade Mr. Trollope's introduction, he has exposed himself to severe censure by the specious, but utterly fallacious, mode of argumentation used throughout that part of his work. It is a lamentable truth that theologians of almost all denominations are guilty of adopting modes of reasoning which would not be suffered in any other branch of science; of substituting hypotheses for facts, or drawing inferences from suppositions, and of bringing forward only one part of the evidence instead of the whole. But we do not think that any writer could well go farther in this respect than Mr. Trollope has done. In reference to the view which he presumes the brethren took of the 'Holy Eucharist,' he informs us, that 'the apostles themselves appear to have been actuated by similar feelings. St. Paul, indeed, when it was necessary to correct the abuses which prevailed at Corinth, was constrained to speak more at large of the nature of the institution *than he probably would have done otherwise*; but St. Jerome observes that, in writing to the Hebrews, he purposely omitted to draw the parallel between the offering of Melchizedec and the Eucharistic oblation, in order that he might not discover the sacraments to such as were not yet fully confirmed in the faith.' What Mr. Trollope translates—in order that he might not discover, &c., runs in the original thus, 'Hebræis enim, id est Judæis, persuadebat, non jam fidelibus, quibus sacramentum passim proderet.' Mr. Trollope then proceeds: 'Justin, also, and the fathers in general, when speaking of the Eucharist, enter as little as possible into detail, and simply mention what is necessary to refute calumnies, without describing the rites and ceremonies attending its celebration.' Yet in the very next passage (p. 16) he speaks of 'the accuracy with which Justin, Tertullian, and others described the holy communion.' The avowed object of the introduction to Mr. Trollope's work is to prove, that the so-called Greek Liturgy of St. James was founded upon a form of prayer drawn up by that apostle himself, and now restored to its uninterpolated simplicity by our author. He begins by attempting to show that the primitive church used preconceived forms of prayer, but the arguments which he uses are so weak and shallow, that if the Anglican church has none other to rest upon, it is high time that she should

abandon the scriptural ground altogether. Because the disciples of Christ are said to have prayed together, (Acts, i. 14,) it follows, according to Mr. Trollope, that 'at all events, they used a form with which all present were alike acquainted.' Mr. Trollope undoubtedly lays claim to a superior education. Did he not blush when he wrote as above? Has he never heard of people praying together without using the common prayer? Does he really mean to maintain that to be the sense of the phrase employed by Luke, or does he, as his language seems to imply, really believe that the Greek term, *ὁμοθυμαδὸν*, ever signifies a set form of prayer? 'Doubtless, also,' Mr. Trollope continues, 'the short supplication which was offered up at the election of Matthias, had been drawn up previously by them all in common.' Apply the same mode of reasoning to Acts, i. 6; ii. 7—11; iv. 19; v. 29, and numerous other places, and it will appear in all its absurdity and fallacy. Surely the sacred penmen have little cause for gratitude to those modern writers who, under the pretence of deep reverence, represent them as writing one thing while they mean another, and as employing language which would not be allowed in books composed by men of common sense. After having adduced one or two more instances of a similar nature, Mr. Trollope concludes by saying, 'This view of the case, which is *the only one fairly deducible* from the indications of apostolical practice incidentally observable in the writings of the New Testament, is proved also to be the true one, by the concurrent testimony of the primitive church.' And yet, among all the quotations from the fathers adduced by Mr. Trollope, there is, with the exception of *perhaps* one, none from which any further inference can be *legitimately* drawn than that the Christians used to pray *in common*; but whether that must necessarily mean that there were preconceived forms of prayer, we leave the conscientious reader himself to decide. Neander, in speaking of the celebration of the Lord's Supper, cites two passages from Cyprian and Commodian, and adds—'Thus we find already the first traces of the liturgy which we become acquainted with in the fourth century.' (American translation, i. p. 329.) There exist no liturgies of an earlier date than the fourth century; most of them were composed during the fifth century. All these liturgies are, in the opinion of Mr. Trollope, derived from four independent forms, and though it must be admitted that there are manifold interpolations and corruptions introduced in after times, and every church possessed the liberty of ordaining and revising its services, yet 'there is an agreement so plain and positive, that while it clearly indicates a common original, can scarcely be explained otherwise than by referring that original to the apostles themselves.' Our author admits that there is no positive evidence for the authorship of the apostles. Such authorship cannot rise higher than conjecture or the barest probability.

The honesty guiding this whole class of writers is strikingly displayed in the following extract from Mr. Trollope's work: 'Thus it has been already shown that the liturgy of the apostolical constitutions was fathered upon Clement, the fellow-labourer of St. Paul; and there are liturgies still extant under the sacred name of the Saviour himself, and that of the Virgin Mary. *It is highly probable that in this there was no intentional deceit, but that an honorary dedication, rather than a pious fraud, may have been designed.*' Conduct that would be amenable to civil punishments is thus allowed in things concerning God, when certain ends may be gained thereby. The liturgy of St. James did not make its appearance before the middle of the fifth century; Mr. Trollope, however, traces it through the writings of earlier fathers—wherever he meets with corresponding terms—to the most primitive times; and as later writers assume the authorship of St. James without hesitation, we are told that there is every reason to believe that the liturgy in question has the high authority of apostolical usage. Whoever has made himself in the

slightest degree acquainted with the writings of the fathers, needs not be reminded of the great caution with which we must receive their statements. Of the so-called liturgy of St. James itself we shall say nothing; those who attach more than an antiquarian importance to the remains of Christian antiquity may hail its publication as 'a new era.' We would respect the opinions of every man, though he may be our opponent, as long as we can believe him to be sincere. 'The primitive liturgy of St. James, restored to the uninterpolated form, in which it seems to have been originally drawn up for the church of Jerusalem,' contained in Appendix II., is, of course, nothing but a fiction of Mr. Trollope. As such only can it have value.

II. *The Seventh Vial: being an Exposition of the Apocalypse, and in particular of the pouring out of the Seventh Vial, with special reference to the present revolutions in Europe.* London, 1848.

The title page of this volume sufficiently indicates its occasion as well as its design. It is another of the very numerous books which stirring times have always produced, as exponents of the hopes and fears, political and religious, of those who have lived in them. The human mind is far too prone to be captivated, by the perpetually recurring correspondences of prophecy and providence, into the belief that the apocalypse is at length not only all unsealed, but all deciphered. Thus the true lessons which those correspondences supply, the illustration and enforcement of the great principles on which God governs the world, are lost, or at best but very partially received, because men's minds are turned away from the profitable to the marvellous. A good man wrote a book in the beginning of the last century, which gave the year 1848 as that in which the papacy would be shattered. It happened that strange things did take place at Rome that year; and so for a time we were perpetually hearing of Fleming's *prediction*. The wonder would be abated if the wondering did but know that this was just one out of a large number of calculations, or rather guesses, (for most of them are little better,) which have named almost every year in succession as the time of this catastrophe. Is it marvellous that one of them at last presents some tokens of coincidence? Fleming's book, however, is in many respects a valuable one, though principally because, like his father's better known 'Fulfilling of the Scripture,' the practical uses both of providence and prophecy are judiciously and powerfully enforced. And the present work is not without some merit, though of a different kind, one of its chief recommendations consisting in the running commentary it furnishes of Mr. Elliott's *Horæ Apocalyptice*, which it corrects in some important particulars—*e. g.*, the interpretation of the 'measuring of the temple,' Rev. xi.: see pp. 80—96. The author fails, however, like all his predecessors, when he attempts to square the hints of prophecy with passing events. When, for instance, he says, p. 388, 'When we contrast our own tranquillity with the alarm, turmoil, and convulsion into which the Popish earth has been thrown, whose inhabitants have literally no rest day nor night, the majestic repose of Britain has all the moral effect of a noble hymn sung to God,' &c.—what a strange delusion is before us! For (not to insist on the fact that Protestant Germany is nearly, if not quite, as convulsed as Popish Germany) Holland, where Romanism is established, though not exclusively, and Belgium, where Popery, full blown, is both established and dominant, are as undisturbed as Britain—nay, far less disturbed than the British empire with its colonial wars and late Irish disaffection. In page 376 the author says: 'And he [the Antichrist] shall enter also into the glorious land. Till a few months ago such a movement as that here indicated was altogether improbable; but now it is not difficult to perceive how it might be brought

'about. Both France and *Italy* are now fully committed to the revolutionary movement. The pope is not less so; and as *by far the most sagacious and crafty of its chiefs, he is likely to continue at its head,*' &c. &c. And so unmindful of Mr. Hatley Frere's predictions on the same subject and their miserable issue, he goes on just in his vein, to tell us 'nothing is more probable than that the pope and his allies will be brought into collision with the serried strength of the east of Europe and Asia, including Turkey and Egypt,' &c. &c. When will men have prudence, and discover that prophecy is not given to make the readers of it prophets?

III. *Sunrise in Italy, &c. Reveries.* By HENRY MORLEY. Pp. 162. Chapman.

This is an elegant little volume, containing a larger proportion of sterling thought than is very frequently found within those publications whose delicate exterior indicates the drawing-room table as their destination. The principal poem celebrates the social reforms introduced by Pius IX. The effects of the amnesty, and the establishment of schools, are described with much skill and feeling. Old and young Italy are represented in the persons of an aged monk and a high-spirited youth. The general remarks on education, subsequently introduced, contain no little sound truth, beautifully expressed. Mr. Morley hails with enthusiasm the prospects opened by the recent commotions in Europe. He regards evil as the adversary appointed to educate mankind by hardship. It is the thorn in their side to quicken their activities into development. One law of love will at last everywhere prevail. It is now working among us. This regeneration of society cannot be realized, however, apart from Christianity. We cannot fully unite with our author in his anticipations. Good must, at last, result, but at present there is no less to deplore than to hope. In Prussia, the triumph over legitimacy is a triumph over religion. Mr. Morley is right in maintaining that by thought we learn to love. He says well—

'Thought is the root  
Of worship;—only through the soil of knowledge can it shoot  
Its multiplying mouths, draw life, add substance to the tree  
Whose fruit God shall accept.'

But the censure he pronounces on creeds and systems is too indiscriminate. We abhor bigotry as much as he. But the man without a fixed belief is commonly a fiercer bigot than the man with one. The Hegelian and the Communist would equal at their *auto da fè* the ecclesiastics of Philip II. Mr. Morley has fallen into the common error of imagining that in denying the fall and the doctrine of human depravity every difficulty is removed, as though it were only dogmas, and not facts, which prevent us from believing that this is the 'best of all possible worlds.' A more profound study of the subject would have shown him that disbelief in this respect merely removes the problem farther back instead of solving it. The fact of our fallen state, with its many unanswerable questions, must be admitted, or we have to choose our alternative; either to suppose that God introduces evil that good may come, to bring all men, *bon gré, mal gré*, by a longer or a shorter route through sin to perfectness;—or else to revive in some modern disguise that effete assumption, so fraught with contradictions—a Gnostic Dualism. His plea for religious toleration contains many brilliant and powerful passages. The general characteristic of his style is that of grace and finish rather than of strength. These reveries are no mere profusion of fancies scattered at random, without aim or connexion. His subject does not master him. He does not mistake every casual thought for inspiration. There is selection and compression.

In stanzas 40—42 of the poem entitled 'Alethe,' the thought and language are both singularly fine and vigorous. Mr. Morley knows where to stop. He presents his thoughts with a few able touches, and leaves them to tell for themselves. He never over-elaborates an idea, turning it now in this aspect and now in that, as though fearful lest the reader would be unable to discover its beauty.

We are sorry to say that since Mr. Morley's volume made its appearance, the 'Sunrise' of Italy has become much obscured.

IV. *Individual Despotism Dangerous to Public Liberty. A Letter of Rebuke and Admonition, addressed to Dr. Campbell.* By JUNIUS SECUNDUS. 8vo, pp. 76. Second Edition. Darling: London, 1849.

The great charge against despotism is, not so much that it tends to bring great physical evil upon mankind, as that it is of necessity deeply demoralizing. Give us the amount of tyranny practised by the governing, and we will give you the amount of corruptness to be found in the governed. The reign of terror, and precisely as it is such, is a strong pressure on the side of concealment, artifice, fraud, falsehood, and every evil work, in the case of those who are subject to it. These vices too often cease in such connexions to be regarded as vicious, and come to be viewed as the only weapons by which the weak can hope to compete with the strong, right sustain itself against might. It is thus with all tyranny, whether exercised in the family, in king's councils, or through the press in a free country. It is easy to declaim against anonymous writing, and with very much that is said on this topic we fully concur; but so surely as the press, or the doings of public bodies, shall become tyrannical, so surely will this and other doubtful expedients be resorted to by those who deem themselves injured. If a man feels that to print with his name would be to be destroyed by the sheer power of the odds arrayed against him, it will not be altogether marvellous if he should decide to print anonymously. But if he must fight with his visor down, let him be careful to acquit himself according to the true laws of knighthood. Our complaint against Junius Secundus is, that he has not so done.

There is scarcely a fault charged by the author on Dr. Campbell into which he has not himself fallen. We admit that there may have been much in the recent history of dissent to call for a little manly expostulation. The consequence of offending against certain powers among us are somewhat formidable, especially to that class of minds who are governed by the fear of consequences much more than by a sense of duty. But our Junius the younger has damaged his cause by indulging in a tissue of statements and innuendoes characterized by recklessness, falsehood, and bad feeling. With an indiscrimination which completely frustrates his object, he has fallen upon guilty and innocent alike; has linked nearly all his truths with untruths, bringing together a series of expressed or insinuated calumnies, the effect of which, in many quarters, must be such as no good man could wish to produce. Truly, we wonder not that the *Morning Post* should descend a little from its courtly dignity to praise such a production. It is exactly such a tirade as must be acceptable to all the more rabid enemies of dissent. Take the following reference to the Rev. A. Tidman, and the Rev. J. J. Freeman, the secretaries of the London Missionary Society, as a specimen of the manner in which every man who is called to fill any responsible position among us is liable to be dragged to the tribunal of this judge with his mask on:—

'The gentlemen who hold these (offices) are, no doubt, men of business, but they are overpaid. If the foreign secretary prefers walking to an office every morning, and passing the day there in secular affairs, instead of walking into his study, and thence going forth to visit his flock, he may do so, I suppose; but as he receives from his pastorate at least 500*l.*

a year, he ought to be satisfied with something less than 300*l.* a year for his secretaryship. Surely 800*l.* a year is rather above a reasonable figure! No wonder this gentleman can afford to send his son, as a student, to Oxford! And if the home secretary, who has not now a pastorate, gets 300*l.* a year for his services from the society, with *twenty-six free Sundays*, which may yield him 50*l.* more, he ought not to receive 50*l.* a year, as I understand he does, in addition, for editing the *Missionary Halfpenny Magazine*, thus by one means or another realizing an income of 400*l.* per annum.—1*p.* 74, 75.

We doubt the accuracy of what is here said concerning Mr. Freeman; but the state of the case as regards Mr. Tidman we happen to know. It is not true that 'he sent his son to Oxford;' his going thither was without any sending from his father, and his being there is without any support from him. Nor is it true that Mr. Tidman's income from his pastorate is 'at least 500*l.* per annum;' the half of that sum would be much nearer the mark. Similar misstatements, as is well known, have been made as to Dr. Campbell's money matters; and it is only fair to suspect that most of the items of this nature given by the author are of the same trustworthy description.

Now the defence of the writer, we suppose, would be, that he had so 'heard,' or had been so 'told,' and that it was for the parties concerned to correct him if in error. This is his exact language to Dr. Campbell. We need not point out to our readers the wrong done by such a course of proceeding—wrong, which the perpetrator, should he have the *inclination*, can hardly have the *power*, to repair. Suppose a corrected edition of this pamphlet to appear, will that be read by all who read the edition preceding; and supposing no such edition to appear, where is then the reparation? Furthermore, who gave this writer authority to shut men up to the alternative of suffering under his gross misrepresentations, or of becoming expositors of their private affairs, under the eye of the public, at his bidding? The worst form of tyranny, charged on Dr. Campbell and others, is really mildness and equity compared with this reckless onslaught upon character. The professed object of the pamphlet is to chastise Dr. Campbell, Dr. Massie, and other zealous dissenters, especially on account of their opposition to the Regium Donum grant. But we are not aware that Messrs. Tidman and Freeman have ever committed themselves on that question, or on any other in much debate among us. On the contrary, they have kept about as free from partizanship of all sorts as men could well do. There are not two hares in all Middlesex that have moved about with more circumspection. It is plain that everything has been subordinate with them to the hope of keeping square with that somewhat capricious and often hard master—a popular constituency. Nevertheless, here they are, gibbeted by this anonymous assailant as mercenaries, and one of them, at least, on the ground of charges destitute of truth. All this, however, is only a sample of the jealous and censorious spirit which is now directed against the officers of nearly all our institutions, not excepting our colleges, and which, with its 'penny-wise' sagacity, is threatening to reduce everything valuable among us to decay and ruin. Our popular societies choose their officers to serve *themselves*, or their *object*, not to serve the individual. The weight a man can *bring* to the office is a material consideration in such cases. But if the condition of such appointments be, not only that henceforth the functionary must be a cautiously neutral man on all public questions, but that he must also learn to content himself with a life of much work and little pay, the candidates for such honours, we guess, are not likely to be of the highest class.

We hear, of course, the many complaints urged against Dr. Campbell. But we are free to say, that we know not a man connected with the dissenting press whom we regard as possessing more honesty of purpose, or to whose manly love of fair play we could make our appeal, in any matter of dispute, with greater confidence.



- V. *Ornithological Rambles in Sussex, with a Systematic Catalogue of the Birds of that County, and Remarks on their local distribution.* By A. E. KNOX, M.A., F.L.S., F.Z.S. Fcap. pp. 252. Van Voorst, 1849.

This book is full of material for the naturalist. The literary portion of the work might be improved, but Mr. Knox is an ardent lover and a close observer of nature, and aided by good sense, and a considerable share of scientific knowledge, he has produced an interesting and instructive volume.

- VI. *The Rise and Fall of the Papacy.* By ROBERT FLEMING. Unabridged Edition. Fcap. pp. xlviii, 246. Tegg & Co.

Of this treatise it is not necessary we should say anything, after what we have said elsewhere; but of this edition of it we have to say, that it embraces a Preface, and a Life of the Author, by the Rev. Ingram Cobbin, M.A., with an Introductory Essay on the Characteristics of Romanism, and more than a hundred and fifty notes in illustration or confirmation of the author's text. The type is large and legible; and to give attraction to the volume, the engraver's art has been put into requisition.

- VII. *Religious Movements in Germany in the Nineteenth Century.* By C. H. COTTRELL, Esq. 8vo, pp. 114. Petheram, London, 1849.

This is an intelligent and able view of religious parties in Germany during the present century, but evinces a degree of prejudice against Evangelical Religion, and of sympathy with German novelties, by no means to our taste.

- VIII. *The Work of the Holy Spirit.* By WILLIAM HENDRY STOWELL. 8vo, pp. 468. Jackson & Walford, 1849.

Few of our readers will need to be apprized that this volume embraces the 'Congregational Lecture' for 1849, being the fourteenth volume in this series. In the whole series there is not one of greater value, one answering more thoroughly to the purpose for which the Lecture was instituted. We hope to call the attention of our readers to the work in our next number, but in this place would give it our warm general commendation. The Lectures are seven in number, and under the following titles:—I. *Capacities, Condition, and Wants of Man, as a Spiritual Being.*—II. *The General Doctrine of the Scripture relating to the Holy Spirit.*—III. *The Work of the Holy Spirit in the Salvation of Men.*—IV. *Church Notions respecting the Holy Spirit.*—V. *Mysticism.*—VI. *The Consciousness of Spiritual Life in Harmony with Divine Revelation.*—VII. *The Moral Energy of the Spiritual Life.*

- IX. *The Ten Years' Conflict; being the History of the Disruption of the Church of Scotland.* By ROBERT BUCHANAN, D.D. Two vols. 8vo. Blackie & Son.

These two portly volumes will furnish materials for history when the present generation shall have done its work. In the second number of this journal we have recorded our judgment pretty fully, in reference to the great movement to which this publication relates. Those who wish to consult the documents relating to this controversy, to be well acquainted with its facts, and to see the light in which these facts are viewed by the Free-Church litigants, will find ample material in the work of Dr. Buchanan.

- X. *Jonah, his Life, Character, and Mission.* By the Rev. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, Salton. Fcap. pp. 238. Johnstone, Edinburgh, 1849.

This treatise is intended to exhibit, in connexion with the 'Life, Character, and Mission' of the prophet, a view of 'the prophet's own times, and future manifestations of God's mind and will in prophecy.' Mr. Fairbairn is a man of sound knowledge, sober taste, devout feeling, and thorough practical good sense. Such are the characteristics of the volume before us.

- XI. *A Biblical Reading Book.* By the AUTHOR of 'The People's Dictionary of the Bible.' Fcap. pp. 291. Simpkin & Co., 1849.

This is a book intended for 'Schools and Families, containing, with illustrative sketches in Sacred Geography, History, and Antiquities, a Life of Christ, and forming a popular Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, especially those of the New Testament.' Those who are acquainted with Dr. Beard's writings, will be aware of his qualifications to produce a book fully in accordance with this title. There is learning enough in this unpretending volume to make it instructive even to the scholar, and simplicity enough to make it acceptable even to young children. Of course the book does not touch on disputed religious questions. It answers to the above description.

- XII. *The Pilgrim Fathers; or the Journal of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, New England, in 1620. With Historical and Local Illustrations of Principles, Providences, and Persons.* By GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. Fcap. pp. 309. Collin's Series, 1849.

Most Englishmen know something of the Pilgrim Fathers, but it is generally at second-hand. For eighteen pence they may now possess the veritable journal of the Pilgrims, and may read in their own simple and devout language the story of their sufferings and aspirations. Dr. Cheever's vivid 'illustrations' in reference to the places and persons of chief interest in this adventure, 'surpassing fable, and yet true,' are a welcome appendage to the document.

- XIII. *The Danger of Superficial Knowledge.* By J. D. FORBES, Esq., F.R.S., &c., &c. 12mo, pp. 75. Parker, London, 1849.

This is an Introductory Lecture, delivered by Professor Forbes to his class, in support of Pope's maxim, that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' and in refutation of Mr. Macaulay's comment on that saying. Professor Forbes is not a man to publish anything that will not deserve to be read; but he mistakes greatly, we think, if he supposes that there is really anything in this lecture to which Mr. Macaulay would object. A man may assert as a rule, that 'a little learning' is better than none, without at all meaning to assert that there are not many cases in which 'a little learning' does much more harm than good. Nothing, we are sure, was further from Mr. Macaulay's thoughts than to praise 'superficial' knowledge as compared with the scientific and profound. He merely meant to say, that to the mass of our people the mere elements of knowledge are better than no knowledge at all. The orator has expressed himself in his characteristic style of exaggeration, and the professor has written with his characteristic discrimination, but we doubt if there be any real difference between them. With Mr. Macaulay, to be precise and discriminating is to be dull; with Professor Forbes, to be wanting in these qualities is to be deficient in the first requisites of a public teacher.

XIV. *The Cossacks of the Ukraine.* By Count HENRY KRASINSKI. Foolscep, pp. 312. Partridge & Oakey. 1848.

'In my present work on the Cossacks,' says Count Krasinski, 'I describe their piratical expeditions into Turkey, and sketch their dangerous rebellion (fostered by Russia) in Poland, under Chmielnicki, Zelerniak, and Gonta; and not less formidable rebellions in Russia, under Stenko Razin, Mazeppa, and Pagatchef, which rebellions cost Russia nearly a million of human beings, and shook that empire to its very foundation, and even to this time has not only impaired its whole strength, but rendered its continued existence a mysterious problem. Having further described all the branches of the Polish Cossacks, with their most noted chiefs, from almost the beginning of their political existence till our time, I thus unveil many interesting facts respecting Catherine II., as connected with Poland, and give a short account of her lovers and the victims of her hatred, as also of the various diabolical intrigues for which she was so infamously celebrated. I conclude the work with a statistical, historical, and geographical description of the Ukraine, from time immemorial the land of unbridled passions, poetry, and romance, and the source from which the genius of Byron drew the materials of his poem of 'Mazeppa.' Here, assuredly, is material enough to interest both the historical student and the general reader, and to both we commend the work. There is the alternate fire and pathos natural to the exile in almost every page; yet the narrative is, we doubt not, substantially trustworthy.

XV. *Moriah; or, Sketches of the Sacred Rites of Ancient Israel.* By the Rev. ROBERT W. FRASER, M.A., of St. John's, Edinburgh. 12mo. Oliphant. 1849.

A useful manual on such of the Hebrew institutes as were of divine origin, leaving the minutiae of the subject, and the mystic and typical import of the institutes, for the most part, to writers of greater pretension.

XVI. *Egypt: a Popular and Familiar Description of the Land, People, and Produce.* With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. THOMAS BOAZ. 12mo, pp. 320. Second Edition. Snow. 1849.

This is a neatly printed and neatly illustrated volume, including a map, ground-plans, and more than fifty engravings. It presents, in a popular form, and in small space, the deeply interesting results of modern travel and modern learning in relation to Egypt. We scarcely know a more suitable present for youth; and there are few among the old and the fairly educated who may not read it with advantage.

XVII. *Ideas; or, Outlines of a New System of Philosophy.* By A. C. G. JOBERT. 12mo, pp. 149—138. Simpkin & Co. 1849.

Mr. Jobert describes this volume as 'Essay the Second and Last.' It is a continuation of discussions on questions of mental science, conducted with a good deal of acuteness, and, in the main, as we think, on sound principles, and with success. But, as often happens in these speculations, our author is more skilful in demolishing an adverse theory than in giving compactness and completeness to his own. De Morgan, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Morell, and many more, all come, in their turn, under Mr. Jobert's rigid criticism, and in not a few cases he has well exposed the fallacies to which even great men are liable.

XVIII. *Protestantism and Catholicity compared, in their effects on the Civilization of Europe.* By the Rev. J. BALMEZ. 8vo, pp. 452. Burns. 1849.

*The Temporal Benefits of Christianity exemplified in its Influence on the Social, Civil, and Political Condition of Mankind.* By ROBERT BLAKEY. 8vo, pp. 400. Longmans. 1849.

We place these works together because they are alike in their subject, though the opposite of each other in their spirit. The book—which is highly catholic in pretension, is most sectarian in its temper; and the book which vaunts nothing about catholicity, is really catholic. The substantial and closely printed volume by the Rev. J. Balmez takes precedence in respect to learning and literary taste, but falls very far below that of Mr. Blakey in sound views and in general trustworthiness. The catholic writer reckons to the account of Romanism all that Christianity has done in spite of impediments from that quarter; the protestant looks to Christianity apart from church systems, and with a manly temper rejoices in all the signs of its kindly influence as presented on the face of general history. It bespeaks an ascendancy of prejudice almost incredible for a man to attempt to demonstrate, at this time of day, that Romanism is really more conducive to the social welfare of mankind than protestantism. Ireland and the Swiss cantons do not say so, nor the Europe north of the Alps and Pyrenees, if compared with the states southward of that barrier. Both these books, however, may be read with advantage by all persons interested in their common subject. Mr. Blakey is already favourably known to the public by his very useful ‘History of the Philosophy of the Mind.’

XIX. *The Life of the Rev. John Macdonald, A.M.* By the Rev. W. K. TWEEDIE. 8vo, pp. 462. Johnstone, Edinburgh. 1849.

Mr. Macdonald was a missionary minister from the Free Church of Scotland. The scenes of his labours, during the short interval through which he was permitted to be so employed, was Calcutta. This memoir includes large selections from his Diary and Letters. These documents show him to have been a man of fervent piety—of intense self-devotedness to his Master’s work. Highly honourable to his memory is the testimony borne to his capacity, his attainments, and his many hallowed virtues by those who knew him best, and were most competent to estimate his worth. His strong tendency to keep the evils of his own nature, and of the church and the world, ever before him, gives a somewhat gloomy cast, and the aspect of an almost too painful struggle to his history—such as would have been more than enough, in many cases, to have prostrated all hope and energy. In him this mischief did not follow. He could hope to the last; and through these pages he speaks as from the tomb.

XX. *A View of the Evidences of Christianity, in Three Parts.* By WILLIAM PALEY, D.D. A New Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Supplement, by the Rev. T. R. BIRKS, M.A. Tract Society. 1849.

Paley needs the kind of supplementing presented in this volume. His historical argument, as a whole, will not soon be superseded, but it lacks adaptation to the sort of speculations that have grown up in our own time. Mr. Birks has done well for the popular purpose intended, but something more thorough of the same kind is needed. If this historical proof be not valid, Christianity itself is gone.

**XXI. *Thoughts on the Character and History of Nehemiah.*** By the Rev. HENRY WOODWARD, A.M. Post 8vo, pp. 102. Hatchard. 1849.

These 'Thoughts' are well expressed, and are characterized by good sense and an evangelical purpose.

**XXII. *Biblical Commentary on the New Testament.*** By HERMANN OLSHAUSEN, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German, containing the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. 8vo, pp. 430. S. & T. Clarke, Edinburgh. 1849.

It is to us very pleasant to be able to speak of a German commentator on the Scriptures in terms of high commendation, and with very little drawback. This we can do in the case of Dr. Olshausen. His work is described as 'adapted especially for preachers and students;' and to all such it will afford large assistance if wisely consulted. Olshausen's commentaries embrace the New Testament so far as to the close of the Epistles to the Thessalonians; and we earnestly hope that the Messrs. Clarke, the spirited publishers of the Foreign Theological Library, will be encouraged to publish translations of the whole.

**XXIII. *Scripture Metaphors.*** By the Rev. JOHN LINDSEY ADAMSON, Minister of St. David's Parish, Dundee. 8vo, pp. 408. Sutherland. 1849.

Thus it is now-a-days—an elegantly written and neatly printed octavo on 'Scripture Metaphors' in place of Keach's 'ponderous old folio.' Mr. Adamson does not profess to expound all scripture metaphors, but in the course of the thirty-one chapters of this volume he expounds enough to lay down the principles that may be applied to all. Bacon has somewhere said, that it is with the metaphors and the prophecies of scripture as with the grape—press it moderately, and you have a wholesome wine; press it unduly, and the product is vitiated. Mr. Adamson has much of this judgment, and has produced a volume highly honourable to his scholarship, his discernment, and his piety. He avoids the extremes of Neology, which leave you next to nothing in your Bible; and of Millenarianism, which enables you to find anything you please there.

**XXIV. *Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome.*** By the Rev. M. R. SEYMOUR, M.A. 8vo, pp. 251. Seeley & Co. 1849.

This publication consists of 'notes of conversations held with certain Jesuits on the subject of religion, in the City of Rome.' Mr. Seymour possessed good opportunities for making himself acquainted with the stand-points, as the Germans have it, from which the more learned of the Italians, and especially of the priests and Jesuits, look at their religious system. Of these opportunities he has availed himself with so much judgment and effect, that we account the present volume one of the most instructive and trustworthy in our language on the subject to which it relates. We have read it with deep interest, and give it our cordial commendation.

**XXV. *Unreformed Abuses in Church and State.*** By JOHN WADE. 12mo, pp. 278. Effingham Wilson. 1849.

We do not assent to every statement contained in this book, and still less to its reasoning on some points; but if any of our readers wish to be in possession of a good radical text-book, on all manner of real or imaginary abuses, in things civil and in things ecclesiastical, here is the book, and for the small sum of 'half-a-crown.' In sober truth, Mr. Wade points to not a little that needs mending.

XXVI. *Grace and Truth.* By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, M.A. 12mo, pp. 323. Shaw, London. 1849.

Mr. Winslow's publications are highly acceptable to a large class of religious readers. Their great merit consists in their evangelical truth,\* and their earnest devotional feeling. But for ourselves, we must confess that we feel the want in him of more defined and deeper thought, and of more precision and better taste in his use of language. His works tend to lull rather than to stimulate the spirit. We are far from wishing to proscribe imagination and feeling, but in proportion to their activity is the need of a careful attention to the culture of the understanding, if the inner man is to be well balanced. The sale of Mr. Winslow's publications is a sufficient proof that there is a large section of the religious mind of this country to which his style of authorship is well adapted. We have no doubt of his doing good, but we doubt much if it be good in the highest and healthiest form.

XXVII. *The Jubilee Memorial of the Scottish Congregational Churches.* Post 8vo. Fullarton & Co., Edinburgh. 1849.

The 'congregational body,' it seems, in Scotland, is not to be traced further back than to the year 1798. This volume is a memorial of services held in Scotland in the year 1848, in commemoration of the steps taken, fifty years since, to form churches in that country on a congregational basis. The volume consists of an historical introduction, presenting the rise and progress of principles which have obtained a settled recognition among Congregationalists. This glance at the history of these principles, by the Rev. R. Campbell, M.A., of Edinburgh, is followed by discourses on the nature, position, and prospects of Congregationalism in Scotland, by the Rev. Drs. Wardlaw and Alexander, the Rev. Messrs. Knowles and Swan, and by Robert Kinniburgh, Esq. The volume concludes with a brief Address, by the Rev. Alexander Thompson, M.A., Professor of Biblical Literature, on 'a Ministry adapted to the Age.' Altogether, the volume is one that would do honour to the Scottish intellect in any connexion. Congregationalists of the south can have no need to blush for their principles north of the Tweed, while such men of stoutness, skill, and honourable bearing shall there live to do battle for them. Take the following as a sample of the manner in which this section of the Scottish mind can analyze and estimate the dreamy philosophizings which are doing so much to muddle and confound certain weak heads among us:

\* Another striking characteristic of the present day, which concerns us more nearly than any other, is the new spirit of religious speculation that is abroad. This is only another phase of the general eagerness for professed improvement or novelty. It is a very different phase, however, from that which was assumed by it in the last century. At that time, improvement in the domain of religion was sought by the partial or total abnegation of it—by scepticism and unbelief, which were open and avowed. But now, while genuine faith is equally wanting, and true humility and reverence for the divine word are forgotten, there is an assumption put forward of a vague, indefinite belief, imposing, cloudy, and shapeless; resting on no foundation, pointing to no aim, limited by no creed, and guided by no authority; a faith, it is impossible to say *in what*;—for sometimes it is in humanity,—sometimes in the divine or the infinite,—in the progress of truth, or the progress of the species; a faith empty, shifting, and changeable as the wind,—and, like the wind, unknown as to whence it came or whither it is going. This phantom—faith, by whose spells the German mind has long been fettered, now broods—not as a creative spirit of light and order, but as a spirit of darkness and confusion—over a portion of the literary intellect of our country, producing a brood of worthless theories and fancies which men are to accept instead of the facts and living faith of the Bible. It is astonishing to hear what proud and confident words this phantom will utter. It will scout the idea of a revelation of the word and doctrine, and refer us to an inward revelation of the Divine in our own hearts; it would take us away from the clear authoritative tones of the Bible, which stir the soul like the silver trumpets of the sanctuary, and bid us listen to the confused gibbling of a shadow which it conjures up,

called *Religious consciousness*: it would sublimate and expand our conceptions of God to the thinnest vapour of abstraction, and bid us find him everywhere and in everything, when it has erased from the mind all impression of his personal and living existence.'

This able statement is true to the letter. We earnestly recommend our readers to procure the volume. It will place Scottish congregationalism before them in a light which cannot fail to awaken their sympathy and admiration.

XXVIII. *Facts in a Clergyman's Life.* By the Rev. CHARLES B. TAYLER, A.M., Rector of Otley, Suffolk. Fcap. pp. 419. Seeleys, London. 1849.

Mr. Tayler is a clergyman strongly attached to his church, but who can speak with the temper becoming a Christian of those who differ from him. His 'facts' are instructive as showing the sort of experience which falls to the lot of the man of sense, catholicity, and piety, who becomes a minister in our established church. Its pictures of English society, and of the good that may be done by the English clergyman, without noise or ostentation, may be glanced at with profit by a man of any creed or of no creed.

XXIX. *A Biblical and Theological Dictionary.* By SAMUEL GREEN. 12mo, pp. 415. Green, Paternoster Row. Fourth Edition. 1849.

When a book of this sort has come to its fourth edition it is pretty well beyond the reach of criticism. The information on topics so various, presented in a clear type, and in a space little exceeding a pocket volume, must of necessity be brief; but Mr. Green has acquitted himself with judgment, and produced a book well adapted to its purpose. To the 'majority of the young of our congregations, as well as to Sunday-school teachers,' it may be safely recommended as a useful companion to the Bible.

XXX. *The Normal School.* By ALGERNON WELLS. *The Model School.* By WILLIAM UNWIN, M.A. 12mo, pp. 126. Snow, London. 1849.

Whatever may be the reader's judgment as to the ground the Congregational Union has taken in reference to popular education, no friend of such education can read this little volume without interest, and very few without instruction. Mr. Unwin has brought to his function qualifications of a high order—and most sincerely do we wish him God-speed in his work. Besides the two Discourses, the work includes a body of 'notes, illustrations, views, and plans,' of great practical value.

XXXI. *Addresses to Children, with Introductory Suggestions to Ministers and Teachers.* By S. G. GREEN, B.A. 12mo, pp. 131. Green, London. 1849.

Mr. Green informs us that for eighteen months he has held an afternoon service once a month, for the purpose of adapting religious instruction to children. On such occasions the galleries are filled with the children in the Sunday-schools, the lower part of the chapel by the young generally, and by such parents as may be disposed to attend. We mention the arrangement in hope that many may be disposed to act upon it. The addresses are admirable; without descending below the dignity of their subject, they are sufficiently simple and pictorial in their cast to be interesting and instructive even to very young children.

The volume is one of a quarterly series to be published under the title of 'The Sunday School Library.'

XXXII. *The Sea-side Book.* By W. H. HARVEY, M.D., M.R.S.A.  
Fcap. pp. 247. Van Voorst. 1849.

This book bears the further title of 'An Introduction to the Natural History of the British Coasts,' and when we say it is beautifully printed, enriched with suitable engravings, elegantly bound, and full of the science which its title-page suggests, we need not say more to recommend it to such of our readers as may be about to ramble on any portion of our coast at the wonted season for so doing. It may contribute to make such rambles profitable, and to make the memory of them easy and pleasant when they have passed.

XXXIII. *Experimental Evidence a ground for assurance that Christianity is Divine.* By GILBERT WARDLAW, A.M. 12mo. pp. 408. Maclehose, Glasgow. 1849.

This is a valuable treatise. The author understands his subject, and has brought to it discrimination and judgment. He has looked largely upon his theme, and has well distinguished from each other the parts of which it consists. We could have wished, indeed, that a little more compressed vigour had been given to the argument; and that something of the same quality had been thrown into the style, at least occasionally. Mr. Wardlaw's solicitude to give all due explanation, and to do his work thoroughly and well, causes him to become somewhat slow of movement, and his style, which is good of its kind, is too diffuse. Hence his thinking and writing have an appearance of tameness that really do not belong to them. It would have been well also, we think, if this interesting subject had been viewed, not merely in relation to our old theology, and our older forms of scepticism, but with a reference to those religio-philosophical forms of speculation by means of which a religious experience which is not Christian is aping both the phrase and manner of such experience. Up to its level, however, the argument of Mr. Wardlaw is an able one, and not only the thoughtful Christian, but the preacher, may read and study it with advantage.

XXXIV. *Lectures on Medical Missions.* Delivered at the instance of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. 12mo, pp. 320. Sutherland. 1849.

The sight of these Lectures has delighted us greatly. There has long been a broad and deep chasm between the scientific and the religious mind of Scotland. But here we have some of the most distinguished among the scientific men of Edinburgh consenting to become public lecturers in the Modern Athens in behalf of 'Medical Missions'! To so small extent has the ribaldry which disgraced the early pages of the *Edinburgh Review* on this subject prevailed. The table of contents will give our readers some idea of the worth of this volume, but to estimate it adequately they must possess it and read it.

By William F. Alison, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh: Prefatory Essay. By James Miller, Esq., F.R.S.E., Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, &c. I. Introductory.—Lecture II. The Importance of Medical Missions. By the Rev. William Swan, lately Missionary in Siberia.—Lecture III. On the Qualifications of a Medical Missionary. By William Brown, Esq., F.R.S.E., F.R.C.S.E., President of the Medical Missionary Society.—Lecture IV.—On the Duties of a Medical Missionary. By the Rev. Jonathan Watson.—Lecture V. On the Sacredness of Medicine as a Profession. By George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E.—Lecture VI. On the Responsibilities attaching to the Profession of Medicine. By John Coldstream, M.D., F.R.C.P.E.



It is not long since that we endeavoured to call the attention of our readers, and at some length, to the subject of Medical Missions (No. xii.): this must be our excuse if we do not resume the subject at present. Nor is it merely as an argument for medical missions that this publication is valuable; its illustrations as to the relation of science generally to religion are instructive and interesting.

XXXV. *A Selection from the Correspondence of the Rev. J. T. Nottidge, M.A., late Rector of St. Helen's and St. Clemen's, Ipswich; with a Prefatory Sketch, including some Unpublished Letters of the Rev. Dr. Buchanan.* Edited by the Rev. C. BRIDGES, M.A. 8vo. pp. 520. Seeley. 1849.

The subject of this volume is described by Mr. Bridges in the following terms:—‘He was no ordinary man, either in intellectual or Christian attainment. Many ministers have been of more extensive repute, as their labours have spread over a wider surface. But while his retired habits, and long enfeebled health, limited his own sphere of influence, few within that sphere have commanded more respect for the weight of Christian character, and entire devotedness to their Master’s work.’ The volume consists almost entirely of letters addressed to his wife, his family, and his friends; and shows how much of the element of usefulness may be thrown into such a channel by those who are physically or mentally precluded from taking much part in the more active and boisterous scenes of life.

XXXVI. *The Spiritual Reign.* By CLEMENS. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 206. Hatchard. 1849.

This is an essay on the second coming of our Lord, with a special reference to the pre-millennial argument, as laid down by Mr. Elliott, in his *Horæ Apocalypticæ*. The author agrees with Mr. Elliott in his interpretation of fulfilled prophecy, but distrusts his guide when he passes from the present to the future, and in that field is more disposed to think with Mr. Brown and Dr. Urwick. Our own views on this subject have been expressed recently at some length.

XXXVII. *The Mountains of the Bible, their Scenes and their Lessons.* By Rev. JOHN McFARLANE, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 412. Nisbet. 1849.

Dr. McFarlane says, in his preface,—‘Whoever opens this book in the hope of meeting with new and erudite views, or with critical and metaphysical discussions, must be disappointed. The object of the writer is to collect, under one general designation, some of the more familiar, but withal most important, truths of the Gospel, and to present them in a plain, affectionate, and practical form, so that while he ministers to the understanding, the heart also may be appealed to for its assent to sound doctrine.’ This is a modest statement of our author’s purpose, and this he has accomplished, and more than accomplished. The work, as will be supposed, contains the substance of a course of popular lectures. Such attempts to give variety to pulpit instruction have our hearty commendation, and we are not surprised, on reading the volume, that those who listened to its instruction from the pulpit were desirous of possessing it in a form that would make it permanently accessible to them. One other novelty attaches to this publication—it is illustrated with some beautiful engravings.

XXXVIII. *No Truth no Life.* By Rev. ROBERT COWE, A.M. 12mo, pp. 155. Kennedy, Edinburgh. 1849.

This volume treats on the following subjects:—'Faith; Man-worship; the Personality of God; Theology and Religion; Standard of Theological Truth; Inspiration; the Past.' On all these topics Mr. Cowe says good things in a terse and popular style, directing his force especially against those philosophical errors of the time, which are menacing the province of Christian theology, and, in fact, everything really Christian.

XXXIX. *The Rhetorical Reader.* By J. H. Hindmarsh. 12mo, pp. 432. Fourth Edition. Souter & Co., London.

We hate long titles, but, in the language of the title-page to this volume, we deem it well to say, that it 'consists of choice specimens of oratorical compositions, in prose and verse, preceded by a copious outline on Gesture, and 'Mr. Walker's rules of Elocution, in which are pointed out the pauses, emphasis, 'and inflexions, suitable to every variety of sentence, illustrated by apposite 'examples.' To this we only need add, that we regard the 'selections' as good, and the advices of the author to those who would excel in public speaking as worth following. Let no man dream of excelling in this art without study. Even the most gifted need this, and the less gifted have little chance of being even endured without it.

XI. *A Report of the Case of the Right Rev. R. D. Hampden, D.D., Lord Bishop of Hereford, in Hereford Cathedral, the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the Queen's Bench.* By RICHARD JEBB, Esq. Royal 8vo, pp. 518. Benning & Co., London. 1849.

Here is the whole case of the Rev. Dr. Hampden, beginning, middle, and end, with learned authorities, learned arguments, and learned subtleties, extending over more than five hundred royal octavo pages. The storm has hushed, but its effects will be for some time perceptible, and 'the principles it involves' will give to this case notoriety another day.

XLI. *Critical History and Defence of the Old-Testament Canon.* By MOSES STUART. Edited by the Rev. P. LORIMER. 8vo, pp. 390. J. & T. Clarke, Edinburgh. 1849.

Until our language shall be enriched with a work that may deserve the title of an 'Introduction to the Old Testament,' the work of Professor Stuart will be one of the most useful in relation to this theme. The advantage of the present edition of the work is, that it has been carefully edited, and enriched with occasional notes and references, by the Rev. Peter Lorimer, 'Professor of Theology and Biblical Literature in the English Presbyterian College, London.' Our only regret is, that Professor Lorimer has not extended his supplementary matter much further.

\* XLII. *The Railways of the United Kingdom Statistically considered.* By HARRY SCRIVENER. 8vo, pp. 755. Smith & Elder. 1849.

The statistics of this volume relate to the extent, capital, and amalgamations of railways, to their debentures, financial position, and the acts of parliament by which they are regulated; creation and appropriation of shares, calls, dividends, and lesser particulars almost without end; 'concisely arranged from solely authentic documents, together with the railway accounts rendered on a uniform plan.' Besides the 755 pages thus occupied, there is more than a hundred pages of index. It is well there are men like Harry Scrivener capable of delighting in such labours.

XLIII. *Images.* By W. WELDON CHAMPNEYS, M. A., Rector of White-chapel, London. 8vo, pp. 210. Seeleys. 1849.

By 'images,' Mr. Champneys means parables, or allegories. His little book consists of a series of such narratives, designed to illustrate the doctrines of the Gospel in a manner adapted to interest the young. It is long since we have read anything to our mind so successful in this way. The language is felicitously simple, the play of imagination excellent, and the general effect such, that while we have been reading, we have almost wished our children little ones again, that we might enjoy the pleasure of making them acquainted with a writer who knows so well how to tell a story after the child's manner.

XLIV. *A Manual for the Young: being an Exposition of Proverbs i-ix.* By the Rev. C. BRIDGES, M. A., Vicar of Old Newton, Suffolk. 12mo, pp. 190. Seeleys. 1849.

This is another aid to youth, but adapted to a more advanced stage than the preceding. Those who are acquainted with the previous works of Mr. Bridges, especially his Exposition of the 119th Psalm, will anticipate the character of the present publication. Mr. Bridges is strong in the Scriptures, a man of sound judgment, of a catholic spirit, and of sympathies eminently Christian.

XLV. *The Evangelization of India, considered in reference to the Duties of the Christian Church at Home and of its Missionaries Abroad.* By JOHN WILSON, D.D., F.R.S. 12mo, pp. 489. Whyte & Co., Edinburgh. 1849.

'Through this little work,' says Dr. Wilson, 'the author appears before the public both as a witness and an advocate. It is intended principally to set forth the peculiar claims of India as a field of evangelistic enterprise, and to give such explanations of the nature of missionary work within its borders, as an experience and observation of twenty years in all its departments have suggested.' The work consists of a series of documents, relating to topics not bearing any very systematic relation to each other, but which, taken together, form a response to calls made on the author by 'some of his fellow labourers of different denominations to publish, in connexion with his visit to Europe, a small work on the economy of Christian missions in India.' The name of Dr. Wilson, and this amount of explanation, will suffice to recommend the volume to such of our readers as desire trustworthy information on the interesting subject to which it refers.

XLVI. *Modern Philosophical Infidelity; or, the Personality of God. A Sermon, preached before the University of Oxford.* By J. GARBETT, A.M. 8vo, pp. 51. Hatchard & Co. 1849.

This is an admirable discourse on the pantheistic tendencies of modern speculation. Mr. Garbett is one of the few of his order who seem to be alive to our danger from this source, and able and willing to do what may be done towards exposing the emptiness of this dreamy form of misbelief. Our readers who are interested in the subject will do well to possess themselves of this sermon. We earnestly hope to meet Mr. Garbett on this ground again, and in a work of sufficient compass and maturity to be of service to his generation.

XLVII. *Sermons preached at Hurstmonceaux Church.* By JULIUS CHARLES HARE, M.A. 8vo, pp. 500. Parker. 1849. Second Volume.

These discourses are intitled 'Parish Sermons.' They are such as parish sermons should be, simple and popular in their style, both in respect to language and illustration. In their substance they are evangelical, but the doctrine which that word is commonly understood to denote does not come out with the fullness and frequency which some auditories would require. There is, however, a fine stream of devout feeling, of hallowed imagination, and of warm spirituality, running through the whole, which, if it does not lead the mind on to perfection, exposes many false appearances, removes many impediments, and leads far in that direction. One thing in connexion with these very praiseworthy attempts to give simplicity and adaptation to village teaching we much regret. We refer to the tendency rather to conceal than to give distinctness to the 'plan' of the discourse. Plan of course there is, but it is made so to blend itself with the course of the address, as to be very rarely retained, or even detected, by a village auditory. We are of course aware of the foolish extent to which this firstly and secondly has been carried. But in avoiding the pedantries of the pulpit, let us be careful that we do not lose our hold on some of its uses.

XLVIII. *Twenty-five Village Sermons.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, JUN., Rector of Eversley, Hants. Fcap. pp. 268. Parker. 1849.

These discourses are of the same class with those of Archdeacon Hare, but Mr. Kingsley aims at a still greater simplicity in language, and often ventures on a greater depth of thought. He seems to have large confidence in the capacity of the ordinary minds of his hearers, if only the proper pains be taken to put truth before it in *forms* and *modes* that shall not fail of being understood. Take the following passage as an illustration—it is selected from a sermon intitled 'Religion not Godliness':—

'But you will want to know what is, after all, the difference between Religion and Godliness? Just the difference, my friends, that there is between always thinking of self and always forgetting self;—between the terror of a slave and the affection of a child;—between the fear of Hell and the love of God. For tell me what you mean by being religious? Do you not mean thinking a great deal about your own souls, and praying and reading about your own souls, and trying by all possible means to get your own souls saved? Is not that the meaning of religion? And yet I have never mentioned God's name in describing it! This sort of religion must have very little to do with God. You may be surprised at my words, and say in your hearts, almost angrily, 'Why, who saves our souls but God? Therefore religion must have to do with God.' But, my friends, for your souls' sake, and for God's sake, ask yourselves this question on your knees this day:—If you could get your souls saved without God's help, would it make much difference to you? Suppose an angel from heaven, as they say, was to come down and prove to you clearly that there was no God—no blessed Jesus in heaven—that the world made itself, and went on of itself—and that the Bible was all a mistake—but that you need not mind, for your gardens and crops would grow just as well, and your souls be saved just as well when you died.

'To how many of you would it make any difference? To some of you, thank God, I believe it would make a difference. There are some here, I believe, who would feel that news the worst news they ever heard—worse than if they were told that their souls were lost for ever; there are some here, I do believe, who, at that news, would cry aloud in agony, like little children who had lost their father, and say, 'No father in heaven to love? No blessed Jesus in heaven to work for, and die for, and glory and delight in? No God to rule and manage this poor, miserable, quarrelsome world, bringing good out of evil, blessing and guiding all things and people on earth? What do I care what becomes of my soul if there is no God for my soul to glory in? What is heaven worth without God? God is heaven!

'Yes, indeed, what would heaven be worth without God? But how many people feel that the curse of this day is, that most people have forgotten *that*? They are selfishly anxious enough about their own souls, but they have forgotten God. They are religious,

for fear of hell; but they are not godly, for they do not love God, or see God's hand in everything.'

The reason why our common people do not think more after this manner is, that more effort of this sort is not made to train them to such thinking.

XLIX. *Athanasia; or, Four Books on Immortality.* By JOHN HOWARD HINTON, M.A. Foolscap, pp. 520. Houlston & Stoneman. 1849.

This publication, in agreement with its title, is restricted to arguments in favour of the immortality of the human soul, and consists of answers to four authors who have more or less impugned that doctrine. The writers whose works are examined are—a clergyman of the Church of England, Mr. Dobney, Mr. White, and Mr. Storrs. We have stated our views on this subject on a former occasion. We do not feel called upon to enter the field again at present, and have directed attention to this volume merely to say that it should be read by all persons interested in the controversy to which it refers. Mr. Hinton is not a man to bestow his thoughts on such a topic without effect.

L. *Scripture Illustrated from Recent Discoveries in the Geography of Palestine.* By the Author of 'The People's Dictionary.' 8vo, pp. 32. Simpkin & Co. 1849.

In this pamphlet, sacred Geography—or rather, the language of the inspired writers in reference to places—is converted into a valuable branch of Christian Evidence, after the Horæ Paulinæ manner. There is in a great number of the expressions adduced, such a local truthfulness, as could not have existed except as proceeding from writers familiar with the scenes, as well as with the facts of which they make record. In these small coincidences there is a large amount of the kind of truth in respect to which imposture is sure to be at fault. The student of the historical proof of Christianity will be much gratified in following the steps of the author.

LI. *Brief Reasons for leaving the English Establishment.* By J. DODSON, A.M., late Vicar of Cockerham, Lancashire. 8vo, pp. 69. Partridge & Co., London. 1849.

This is manifestly an honest utterance. With the views here stated concerning the Church of England, self-respect required from the author that he should become a nonconformist. His conduct, however, in so doing, is not the less commendable—not the less entitled to our admiration, because demanded by sheer honesty; for we suspect there are many who feel the difficulties which Mr. Dodson has avowed, much as he has felt them, but who contrive to reconcile their conscience and their worldly interest as he has not done. Mr. Dodson may find compensation enough in an approving conscience. In such cases there is rarely much else to compensate. If we have not spoken of Mr. Noel's secession, and of its probable fruit, with so much ardour, and so much sanguine anticipation as some of our contemporaries, it has been, we think, because we are old enough to have seen a little more of what these things may end in. We honour religious integrity wherever we find it; but the man needs have more of the oak than of the osier in him, who should head a powerful secession from the Established Church, and needs, above all, when passing into his new liberty, to know where to stop. Both churchmen and dissenters seem too often to forget, that the worldliness of the Church of England, which makes nonconformists of spiritual men like Baptist Noel and Mr. Dodson, is the very quality in it which makes it acceptable to the bulk of the nation.

- LII. *Notes on the Prophecies of the Apocalypse.* By HENRY FOSTER BURDER, D.D. Fcap. pp. 270. Ward & Co. 1849.

The witticism which says that the Apocalypse either finds its expositor mad or leaves him in that state, may be well enough as a smart saying, but will be little heeded by the thoughtful Christian. We have often mourned over the absurdities into which such expositors have fallen, but there are many very weighty lessons lying as on the surface of this extraordinary portion of Holy Writ, and Dr. Burder has seized on many of these with his usual good sense, and has turned them to good account. The author has not allowed himself to be seduced into the second Advent and Millenarian dreams which have so fascinated not a few of his contemporaries; but his general views as to the import of the book are those of Elliott, and, not those of Moses Stuart. The work has some resemblance to that of Mr. Conder, but differs in its tone and compass as being in substance the address of the preacher from the pulpit, and not the speaking of the layman through the press. For the majority of readers Dr. Burder has gone quite far enough into his theme. Those who wish to see more of the corroborations of history brought to the subject, will do well to procure Mr. Conder's volume; but to devotional readers, Dr. Burder's treatise will be very acceptable.

- LIII. *A Tribute of Affectionate Respect to the Memory of the Fathers and Founders of the London Missionary Society. A Sermon, delivered at Surrey Chapel.* By J. A. JAMES. 8vo, pp. 40. 1849.

By the young this discourse must have been felt as instructive and impressive; to the old its reminiscences and pathos must have been thrilling. It is well to be lifted up by the fire of youth, it is better to be subdued by the touches of 'the old man eloquent.'

- LIV. *Christ the Spirit of Christianity. A Discourse.* By A. J. MORRIS, Holloway. 12mo, pp. 24.

The aim of the preacher in this discourse is to show that Christianity in man is not mere dogma, but a life. It does not consist in what a man believes, but in what his belief does for him, in giving him the mind—the spirituality of Christ. The leading idea is no novelty; but it is not often that we see a leading thought worked out with so much clearness and force. The temperament and taste of the author, however, dispose him to give prominence to the earnest and intense which this life should embrace, rather than some other qualities which equally belong to it, and which are indispensable, not only to its fulness, but to its mellowness and richness. Impetuous earnestness is good; so also is that calm, meditative pathos of which the soul of man is equally susceptible. In Christ, the severe elements are all softened, we had almost said melted down, by the kindly.

- LV. *The Principles and Position of the Congregational Churches. A Discourse, delivered at the Recognition of the Rev. J. Gill, as pastor of the Church Assembly in the Independent Chapel, Witham, Essex.* By ALGERNON WELLS. 8vo, pp. 20. Snow. 1849.

This discourse has more of the heart of our old puritanisms in it than is often found in modern publications. It is a manly exhibition of the pedigree, position, and prospects of English Dissent. How far certain of the drawbacks said to be at present attendant on the condition of this dissent are really necessary to it, may, we think, be doubted.

\* LVI. *The German Language in One Volume.* By FALCK-LEBAHN. Whittaker & Co. Second Edition. 1849.

We have examined this book sufficiently to feel warranted in giving it our cordial commendation. The assistance needed by the learner in the successive stages of his progress, is given with a degree of distinctness and success which bespeak a thorough knowledge of the subject, and the facility which can only come from experience in teaching.

LVII. *'It is I,' or, the Voice of Jesus in the Storm.* By NEWMAN HALL, B.A. 12mo, pp. 72. Snow. 1849.

Judicious council and warm-hearted encouragement to the tried and drooping.

LVIII. *Introductory Lessons on the History of Religious Worship.* Parts I. & II. Parker.

*Introductory Lessons on the Study of Paul's Epistles.* Parker.

Three little books, sold at ninepence each, and containing more knowledge and wisdom on the subjects to which they relate, than any man would expect to find under so modest an appearance.

### Correspondence.

MR. HERBERT'S PICTURE.

R. A.—There are obvious reasons which prevent our going far into the dispute concerning the picture of 'The Independents Asserting Liberty of Conscience,' or we think we could make it appear that the controversy relating to it has not been conducted with great considerateness. Before any such dispute arose, we apprised the proprietor of the painting that the words—'the magistrate is discharged to put the least discourtesy on any man, Jew, Turk, Papist, or whatever, for his religion,' were not the words of the Independents in the Assembly, but of *their brethren out of doors*. Baillie is the authority, both as to what *was* said by the latter party, and as to what was *not* said by the former. That the Puritans, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Nonconformists of 1662, and even the Independents of the Commonwealth, were, for the most part, more or less defective in their advocacy of the great principle of religious liberty, if compared with our own views in relation to it, is a fact so patent on the surface of history, that we should hardly have thought it necessary to adduce learned proof on the subject. But, on the other hand, to assert that it is an 'historical falsehood' to describe even the most enlightened of these men as contending for liberty of conscience *at all*, because they did not contend for it to the fullest latitude, is something of a novelty, and a novelty not likely, we think, to find much favour with the manly intelligence of the times.

If the question be—where do we find the *individuals* who were the first assertors of liberty of conscience, according to our views of that liberty, the point is likely to degenerate into an affair of accident, and curious erudition, ministering little to gratify party spirit in any connexion. If the question be—where do we find the first *sect*, which, *as such*, erected this liberty to the *people of a body-politic*, then the honour of this noble protest against the old bigotry belongs not, we are sorry to say, to Protestantism in any section of it. Some dozen years before Roger Williams made application for his charter to found the state of Rhode Island on this principle, Sir George Calvert, the Catholic governor of Maryland, had done everything in this respect that Williams proposed to do. Bancroft, in his valuable history of the United States, has given due place in his narrative to this interesting fact:—

'Calvert,' he writes, 'deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience, to advance the career of civilization by recognising the rightful equality of all religious sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of

rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state.' Vol. i. p. 224.

No man, we presume, will be weak enough to infer from this fact that Romanism, as a system, is more favourable to liberty of conscience than Protestantism. But whatever its legitimate uses may be, the fact itself is fixed imperishably in history. In the face of this fact, however, we do not scruple to say, that to no group of men, in the history of Great Britain, do the advocates of liberty of conscience owe a greater debt of gratitude, than to the small band of veteran disputants who kept so great odds at bay, and for so long a time, in favour of that liberty in the Westminster Assembly of Divines.

To judge wisely of what the Independents did, or failed to do, in that assembly, it is necessary to look from the men to their circumstances;—to distinguish between what they would have done from choice, and what they did under the pressure of necessity; and to deal with the whole subject in a manner not exactly of the 'history-made-easy' sort. The English parliament, for example, could not hope to prevail against the king in the spring of 1644, without the aid of the Scots; the condition of Scottish help was, the adoption of the covenant; and the great struggle, accordingly, of the Independents and Erastians was, to prevail against the king and the bishops, with as little cost as might be in the way of subjection to the Kirk and the Covenant. Again, 'An old English Anabaptist of Amsterdam' sends a printed sheet of 'Admonitions to the Assembly,' urging them 'to beware of keeping any Sabbath, and the like,' and Goodwin and Nye are censured for recommending that no attention should be paid to 'such fantastic papers'—but why did they so do?—because they saw that the intolerants were eager to send this document, with its anti-sabbath doctrine, 'and the like,' to the parliament, as a plea for sharp measures against 'dangerous sects.'—(*Hanbury*, ii. 255.) Thus woven was the web of influences through all those times. They have never been understood by your thorough partisan—your man of one idea.

The picture painted by Mr. Herbert embodies an unquestionable fact of history, and a fact deserving to be thus memorialized on account of its conspicuous relation to the progress of a great principle. It exhibits one of the occasions, chosen from a series, on which the arguments of these sturdy combatants in favour of a wider freedom in religion, tested the patience of their adversaries to the farthest point of endurance. The engraving should have its place on the walls of every free man's dwelling who can afford to become its purchaser. Associated with home remembrances, it will impress its noble lesson on many a young heart too deeply ever to be forgotten.\*

\* The Rev. Joseph Fletcher (*History of Independency*), besides adopting, as we think a somewhat cold and narrow view, for the most part, of the conduct of the early Independents, has taken exception to the presence of certain of the parties introduced into Mr Herbert's picture, not as members of the Assembly, but merely as auditors, or 'strangers.' 'There is no record,' it is said, 'of Baxter's being in London so early as this. At this time he was at Coventry. Owen, so far from feeling interested in promoting Independency,' was not an Independent until 1645. Milton would have disdained to be present. He had been cited before the Lords for his book on Divorce, at the instigation of the Assembly; and one of their number, Mr. Herbert Palmer, had publicly preached against him. Cromwell was in the Parliament 'transiently' on the 22nd of January, but at this time was fighting away in Buckinghamshire, and taking ammunition to Gloucester' (Vol. iv. 39.) Cromwell was as much statesman as general; the spring of 1644 was spent in 'preparing some grounds for settling a just and safe peace,' as well as in preparations for war; and it remains to be shown that his occupation in Buckinghamshire and the neighbouring counties during those months was such as to preclude his being present at all with the statistics of Westminster. Milton had been assailed by what he deemed the intolerance of the Assembly; but is that fact inconsistent with his being interested in the attempt of its more enlightened members to put a curb on that intolerance? Owen did not declare himself an Independent until the following year—and the Rev. Baptist Noel does not declare himself a nonconformist until 1649; but is that a proof that he must have been wholly indifferent to controversy bearing on the question of nonconformity in 1648? Baxter's home was then at Coventry—and is it so that the people who live at Coventry are never seen in London? Nye, his brethren, and his principal antagonists, are present on the authority of history; and it remains to be shown, that any of the persons represented as in the crowd said to have been assembled on the day in question, could not so have been.



THE REV. DR. PYE SMITH AND MR. WELD.

We know not that we need add anything to the following correspondence, except to express our full confidence in Mr. Weld's integrity and honour; and to add that we should not have noticed this unacknowledged obligation to our pages, had it stood alone. In other directions, similar assistance has been derived from our often costly labour, with the same omission of reference, the omission in some cases bearing all the appearance of having been the result of motives little honourable to the man of letters, or the man of science, who could yield to them.—EDITOR.

Homerton College, July 9th, 1849.

'MY DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you will recollect that, about four months ago, I took the liberty of adverting to a passage in the *British Quarterly Review*, (No. XVII., Feb. 1849, p. 207,) which most justly and gently protests against the offence of literary plagiarism. But it gave me astonishment and grief to find that sin charged upon a gentleman whom I could not but believe to be a man that would in no circumstances be guilty of it—Mr. Weld, the author of the 'History of the Royal Society.' He assured me that he had never seen the *British Quarterly Review*, till his attention was called to the painful accusation. I sedulously endeavoured to bring you and him together, but failed. From him I received such statements as convinced me of his integrity and innocence in the matter. That several passages in Mr. Weld's history were borrowed from your remarkably excellent article on Dr. Hyde Wollaston, (No. VII., August, 1846,) is indubitable. How could such a fact come into existence without his knowledge? I have the fullest reliance on his honour and veracity, and have not the least doubt but that some person transcribed largely from your pages, and sent his pilferings to Mr. Weld, as a communication of private friendship. I lament that I have yielded to the pressure (I might call it oppression) of unremitting duties and unavoidable hindrances, so as to have allowed two months to elapse before transmitting to you the enclosed note. If you will give it insertion in the forthcoming number of your valuable *Review*, you will greatly oblige,

'My dear Sir, yours faithfully,

'J. P. SMITH.'

May 8, 1849.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you for the kind wish that you have expressed, to see the charge that was brought against me of plagiarism, in a recent number of the *British Quarterly Review*, rectified. Your acquaintance with Dr. Vaughan, the editor, I believe, of that *Review*, will, perhaps, enable you to ask that gentleman to do me the justice of inserting the following facts in reference to this subject. When about to write a memoir of Dr. Wollaston, I found so few published documents bearing on the life of that philosopher, that I was obliged to ask several persons for any notes or memoranda which might assist me. The result was, that I received various letters, the contents of which I was allowed the unconditional use of; and as I have not retained them, nor mentioned in my work from whom I received them, I am unable, at this period, to say from whom I received matter which I now believe must have been taken from the *British Quarterly Review*. Had this been known to me, I should, of course, have duly acknowledged the source of the information, for, as the *Review* rightly says, 'I have invariably acknowledged my obligations.' But when I assure you that I never had a number of the *Review* in my possession, until I was favoured with a copy of the number containing a review of my History, you will see that it was manifestly impossible for me to use it; and had I done so, it would have been a great pleasure for me to have mentioned my authority, which shall assuredly be done in a second edition of my work.

'Ever, my dear Sir, yours most faithfully,

'C. R. WELD.'

## CRANMER AND JOAN BOCHER.

Runcorn, June 12, 1849.

SIR,—I am a very great admirer of the ability with which the *British Quarterly Review* is conducted, and although differing, perhaps, on many points from the opinions broached in many of the articles, yet I cannot but allow that there is a spirit of candour and justice shown in discussing various contested points, which must ensure to it a very high rank in the Christian literature of the present day. Perhaps it is needless to say anything of this kind, as the qualities I have named must be self-evident to every candid mind. Will you permit me, however, to direct your attention to what appears to me to be a very perverted view of the case of Cranmer and Joan Bocher, in the article on Calvin and Servetus, in the Number for May? No one can deny the justice of the reasoning with regard to the very unwarrantable odium which is frequently cast on Calvin for his share in the execution of Servetus; but certainly the same justice ought to be done to Cranmer, and I think the great reason of the lenity with which the account as given by Foxe is looked upon, arises from the conviction of its falseness. The writer on Calvin says—

'Now contrast with all this' (the account of Calvin's proceedings) 'the uncontradicted account which Foxe has given us of the interview between Cranmer and Young Edward, previous to the signing of the death-warrant for Joan Bocher; and then blush for the partiality which has so often held up the French Reformer to insult and obloquy for what he never did, and has nevertheless indulged in the most charitable construction towards the English Reformer for what it is certain few men that ever lived could have had the heart to do.'

So far from this account of Foxe's being *uncontradicted*, I find in the *Biographical Notice of Roger Hutchinson*, prefixed to the edition of his works issued by the Parker Society, in 1842, the following remarks on the subject:—

'And here it may be allowable to remark, how much undeserved odium has been thrown upon Archbishop Cranmer in connexion with this case of Joan Bocher, in consequence of the erroneous statement of Foxe, the martyrologist, respecting the importunity with which he urged, if not forced, the young king into the signature of the death-warrant upon which she suffered. All classes of objectors to the Reformation have availed themselves of this presumed fact, to magnify the clemency of the king, by way of contrast to the primate's 'importunity for blood.' Cranmer's advocates have apparently felt this passage in his life to be one extremely difficult, if not incapable, of defence. They have mostly contented themselves with alleging that it was contrary to the general tenour of his life, and with bringing forward the entry in the Privy-Council book, to prove that he was not present when her fate was finally determined, and may therefore be presumed to have exhibited but little of the eager spirit of a persecutor. The last writer of the history of the Reformation\* has gone a little farther, and has ventured to impugn the authority of this particular passage in Foxe, on the ground of the silence, not merely of the king's journal, but also of the Romanist libellers of the primate, respecting the alleged interview. Nothing is more likely than that if the king's feeling had been such as Foxe represents, the entry in his journal would have been different from the one we find there; whilst, if such an interview had really taken place, Sanders, and other writers of that class, would have been delighted to avail themselves of it against Cranmer; but it is unfortunate that Cranmer's defenders have not produced the whole entry in the Privy-Council book, instead of merely referring to it, in proof of the single fact of Cranmer's absence. Had that been done, it would long ago have occurred to some one, that it contained evidence that Foxe's story, for which he does not assign any authority, could not be true. Amongst the minutes of the business transacted by the council (who, be it remembered, under the will of Henry VIII.) were the actual governors of the kingdom during the minority of Edward VI.) on the 27th April, 1550, is the following entry:—

'A warrant to the Lord Chancellor to make out a writt to the Shireff of London, for the execution of Johan of Kent, condemned to be burned for certain detestable opinions of heresie.'

'It appears from these words, that, in conformity with the ordinary legal practice of the period, Joan Bocher was executed upon a writ *de heretico comburendo*, addressed to the Sheriff of London, and issued out of Chancery, upon the authority of a warrant signed, not

\* Soames, iii. 541.

by the king, but by the council. It would have been contrary to constitutional custom for the king to have signed any such document; it is quite clear, from the entry quoted, that, in point of fact, he did not sign it; and the narrative which the worthy martyrologist was misled into inserting, and Cranmer's difficulty to cause the king to 'put to his hand,' and the tears by which subsequent writers have declared that his submission to the stern pleading of his spiritual father was accompanied, all vanish.'

I am sure I need not say anything further on this point. Your own sense of justice will point out the proper course to adopt.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN SIMPSON.

*To the Editor of the British Quarterly Review.*

We thank our correspondent of Runcorn for the civility of his communication. We heartily wish we could say that the reasons he alleges for doubting Foxe's account of Cranmer's interview with King Edward in the matter of Joan Bocher, were as satisfactory to us as they appear to be to him. That the account may be circumstantially inaccurate, and yet substantially true, is very possible. It seems clear from what our correspondent has adduced that the king's signature was not necessary to the validity of the warrant which was issued by the council of state; but if the young king had expressed strong reluctance to the bloody proceedings, it is not unnatural that they should have taken pains to appease his clamorous conscience, nor alas! do we think it improbable that Cranmer (who in the service of his late master had done so many foul things) might be commissioned to undertake the task. The little picturesque additions about signing the warrant and so on, are just the sort of accretions which attach themselves to facts in the course of their transmission from hand to hand, and as to such details, the martyrologist was very likely mistaken: but that there should have been no foundation for such a very striking story—so unlikely to be *invented*—so contrary, as the eulogists of Cranmer affirm, to the whole tenour of his life—a story uncontradicted, too, by Foxe's contemporaries, we cannot easily believe. We say 'uncontradicted,' for we must remind our respected correspondent that when we spoke of the account as such, we meant 'uncontradicted' by any contemporary historian,—not that there have not arisen warm partisans a century or two afterwards, willing to find evidence against what they do not like to believe; for hardly any historic fact has come down to us which has not encountered such sceptics. But, in point of fact, it is of little consequence in itself, and none to our argument in the article referred to by our correspondent, whether the story be received or rejected; for if the story be wholly false, there is, alas! abundantly sufficient and more than sufficient in the life of Cranmer to show that he was capable of doing at the bidding of authority and interest almost any action, however base,—provided it did not demand courage. He who served, as he served, *such* a master as Henry VIII., with such accommodating fidelity, and through such scenes,—who became the tool of Northumberland, of Somerset, of anybody whom he feared to disobey—must have been capable of fully acquiescing in such proceedings as those of Joan Bocher. And yet, notwithstanding his manifold and glaring delinquencies, with what lenity, till lately, has he been generally regarded!









